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AUGUST

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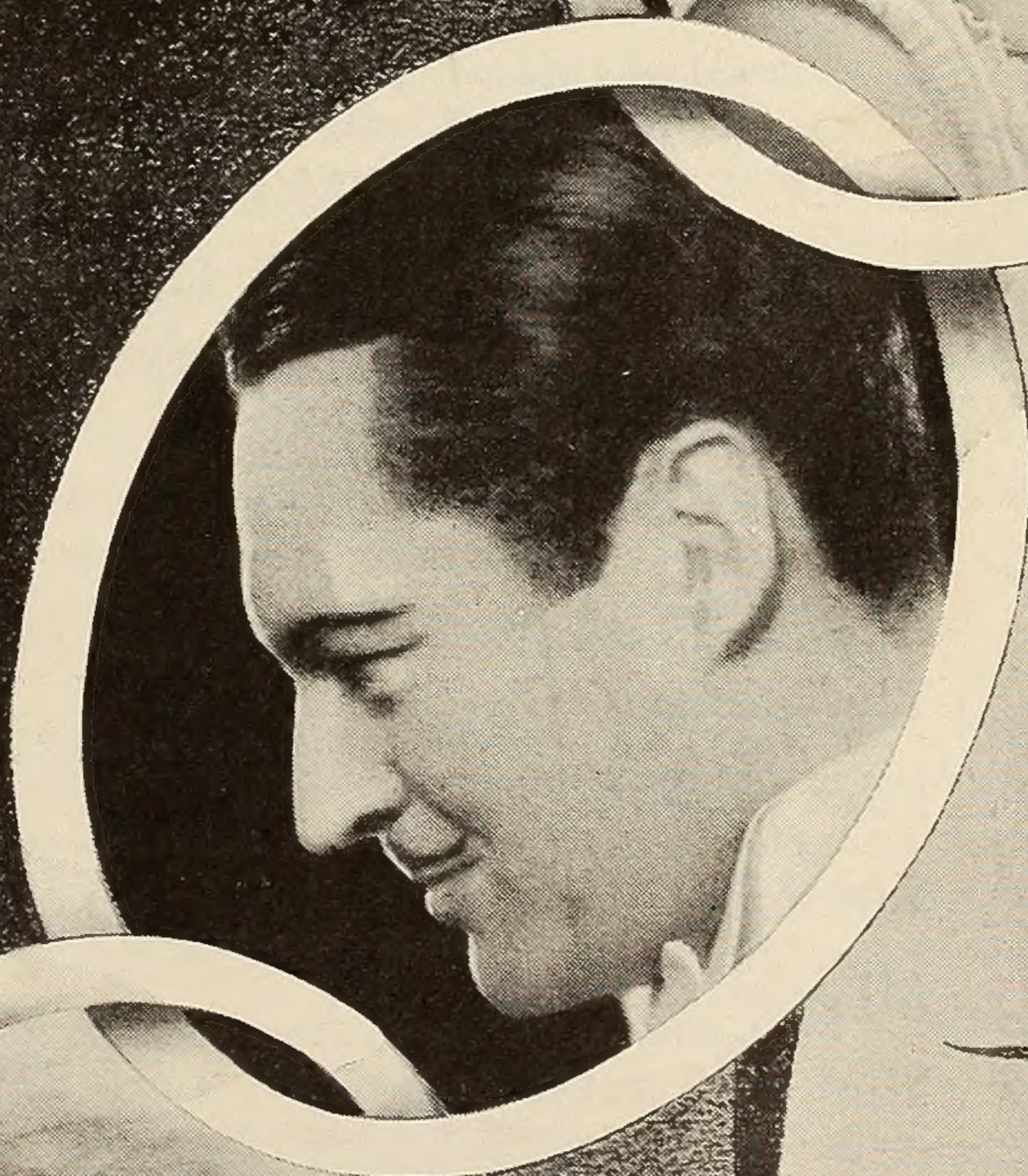
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Gum



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THRILLS let loose in a super-whirlwind, on a gigantic ocean greyhound. Love and dalliance, intrigue and millions. Edmund Lowe, a gallant gambler, guarding the gorgeous Lois Moran through the tangled plots of a gang of gunmen. Radio ruin for John Halliday, as a banker at play with a famous dancer—the fascinating Greta Nissen. Gilded, glamorous, dangerous life in the palatial maze of a liner in mid-Atlantic. A great masterpiece of direction by William K. Howard—a supreme creation of heart-gripping suspense—and a voyage of superb adventure.



FOX

MODERN SCREEN

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Ernest V. Heyn, Editor

K. Rowell Batten, Associate Editor

Walter Ramsey, Western Representative



She thought:

"You'd be the most attractive man at the hotel if you weren't inexcusably guilty of 'B.O.'"

Yet, to be polite,

She said:

"I'd better go in and write my postals if I want to catch the mail."

Good looking...agreeable ...but 'B.O.' spoiled the good impression

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EVEN AT a summer hotel where men were scarce, he couldn't make a hit with girls. They liked his looks—would have liked him, too, but for one thing!

He never suspected his failing. And nobody told him. People hate to hint at *body odor* even by its polite name—"B.O." . . . Later he found out the truth and a simple way to keep perspiration odorless. Now he's one of the "crowd"—invited everywhere. When "B.O." ended, happiness began!

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Looking for a good complexion soap? Get Lifebuoy. There's none better at any price. Its bland, searching lather *deep-cleanses* pores—gently frees them of clogged impurities that mar skin beauty—coaxes back fresh, healthy radiance to dull sallow skins. Adopt Lifebuoy today.

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LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM

Its double-dense lather ends tender spots!

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HEALTH SOAP

—stops body odor—

THE MODERN SCREEN DIRECTORY (Players)

MARRIED, AND IF SO, TO WHOM, BIRTHPLACE; WHERE
TO WRITE THEM; STUDIO AFFILIATION; CURRENT AND
FUTURE RÔLES—BROUGHT UP TO DATE EACH MONTH

COMPLETE STUDIO ADDRESSES

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.
Educational Studios, Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.
First National Studios, Burbank, California.
Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Avenue, Hollywood, California.
Samuel Goldwyn Studio, 7210 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California.
Paramount-Publix Studios, Hollywood, California.
RKO-Pathé Studios, Culver City, California.
RKO-Radio Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.
Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, California.
Mack Sennett Studios, Studio City, North Hollywood, California.
Warner Brothers Studio, Burbank, California.
United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.
Universal Studios, Universal City, California.

ADOREE, RENEE; divorced from William Gill, born in Lille, France. Write her at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Featured rôle in "Call of the Flesh," M-G-M. Now recovering from illness at Prescott, Arizona.

ALBERTSON, FRANK; married to Virginia Shelly; born in Fergus Falls, Minn. Write him at Fox studio. Contract player. Jerry Keene in "Mr. Lemon of Orange Grove," for Fox. John Goodman in "Big Business Girl," First National. Clarence in "The Connecticut Yankee," Fox. Featured rôle "Consolation Marriage," RKO-Radio. Shep Lambert in "Spent Bullets," First National. Starred in "The Brat," Fox.

ALLEN, ROBERT; unmarried; born in Mt. Vernon, N. Y. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Contract player. He has played a bit in "Big Business Hour."

ALVARADO, DON; married to non-professional; born in Albuquerque, N. M. Write him at United Artists studio. Free lance player. Juan in "Capt. Thunder," Warner Bros. Featured rôle in "The Love o' Lil," Columbia. Ramon in "Beau Ideal," RKO-Radio.

AMES, ROBERT; divorced from Marion Oakes; born in Hartford, Conn. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Contract player. Norton in "Madonna of the Streets," Columbia. Male leads in "Waiting at the Church," RKO-Radio and "Rebound," RKO-Pathé.

ARLEN, RICHARD; married to Jobyna Ralston; born in St. Paul, Minn. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Dan McMaster in "The Conquering Horde." Star of "Gun Smoke," second lead in "The Lawyer's Secret," and co-starred in "Rose of the Rancho," all for Paramount.

ARLISS, GEORGE; married to Florence Montgomery; born in London, Eng. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. James Alden in "The Millionaire," title rôle in "Alexander Hamilton," both for Warners.

ARMSTRONG, ROBERT; married to Jeanne Kent; born in Saginaw, Mich. Write him at RKO-Pathé studio. Contract player. Larry Doyle in "Danger Lights," RKO-Radio. Ace Carter in "Paid," M-G-M. Regan in "The Iron Man," and male lead in "Ex-Bad Boy," both Universal.

ARTHUR, GEORGE K.; married to Melba Lloyd; born in Aberdeen, Scotland. Write him at Darnour studio. Contract player. Featured with Karl Dane in two-reelers for RKO-Radio release.

ARTHUR, JEAN; married (annulled) to Julian Anker; born in New York City. Write her at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Sylvia Martin in "Gang Buster," Paramount. Feminine lead in "Cavalier of the Streets" for Paramount. Ingenue lead in "The Lawyer's Secret," Paramount. Feminine lead in "Ex-Bad Boy," Universal.

ASTOR, MARY; widow of Kenneth Hawks, born in Quincy, Ill. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Contract star. Princess in "The Royal Bed," RKO-Radio. Kitty in "Sheep's Clothing," RKO-

Radio. Starred in "White Shoulders" and "Nancy's Private Affair," both for RKO-Radio.

AUSTIN, WILLIAM; married to Dora May Howe; born in Georgetown, British Guiana. Write him at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Lord Eustace Farrington in "Along Came Youth," Paramount. Archie in "Chances," First National. Jellicott in "A Tailor-Made Man," M-G-M.

AYRES, LEW; unmarried; born in Minneapolis, Minn. Write him at Universal studio. Contract star. Louis Ricarno in "Doorway to Hell," Warner Bros. Billy Benson in "East is West," Jerry in "Many a Slip," star of "Fires of Youth," and the Kid in "The Iron Man," all for Universal.

BAKEWELL, WILLIAM; unmarried; born in Hollywood, Calif. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Carney in "Paid," Tommy in "Reducing," Rodney in "Dance, Fools, Dance," and Otto in "Daybreak," all for M-G-M. Karl in "A Woman of Experience," RKO-Pathé.

BANCROFT, GEORGE; married to Octavia Boroshe; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract star. Bill Rafferty in "Derelict," Mark Flint in "Scandal Sheet," Paramount.

BANKHEAD, TALLULAH; unmarried; born in Huntsville, Alabama. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract star. For the last eight years she has been on the stage in England. First American picture, "Tarnished Lady," for Paramount.

BARNES, Carman; unmarried; born in Chattanooga, Tennessee. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract star. To make her talkie debut in "Confessions of a Debutante."

BARRYMORE, JOHN; married to Dolores Costello; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. Capt. Ahab in "Moby Dick." Title rôle in "Svengali," Russian ballet master in "The Mad Genius," all for Warner Bros.

BARRYMORE, LIONEL; married to Irene Fenwick; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player-director. Attorney in "A Free Soul," and the father in "Five and Ten," both for M-G-M. Lawyer in "The Star Witness," Warner Bros.

BARTHELMESS, RICHARD; married to the former Mrs. Jessica Sergeant; born in New York City. Write him at First National studio. Contract star. Dick Courtney in "The Dawn Patrol," El Puma in "The Lash," Breckenridge Lee in "The Finger Points," star of "Spent Bullets," all for First National.

BAXTER, WARNER; married to Winifred Bryson; born in Columbus, Ohio. Write him at Fox studio. Contract star. Esteban in "This Modern World," Dr. Penning in "Doctors' Wives," for Fox. Title rôle in "The Squaw Man," M-G-M. French officer in "I Surrender," and Jervis Pendleton in "Daddy Long Legs," Fox.

BEERY, NOAH; married to Marguerite Lindsay; born in Kansas City, Mo. Write him at First National studio. Free-lance player. Luke in "Tol'able David," Columbia. Machwirth in "Renegades," Fox. Peterson in "The Millionaire," Warner Bros.

BEERY, WALLACE; married to Mary Gilman; born in Kansas City, Mo. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Tripod in "Way for a Sailor," Bill in "Min and Bill," Gangster in "The Secret Six," Aviator in "Sea Eagles," all for M-G-M.

BELL, REX; unmarried; born in Chicago, Ill. Free lance player. Male lead in "Disappearing Enemies," RKO-Pathé. Now secretary to Clara Bow.

BENNETT, CONSTANCE; divorced from Phil Plant; born in New York City. Write her at RKO-Pathé studio. Contract star for both RKO-Pathé and Warner Bros. Sylvia in "Sin Takes a Holiday," RKO-Pathé. Starred in "The Easiest Way," M-G-M. Valerie in "The Common Law," and Doris Kendall in "Born to Love," RKO-Pathé. Star of "Bought!" Warner Bros.

BENNETT, JOAN; divorced from John Martin Fox; born in New York City. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Pat Coster in "Many a Slip," Universal. Feminine lead in "Doctors' Wives," and "Hush Money," Fox.

BICKFORD, CHARLES; married to non-professional; born in Cambridge, Mass. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Dan in "Passion Flower," M-G-M. Starred in "River's End," Warner Bros. Cash Hawkins in "The Squaw Man," and star of "Tampico," both M-G-M. Co-starred in "East of Borneo," Universal.

BLACKMER, SIDNEY; married to Lenore Ulric; born in Salisbury, S. C. Write him at First National studio. Free lance player. Big Boy in "Little Caesar," Hart in "Mothers Cry," Paul

(Continued on page 8)

HERE ARE THEIR BIRTHDAYS FOR JULY AND AUGUST—WHY NOT SEND THEM A BIRTHDAY GREETING?

John Gilbert	July 10	Glenn Tryon	August 2
Sidney Blackmer	July 13	Dolores Del Rio	August 3
Richard Dix	July 18	Dorothy Jordan	August 9
Lila Lee	July 25	Charles Farrell	August 9
Lawrence Gray	July 27	Norma Shearer	August 10
Aileen Pringle	July 27	Charles Rogers	August 13
Joe E. Brown	July 28	Regis Toomey	August 13
Helen Wright	July 28	June Collyer	August 19
Catherine Dale Owen	July 28	George Fawcett	August 25
William Powell	July 29	Alice White	August 28

GUIDE *to the* BIG SHOWS!

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"THE BIRD OF PARADISE" ... Richard Walton Tully's volcanic dramatic spectacle in all its splendor! DOLORES DEL RIO and thousands in the cast.

FANNIE HURST'S "SYMPHONY OF SIX MILLION" ... Great author of "Humoresque" now shows us the soul of a city ... drama rising from teeming streets ... thunder in its voice ... laughter on its lips ... a sob in its throat!

"FRONTIER"
Tumultuous panorama of Onrushing America with the stars of "Cimarron," RICHARD DIX, IRENE DUNNE.

"MIRACLE CITY" . . .
The Glamour ... Ecstasy ... Heroism of those fated to dwell in Hollywood's Glass Houses!

"MARCHETA"
Richard Dix and Irene Dunne in Romance 'neath the burnished skies of old Madrid.

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"ARE THESE OUR CHILDREN?"
Created by the men who made "Cimarron," Wesley Ruggles, Director; Howard Estabrook, author.

"TRAVELING HUSBANDS"
A gay tale of wandering men and wondering wives ... Evelyn Brent, Hugh Herbert, Constance Cummings.

"SPHINX HAS SPOKEN"
With Lily Damita, Adolph Menjou, Eric Von Stroheim.

Don't miss a one of them! ... or better still tell the manager of your favorite theatre that you want to see all these RKO RADIO PICTURES at his house!

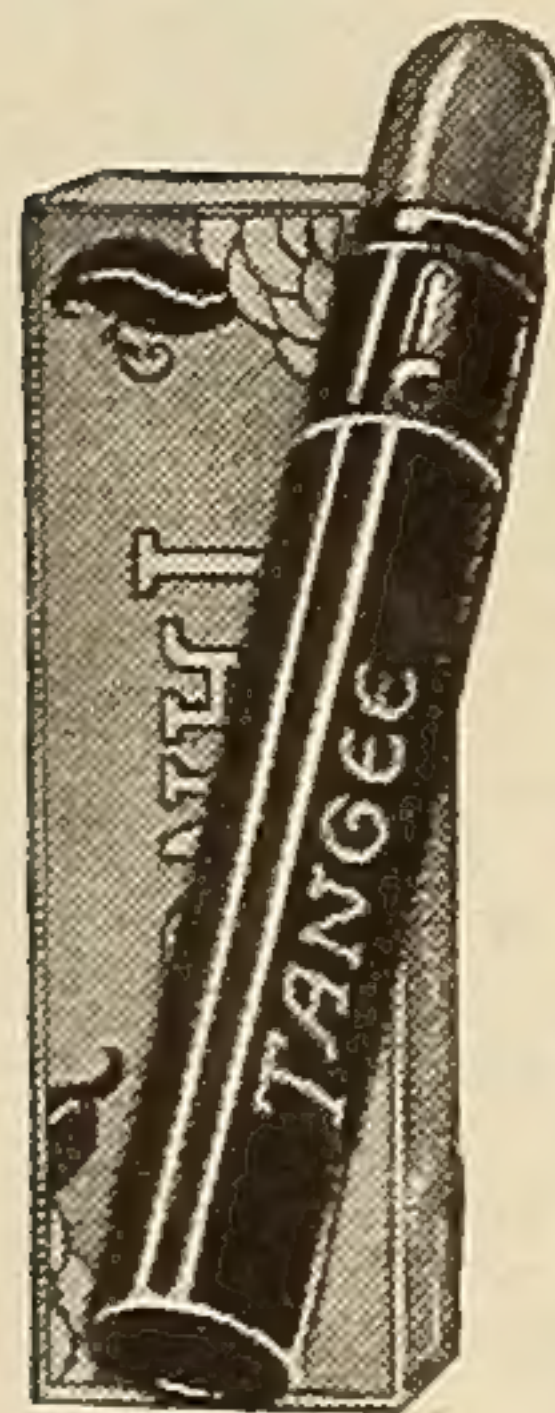
RKO-RADIO PICTURES



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THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS LIPSTICK

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TANGEE leaves no greasy smear of glaring, flashy color. Its *solidified cream* base soothes, softens and protects! *Permanent*, it stays on all day! No constant making-up! And it lasts twice as long as ordinary lipsticks. \$1.

NEW! Tangee THEATRICAL, a special dark shade of Tangee Lipstick for professional and evening use.



Same Tangee Color Principle in

Rouge Compact 75¢

Crème Rouge \$1

SEND 20¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET

Containing miniature Lipstick, two Rouges, Powder, two Creams and "The Art of Make-up."

THE GEORGE W. LUFT CO., DEPT. K-7
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Directory of Players

(Continued from page 6)

- de Segny in "The Devil Was Sick," all for First National. Lawyer in "It's a Wise Child," M-G-M.
- BLONDELL, JOAN; unmarried; born in New York City. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "The Office Wife," "Other Men's Wives," "Illicit," and "God's Gift to Women," all Warner Bros. Feminine lead in "Lillies of Broadway," Universal.
- BOARDMAN, ELEANOR; married to King Vidor; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Feminine lead in "The Great Meadow," M-G-M. Featured rôle in "Women Love Once," Paramount.
- BOLES, JOHN; married to Marcellite Dobbs; born in Greenville, Texas. Write him at Universal studio. Contract star. Count Mirko in "One Heavenly Night," Samuel Goldwyn. Prince in "Resurrection," Universal. Bart Carter in "Seed," Universal.
- BOW, CLARA; unmarried; born in Brooklyn, N. Y. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract star. Pepper in "Love Among the Millionaires," Norma Martin in "Her Wedding Night," Bernice O'Day in "No Limit," starred in "Kick In," all for Paramount. Now in sanitarium.
- BOYD, BILL; married to Dorothy Sebastian; born in Cambridge, Ohio. Write him at RKO-Pathé studio. Contract star. Bill O'Brien in "Officer O'Brien," Bill Thatcher in "Beyond Victory," star of "The Painted Desert," and "Suicide Fleet," all for RKO-Pathé.
- BOYD, WILLIAM; separated from actress-wife; born in New York City. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Gun Smoke," with Richard Arlen, and "City Streets," with Gary Cooper, both for Paramount.
- BRENDEL, EL; married to Flo Burt; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write him at Fox studio. Contract star. Comedy leads in "The Big Trail" and "Svenson's Wild Party," Single-O in "Just Imagine," title rôle in "Mr. Lemon of Orange," comedy lead in "Women of All Nations," janitor in "Riding for a Fall," all for Fox.
- BRENT, EVELYN; married to Harry Edwards; born in Tampa, Florida. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Contract star. May in "Madonna of the Streets," Columbia. Starred in "The Mad Parade," Liberty, and "Consolation Husband," RKO-Radio. "Pagan Lady," Independent.
- BRIAN, MARY; unmarried; born in Corsicana, Texas. Write her at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Gwen in "The Royal Family," feminine lead in "Gun Smoke," for Paramount. Heroine in "The Front Page," Caddo-United Artists.
- BROOK, CLIVE; married to non-professional; born in London, England. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Noel Adam in "Scandal Sheet," featured rôles in "East Lynne," Fox, and "Tarnished Lady," with Talulah Bankhead, Paramount.
- BROOKS, LOUISE; divorced from Edward Sutherland; born in Wichita, Kans. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Florine in "God's Gift to Women," and Gwen in "The Public Enemy," both for Warner Bros.
- BROWN, JOE E.; married to Kathryn Frances McGraw; born in Holgate, Ohio. Write him at First National studio. Contract star. Rollo Smith in "Going Wild," co-starred in "Sit Tight," Ossie Simpson in "Broadminded," all First National.
- BROWN, JOHN MACK; married to Cornelia Foster; born in Dotham, Ala. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Title rôle in "Billy the Kid," Berk in "The Great Meadow," featured rôle in "The Secret Six," Football hero in "Spent Bullets," First National.
- CAGNEY, JAMES; married to non-professional; born in New York City. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Doorway to Hell," "Other Men's Wives," "The Millionaire," and "The Public Enemy."
- CANTOR, EDDIE; married to Ida Tobias; born in New York City. Write him at Samuel Goldwyn studio. Contract star. Starred in "Whoopie" and "Palmy Days" for Sam Goldwyn.
- CAROL, SUE; married to Nick Stuart; born in Chicago, Ill. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Contract player. Jean Blair in "Check and Double Check," Now on vaudeville tour.
- CARROLL, NANCY; married to James Kirkland; born in New York City. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract star. Peggy Gibson in "Laughter," star in "Stolen Heaven," "Night Angels," and "Personal Maid," all for Paramount.
- CHANDLER, HELEN; married to Cyril Hume; born in Chicago, Ill. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Feminine leads in "Dracula," Universal; "Daybreak," M-G-M; "Salvation Nell," Cruze-Tiffany; "Spent Bullets," and "Five Star Final," First National.
- CHAPLIN, CHARLES; divorced from Lita Gray; born in London, Eng. Write him at Charles Chaplin studio. Producer-star for United Artists. Starred in "City Lights." Now vacationing in Europe.
- CHASE, CHARLIE; married to Bebe Eltinge; born in Baltimore, Md. Write him at Hal Roach studio. Contract star, making two-reel comedies.
- CHATTERTON, RUTH; married to Ralph Forbes; born in New York City. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract star. Pansy in "Anybody's Woman," star of "The Right to Love," "Unfaithful," and "Tomorrow and Tomorrow," all for Paramount.
- CHERRILL, VIRGINIA; divorced from non-professional; born in Chicago, Ill. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Blind flower girl in "City Lights," Chaplin. Joan Madison in "Girls Demand Excitement," Fox.
- CHEVALIER, MAURICE; married to Yvonne Vallée; born in Paris, France. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract star. Albert in "Playboy of Paris," title rôle in "The Smiling Lieutenant," for Paramount.
- CHRISTIE, DOROTHY; married to non-professional; born in New York City. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Mabel in "Red Hot Sinners," Warner Bros. Angelica in "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath," M-G-M. Mrs. Emory in "The Finger Points," First National.
- CHURCHILL, MARGUERITE; unmarried; born in Kansas City, Mo. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Feminine leads in "The Big Trail,"
- "The Spider," "Mr. Lemon of Orange," "Charley Chan Carries On," "Over the Hill," "Skyline," and "Sugar-Daddies," all for Fox.
- CLARKE, MAE; unmarried; born in New York City. Write her at United Artists studio. Free lance player. Gangster's moll in "Front Page," Caddo-United Artists. Feminine lead in "Good Bad Girl," Columbia.
- CLAIRE, INA; separated from John Gilbert; born in Washington, D. C. Contract star. Lead in "The Royal Family of Broadway," Paramount. Stellar rôle in "Rebound," RKO-Pathé.
- CODY, LEW; widower of Mabel Normand; born in Waterville, Maine. Write him at Fox studio. Free lance player. Rôle in "Dishonored," Paramount. Ace Beaudry in "Not Quite a Gentleman," and William Marriott in "Three Girls Lost," Fox. Philip Lord in "Meet the Wife," Christie-Columbia. Male lead in "The Common Law," and Capt. von Lichstein in "A Woman of Experience."
- COLBERT, CLAUDETTE; married to Norman Foster; born in Paris, France. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract star. Star of "Honor Among Lovers," and feminine lead in "The Smiling Lieutenant," and "Secrets of a Secretary," and star of "Street of Women," all for Paramount.
- COLLIER, WILLIAM, JR.; unmarried; born in New York City. Write him at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Tony in "Little Caesar," First National. Johnny Beasley in "Reducing," M-G-M.
- COLLYER, JUNE; unmarried; born in New York City. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Betty Thatcher in "Beyond Victory," RKO-Pathé. Co-starred in "Drums of Jeopardy," Tiffany. Feminine lead in "Manhattan Musketters," rôle in "Dude Ranch," Paramount. Featured rôle in "Alexander Hamilton," Warner Bros.
- COLMAN, RONALD; separated from Thelma Ray; born in Surrey, Eng. Write him at Samuel Goldwyn studio. Contract star. Stellar rôles in "Raffles" and "The Devil to Pay," "The Unholy Garden," and "Arrowsmith," all for Goldwyn-United Artists.
- COMPSON, BETTY; divorced from James Cruze; born in Beaver, Utah. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance player. Mahyna in "She Got What She Wanted," Cruze-Tiffany. Vamp in "The Virtuous Husband," Universal. Star of "Helga," RKO-Radio Now appearing on Pacific Coast stage.
- COOGAN, JACKIE; boy actor; born in Los Angeles, Calif. Write him at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Title rôle in "Tom Sawyer," featured rôle in "Huckleberry Finn," both for Paramount.
- COOGAN, ROBERT; boy actor; born in Glendale, California. Write him at Paramount studio. Featured player. Featured rôle in "Skipper," Title rôle in "Sooky," now in production.
- COOPER, GARY; unmarried; born in Helena, Mont. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract star. Tom Brown in "Morocco," Clint Belmont in "Fighting Caravans," Starred in "City Streets" and "I Take This Woman," all for Paramount.
- CORTEZ, RICARDO; widower of Alma Rubens; born in New York City. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Illicit," "The Maltese Falcon," Warner Bros. and "Big Business Girl," First National star of "Dance, Gigolo, Dance," RKO-Radio.
- COSTELLO, DOLORES; married to John Barrymore; born in Pittsburgh, Pa. Write her at First National studio. Contract star. Starred in "Expensive Women," First National.
- CRAWFORD, JOAN; married to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Born in San Antonio, Texas. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Mary Turner in "Paid," star of "Dance, Fools, Dance," "Torch Song" and "Girls Together," all for M-G-M.
- DAMITA, LILY; unmarried; born in Paris, France. Write her at Sam Goldwyn studio. Contract player. Title rôle in "The Woman Between," RKO-Radio.
- DANE, KARL; divorced from non-professional; born in Copenhagen, Denmark. Write him at Darmour studio. Contract player. Olsen in "The Big House," M-G-M. Now making series of comedies for Damour-Radio.
- DANIELS, BEBE; married to Ben Lyon; born in Dallas, Texas. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. Joyce Benton in "Reaching for the Moon," United Artists. Star of "My Past," Warner Bros. Miss Wonderly in "A Woman of the World," Warner Bros. Leading rôle in "The Honor of the Family," First National.
- DAVIES, MARION; unmarried; born in Brooklyn, N. Y. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Stellar rôles in "The Bachelor Father," "It's a Wise Child," and "Five and Ten," all for M-G-M.
- DAVIS, BETTE; unmarried; born in Boston, Mass. Write her at Universal studio. Contract player. Featured rôle in "Seed," Universal.
- DEE, FRANCES; unmarried; born in New York City. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Elinor Farrington in "Along Came Youth," Yvonne in "Playboy of Paris," feminine leads in "June Moon" and "Confessions of a Co-ed" and featured rôle in "Caught," all Paramount.
- DELL, CLAUDIA; unmarried; born in San Antonio, Texas. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance player. Romantic lead in "Fifty Million Frenchmen," for Warner Bros. Rôle in "High River," RKO-Radio.
- DEL RIO, DOLORES; married to Cedric Gibbons; born in Mexico City, Mexico. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance player. Title rôles in "Ramona" and "Evangeline," United Artists. "Rose of the Rancho," Paramount, "The Dove" and "Bird of Paradise," RKO-Radio.
- DELROY, IRENE; unmarried; born in Bloomington, Illinois. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Life of the Party," "Divorce Among Friends" and "Men of the Sky," Warners.
- DENNY, REGINALD; married to Bubbles Steifel; born in London, Eng. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Barney in "Stolen Thunder," Fox. Paul Brandt in "A Lady's Morals," M-G-M. Victor Randall in "Kiki," United Artists. Featured rôle in "Parlor, Bed-

room and Bath," M-G-M. Tom in "Stepping Out," M-G-M.

DIETRICH, MARLENE; married to non-professional; born in Berlin, Germany. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract star. Feminine lead in "The Blue Angel." Amy Jolly in "Morocco." Stellar rôle in "Dishonored," and "Indiscretion," all for Paramount.

DIX, RICHARD; unmarried; born in St. Paul, Minn. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Contract star. Yancey Cravat in "Cimarron," title rôle in "Donovan's Kid" and star of "Marcheta," all for RKO-Radio.

DORSAY, FIFI; unmarried; born in Montreal, Canada. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Dolores in "Mr. Lemon of Orange." Featured rôle in "Young As You Feel," "Women of All Nations" and star of "Champagne," all for Fox.

DOUGLASS, KENT; unmarried; born in Los Angeles, California. Write him at M-G-M studio. Featured player. Bob Gilder in "Paid," opposite Joan Crawford. Rôle in "Five and Ten."

DOVE, BILLIE; divorced from Irvin Willat; born in New York City. Write her at United Artists studio. Contract star. Caddo Productions. Starred in "The Night Watch," First National. Now starring in "The Age for Love," United Artists.

DRESSER, LOUISE; married to Jack Gardener; born in Evansville, Ind. Write her at Fox studio. Free lance player. Mrs. Jones in "Lightning," Fox. Mother in "Caught," Paramount.

DRESSLER, MARIE; unmarried; born in Cobourg, Canada. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Marie in "Reducing," title rôle in "Politics," both for M-G-M.

DUNN, JOSEPHINE; married to Clyde E. Great-house; born in New York City. Write her at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Marion in "Madonna of the Streets," Columbia. Feminine lead in "Air Police," Sono-Art.

DUNNE, IRENE; unmarried; born in Chicago, Ill. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Contract star. Sabra Cravat in "Cimarron," RKO-Radio. Feminine lead in "The Great Lover," M-G-M. Starred in "Should Wives Work?" RKO-Radio.

DURKIN, JUNIOR; boy actor; born in New York City. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Huckleberry Finn in "Tom Sawyer," and title rôle in "Huckleberry Finn," both for Paramount.

EDWARDS, CLIFF; divorced from non-professional; born in Hannibal, Mo. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Cosy in "The Prodigal," comedy leads in "Dance, Fools, Dance" and "Stepping Out," all for M-G-M.

EILERS, SALLY; married to Hoot Gibson; born in New York City. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Feminine lead in "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath," for M-G-M. Featured rôle in "Sky-line," "Quick Millions," "Thoroughbreds" and "Bad Girl," all for Fox.

ERWIN, STUART; unmarried; born in Squaw Valley, Calif. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Paul in "Playboy of Paris," Oscar in "Only Saps Work," Ambrose in "Along Came Youth," Ole Olsen in "No Limit," comedy lead in "Dude Ranch" and "Manhattan Musketeers," all for Paramount.

FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, JR.; married to Joan Crawford; born in New York City. Write him at First National studio. Contract star. Douglas Scott in "The Dawn Patrol," First National. Juvenile lead in "Outward Bound," Warner Bros. Joe Mascarra in "Little Caesar," First National. Jack Ingleside in "Chances," Larry in "I Like Your Nerve," First National.

FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, SR.; married to Mary Pickford; born in Denver, Colo. Write him at United Artists. Contract star. Larry Day in "Reaching for the Moon," United Artists. Now on world tour.

FARRELL, CHARLES; married to Virginia Valli; born in Walpole, Mass. Write him at Fox studio. Contract star. Charlie Peters in "The Princess and the Plumber," co-starred with Janet Gaynor in "The Man Who Came Back," co-star of "Body and Soul," and star of "The Plutocrat," all for Fox.

FAY, FRANK; married to Barbara Stanwyck; born in New York City. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. Stellar rôles in "God's Gift to Women" and "Hercules, Esquire," Warners.

FAZENDA, LOUISE; married to Hal Wallis; born in LaFayette, Ind. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Comedy rôles in "Gun Smoke," Paramount, "The Mad Parade," Liberty. Aunt Polly in "Broadminded," First National. Rôle in "The Queen of Hollywood," Paramount.

FOSTER, NORMAN; married to Claudette Colbert; born in Richmond, Indiana. Write him at Paramount studio. Featured player. Douglas Thayer in "No Limit" and male lead opposite Carole Lombard in "It Pays to Advertise."

FOX, SIDNEY; unmarried; born in New York City. Write her at Universal studio. Contract player. Feminine leads in "Heaven and Earth" and "Ex-Bad Boy," Universal. Marilyn Sterling in "Riding For a Fall," Fox.

FRANCIS, KAY; married to Kenneth McKenna; born in Oklahoma City, Okla. Write her at Warner Brothers studio. Contract player. Dulcie in "Passion Flower," M-G-M. Edith Flint in "Scandal Sheet." Featured rôle in "City Streets," and "Ladies Man," Paramount. Starred in "The Hungry Wife," Warners.

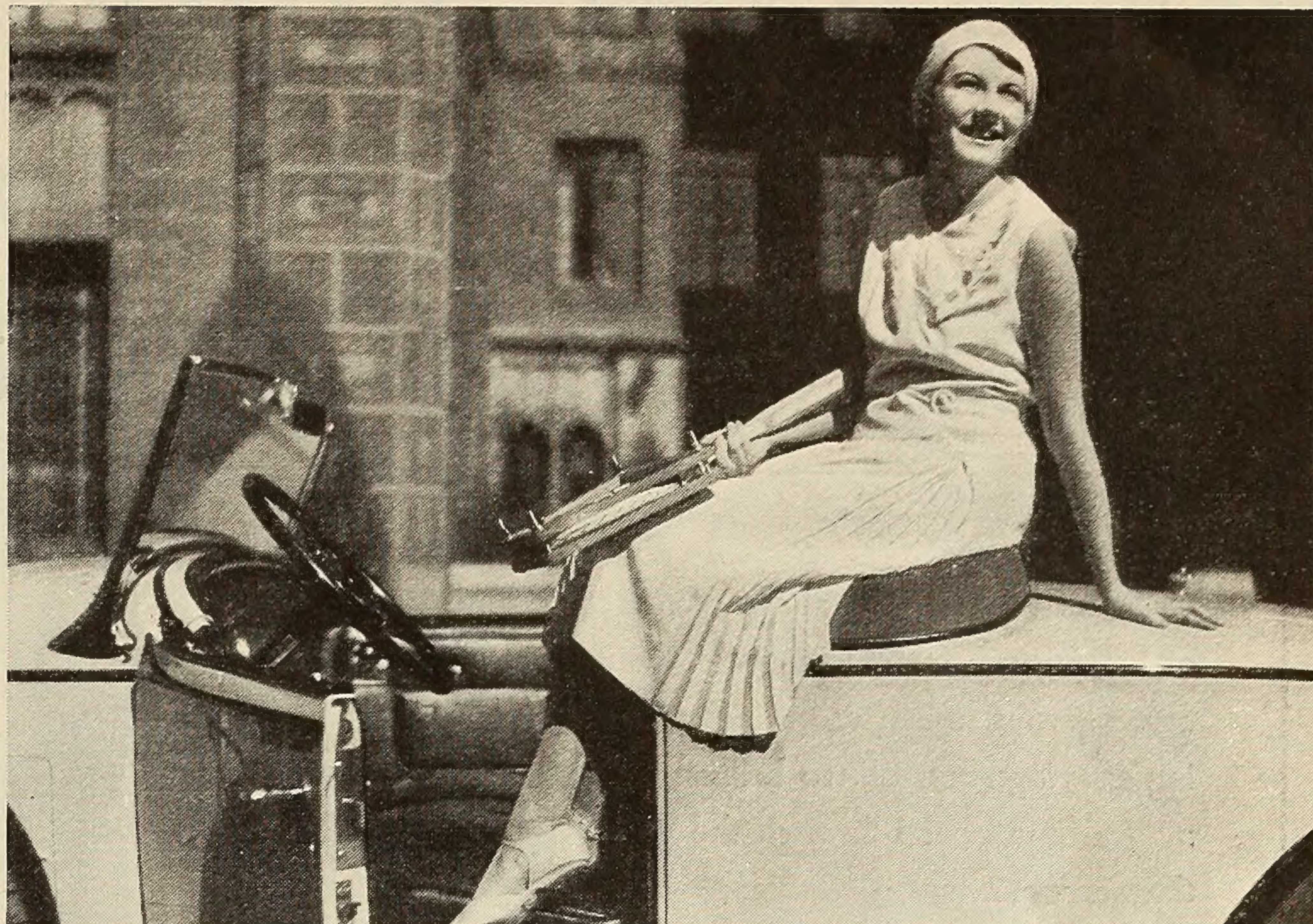
GARBO, GRETA; unmarried; born in Stockholm, Sweden. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Stellar rôles in "Anna Christie," "Romance," "Inspiration" and "Susan Lenox, Her Rise and Fall," all for M-G-M.

GAYNOR, JANET; married to Lydell Peck; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write her at Fox studio. Contract star. Stellar rôle in "Lucky Star," co-starred in "The Man Who Came Back," starred in "Daddy Long-Legs," and "Angel Face," all for Fox.

GIBSON, HOOT; married to Sally Eilers; born in Takomah, Neb. Write him at Tec-Art studio. Contract star. Allied productions. Starred in "Points West," "The Winged Horseman" and "Spurs" for Universal and "Clearing the Range," Allied.

GILBERT, JOHN; separated from Ina Claire; born in Ogden, Utah. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Stellar rôles in "One Glorious Night," "Redemption," "Way For a Sailor," "A Gentleman's Fate" and "Cheri-Bebi," all for M-G-M.

(Continued on page 100)



NOW COMES FREEDOM

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From Woman's Most Universal Handicap

[A Totally NEW Hygiene For Women That Eliminates All Chafing, All Discomfort—Besides Being 5 Times More Absorbent—Softer Than Silk Itself]

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They employ an utterly NEW and entirely DIFFERENT sanitary method. It is called Veldown, and it differs from ordinary "pads" in these 3 ways:

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Thousands of women everywhere are discarding old-fashioned "sanitary pads" and are turning to Veldown. First, perhaps, for its sheer comfort. They find it

brings them wonderful freedom of action, and absolute peace of mind.

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You can get Veldown at nearly every department or drug store. Or we will send you a trial pad free. Once you open it you will see why it will never irritate, chafe or cause the slightest discomfort.

Its fluffy RAYON base filler is softer than finest down. And is 3 to 5 times more absorbent than ordinary fillers. So, with all its comfort, it lasts hours longer. And every pad is treated with an effective and safe deodorant; discards, of course, as easily as tissue.

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Brings Freedom to Women

BETWEEN YOU AND ME

This page is for the readers and the editor of
MODERN SCREEN—a page for frank
discussion of the talkies and the stars

Dear Friends:

What is your idea about editors? Come, now—don't be afraid of hurting my feelings—haven't you often pictured them as rather cantankerous, mean old things who take a fiendish delight in rejecting starving (but, oh, so brilliant) authors' manuscripts and in running a blue pencil through the best paragraphs in those few stories they accept?

Well, I'm going to spoil that picture for you right now. I'm an editor who is positively bursting with pride in my contributors. There's Madame Elinor Glyn, for example—have you seen her very fine novel "Glorious Flame," which is running in one of the biggest fiction magazines? And did you know that Hagar Wilde, who has been writing those charming little fiction stories for MODERN SCREEN, has just published a brilliant novel called "Break-Up" which Paramount is going to make into a picture? Also, perhaps you would be interested to learn that Miss Wilde has just recently returned from Hollywood, whither she went, under contract to Howard Hughes of "Hell's Angels" and "The Front Page" fame.

There's Faith Baldwin, too, whose latest novel, "Skyscraper," has been purchased as picture material by M-G-M. The picturization will be called "Skyscraper Souls." And young Charleson Gray, whose articles appear from time to time in this magazine, recently wrote a very vivid novel about Hollywood called "Spotlight Madness." And he's doing another now.

Well—I don't want to be too boastful about my writers. But I am rather proud of them and I thought you'd like to know about some of the activities of the talented people whose articles and stories you find in MODERN SCREEN.

The Editor

There seems to be a rallying of Pola Negri fans

I admired the big way in which you announced Pola Negri's return to the screen. Please give us the latest news of her in every issue, or at least a photograph, won't you?

L. D. FACKLER,
Roanoke, Virginia.

Are we glad Pola Negri is back! Foolish question. There's only one Pola! Won't you wish her the best of luck for us?

SOME POLA NEGRI FANS,
Chicago, Illinois.

I had just about given up all hope of ever seeing Pola in a talkie and now that I will it seems too good to be true. . . . Pola should be good—she's an accomplished linguist and she has the beauty and charm necessary for a successful actress. . . .

HELEN MANNING,
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

Perhaps Pola isn't as pretty as Anita Page or Dolores Costello, but she has something finer. Her beauty is from the soul of a woman who has known the fullness of life, the tragedy and happiness of the world.

ROY B. McALONEY,
South Easton, Massachusetts.

I'll be glad that Pola Negri is back, if only to see how she compares with our new charmers. Her come-back is a risky thing, but, having seen Pola at her best in the past, I think she'll come through.

MARY A. CUMMINGS,
Rio Nido, California.

A word or two about Mae Murray (See Page 62, this issue)

Did Mae Murray make a hit in her latest rôle—and how! It takes a princess to show the new ones some new tricks.

JOSEPH T. KILLEA,
Albany, N. Y.

Although I have always been an ardent admirer of Mae in the past, I am not reluctant to say I was forced to have a change of heart about her upon viewing her revived "Peacock Alley." Her efforts to display her charms seemed positively futile; I have always been sorry I saw the picture, for I would have liked to remember Mae as she was in the old days when her romantic beauty dominated the silent screen. However, you can pass the word on to Mae that her feet and legs are as beautiful as ever.

MRS. MARY D. FRENTZEL,
Portland, Oregon.

Readers speak their minds about stories and departments

I . . . sure did enjoy the article, "Rudolph Valentino as I Knew Him," by Elinor Glyn. . . . Madame Glyn is my favorite author and she brought Valentino's personality to life so vividly.

MISS ALASKA GUTHRIE,
Huntington, West Virginia.

I was much disappointed in not finding the "Screen Loves" idea carried out in the June issue. I suggest that Ramon Novarro be the victim for this department next month.

PHOEBE,
Evansville, Indiana.

I think mothers should appreciate your telling (in your directory of pictures) what productions are suitable for children and those that aren't.

A DEVOTED FAN,
Newark, Ohio.

(Continued on page 98)

The MODERN SCREEN Directory (PICTURES)



Ben Lyon and Gloria Swanson in a scene from Gloria's latest film, "Indiscreet." This talkie permits the lovely Swanson to sing and wear stunning clothes and deliver some cute dialogue.

ANNABELLE'S AFFAIRS (Fox)—Reviewed in this issue.

BACHELOR APARTMENT (RKO-Radio)—Reviewed in this issue.

THE BACHELOR FATHER (M-G-M)—A rollicking story with a great deal of sophistication and Marion Davies in great form as the leading character. **Good—but not suitable for children.**

BAD SISTER (Universal)—Conrad Nagel, Sidney Fox, ZaSu Pitts and Slim Summerville in a Booth Tarkington story. **Good.**

BEHIND OFFICE DOORS (RKO-Radio)—It's the old story about the working gal who marries her boss, but it is entertaining. Mary Astor, Robert Ames and Ricardo Cortez are in it. **Very good—but children will not care for it much.**

THE BIG TRAIL (Fox)—Another epic of the old pioneering days with John Wayne, Marguerite Churchill, El Brendel, Tully Marshall and several thousand extra players. **Excellent—suitable for children.**

THE BLUE ANGEL (Paramount)—A well-told, but sordid tale of love in a drab vaudeville troupe. Emil Jannings will surprise you in his first talkie. Marlene Dietrich is excellent as the singer. **Very good—but not suitable for children.**

BODY AND SOUL (Fox)—Another war story with Charles Farrell this time, and Elissa Landi, the new Fox importation, in the leading rôles. Charles is not quite as good in this as he has been in other films, but Elissa is excellent. **Good.**

BORN TO LOVE (RKO-Pathé)—It's the old story about the nurse in the war, the two officers and the baby. Constance Bennett and Joel McCrea have the leading rôles. **Good—but not for children.**

CAPTAIN THUNDER (Warner)—The famous stage whimsy—known on the boards as "Captain Applejack"—in talkie form. **Fair.**

CHANCES—(First National)—Reviewed in this issue.

CHARLIE CHAN CARRIES ON (Fox)—The famous Chinese detective—created by the well known author, Earl Derr Biggers—continues with his hair-raising exploits. Warner Oland again plays the detective. **Very good.**

CIMARRON (RKO-Radio)—A saga of American life from the land-rush days right up until the present time. Taken from Edna Ferber's famous novel, this film is a very faithful reproduction of the book. Richard Dix does remarkably well as Yancey Cravat. **Excellent—suitable for children.**

CITY LIGHTS (United Artists)—Charlie Chaplin's latest. **Excellent—especially suitable for children.**

... WE are continuing our method of classifying pictures which we started some time ago. Those pictures which are particularly suitable for children we are marking accordingly. And those which are unsuitable for children—either because the subject is not desirable or merely not interesting to young ones—we are also indicating. This ought to be an excellent guide for anybody who is interested in finding satisfactory and pleasing entertainment for children.

THE COMMON LAW (RKO-Pathé)—Reviewed in this issue.

A CONNECTICUT YANKEE (Fox)—The famous story of the famous author, Mark Twain, in talkie form with Will Rogers in the title rôle. Rogers as the modern American who finds himself running around in historical times will delight you. **Excellent—suitable for children.**

THE CONQUERING HORDE (Paramount)—Another wild Western with Richard Arlen in the leading rôle—as usual. **Very good—suitable for children.**

CRACKED NUTS (RKO-Radio)—Bert Wheeler, Robert Woolsey and Dorothy Lee in another of their cuckoo comedies which have made them famous. **Good.**

DADDY LONG-LEGS (Fox)—Reviewed in this issue.

DANCE, FOOLS, DANCE (M-G-M)—A girl whose father loses his money becomes a reporter and is put on the trail of a gangster murderer. What she discovers is a surprise. Joan Crawford is the girl. Clark Gable, a newcomer, plays the gangster. Watch this chap—he'll be a star soon. **Good.**

DANGER LIGHTS (RKO-Radio)—The late Louis Wolheim, Jean Arthur and Robert Armstrong in a drama of the railroad. The love element is pretty weak but the railroad sequences are great. **Good—suitable for children.**

THE DEVIL TO PAY (United Artists)—A fluffy little story with Ronald Colman, Loretta Young and a competent cast. Ronnie is a ne'er-do-well whom everybody finds very charming. **Excellent.**

DIRIGIBLE (Columbia)—A story of airplanes, dirigibles and the South Pole with Jack Holt, Ralph Graves, Fay Wray and Hobart Bosworth. Some thrilling air scenes but gruesome toward the end of the picture. **Very good.**

DISHONORED (Paramount)—Marlene Dietrich's acting makes this film worth seeing although the story is somewhat weak. The direction, however, is interesting in its treatment of the modern method. **Good—but children won't like it.**

DIVORCE AMONG FRIENDS (Warner)—Another of those married life comedies. James Hall, Lew Cody, Natalie Moorhead and Irene Delroy do the emoting. **Fair—children won't like it.**

DON'T BET ON WOMEN (Fox)—A woman-hater, a young married couple who are his best friends, and a wager constitute this story. Jeanette MacDonald, Edmund Lowe and Roland Young. **Good.**

DRACULA (Universal)—A story of the souls who are dead yet not dead—"undead" they are called. They prey upon the living. A creepy and chill-

(Continued on page 116)



BEAUTY ADVICE

During summer days, your hair needs extra care. Here's splendid advice



Winsome Mary Brian shows you in the four pictures at the left how to make those fascinating little flat curls over the ears. First, moisten the hair with perfume or waveset lotion. Then wrap the thin strands around your fingers and fasten them with hairpins. Spray with brilliantine, if you like. In the bottom picture, you see the results.

By MARY BIDDLE



WHEN I saw Clarine at a house party in Connecticut in April she looked lovelier than I had ever seen her—and Clarine is quite the most beautiful girl I have ever known. Tall, cool and slim. A halo of taffy-colored hair that clung to her neck in an entrancing bob at the Saturday night dance and which was neatly coiffed in tiny flat rolls on Sunday afternoon when we were playing tennis. Her skin was peaches and cream. Every now and then some man could be heard saying, "Who is that girl with the grand hair—the one in the green dress?"

When I saw Clarine at Nantucket last week-end, she looked—a sight! Oh, she was still tall and slim and her eyes were just as lovely as they had ever been. But she didn't look cool—she looked as if she had been put out in the sun to bake! And her hair—! I nearly wept when I saw it. It had turned straw-color, as taffy-blond hair will if it is not treated considerably in the summer time.

"You look terrible, Clarine," I said, with the candor of an old school friend. "What in the name of all that's holy have you done to your hair?" Yes, I was vehement.

"My hair? Why, nothing!" answered Clarine.

And that was precisely it. She had done nothing about her hair during those summer days and weeks in which she had sat in the sun on beaches and swung rackets on tennis courts and gone tearing over the country in somebody's good-looking roadster. So, when she said that she simply had to come to New York for a few days to buy a couple of things, I asked her to make my apartment her headquarters—and I determined that her topknot was going to receive some kind and tender treatment.

The summer is the hardest season of all for the hair. A shampoo and thorough drying after every swim is hardly possible, yet continued dampness *does* injure the hair. Sun scorches it, and dries out all the natural oils. Let alone the fact that sea breezes ruin your best finger-wave and make neatness a problem for Einstein to wrestle with. However, there are various ways and means of keeping one's hair in good condition during the summer—ways and means that will retain all the natural color and gloss and beauty of the hair. There are even ways of getting around the problem of neatness.

Therefore, when Clarine came to New York, I began by giving her an oil shampoo. A lot of people think that oil shampoos are exclusive to beauty parlors. Not at all—any girl can give herself one. I have recently been using a well-known prepared oil treatment which I have mentioned before and which I find very good. It is very easy to use and has a rather pleasant odor and it is a sure cure for dandruff and dry scalp. I usually heat a couple of tablespoonfuls, pour it into an egg-cup and then, in my oldest smock, proceed to massage my scalp firmly with fingertips dipped into the warm oil. Then I wrap a hot towel (*Continued on page 96*)



"Thin sandwiches are only an aggravation to a healthy, hungry man," says Richard Dix. "They irritate me unspeakably." In this article Mr. Dix tells what sandwiches he prefers—and just why.



Sandwiches are an important item on the summer menu. Follow Mr. Dix's taste and earn some real compliments from your men folk

THE MODERN HOSTESS

IMAGINE trying to get through a summer without benefit of sandwiches! But once upon a time there were no sandwiches in the world! Simply because no one had thought of inventing them! Then one day the Earl of Sandwich, having a good run of luck at the gaming table and being unwilling to leave it even for the sake of nourishment, instructed a servant to encase a chunk of meat between two pieces of bread. This being done, the Earl continued his game.

Well, the idea caught on; sandwiches, named after their inventor, of course, came to be quite the rage. And they certainly have retained their popularity, though we doubt very strongly if the good Earl would recognize, in some of the delicate slivers of bread and some of the fillings which are served to-day, the lineal descendants of his own husky innovation. Nor do we think he would approve of these emaciated descendants any more than do most men who are confronted with them. It has always been one of our favorite theories that men like sandwiches which are *filling* as well as filled—and as sandwiches assume such an important rôle in our national diet during the summer, we decided it was high time to find out for sure about them.

Since seeing Richard Dix as Yancey Cravat, the very masculine hero of Edna Ferber's "Cimarron," we have

felt that Mr. Dix would be an ideal person to epitomize the masculine viewpoint on *any* subject; so we hastened to find out from him how men really do like their sandwiches.

"I agree with you perfectly," said Mr. Dix. "Thin sandwiches are only an aggravation to a healthy, hungry man. They irritate me unspeakably and if possible I protect myself against them and get a good thick substantial variety. Among my favorite sandwiches are chicken, club and bacon, and I think that these are best when toasted, though in the case of chicken sandwiches, toasting is not so essential. As I am very fond of leafy vegetables I think lettuce is practically half the sandwich and should be included whenever possible.

"The bread for sandwiches," Richard Dix continued, "should always be buttered (I am very fond of butter, particularly the good, fresh, unsalted kind). I think mayonnaise or other salad dressing or condiments should be used sparingly in sandwiches, just enough being added to emphasize the natural flavors of the fillings."

NOW you know that men are much alike and you will do well to be guided by the counsel of Mr. Dix in preparing sandwiches for your men folks. We have the recipes for four of Mr. Dix's favorite sandwiches—an open bacon, a chicken supreme, a tuna club, and a three-decker sandwich—all of them practically meals in themselves. Fill out the coupon on this page and they will be sent to you on separate cards, ready to be added to your collection of Modern Hostess recipes. We feel sure they will be popular with the men, and are so delicious that the women will eat them too, even at the risk of losing their figures.

In making up sandwiches of *any* type, there are a few general rules to follow. The bread should be cut in slices of uniform thickness. If the crusts are to come off, they should be removed (Continued on page 94)

HOME SERVICE DEPARTMENT
MODERN SCREEN Magazine
100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me the recipes for August for which I enclose 4c in stamps to cover cost of mailing.

Name
Address

MODERN SCREEN

WHY IS MAURICE GOING HOME?

According to some very insistent rumors, Maurice Chevalier may not make another picture for a long time! In fact, the rumors have it, he may not make another picture at all!

Everybody has been expecting that Chevalier would begin his new picture called, "Life Is Beautiful." The schedule had him down to start immediately. Now comes the announcement that he will sail for France for an indefinite stay—at least, until September.

MODERN SCREEN has learned that Chevalier and his wife will sail July 1 on the Paris.

Why this sudden decision to take a vacation when schedules demand his presence at the studio? It must be important, for Paramount officials to let him go. According to Maurice himself, he is making the trip for a visit to his tailor.

But rumor has it decidedly otherwise. Rumor—and rumor with strong foundation—has it that Maurice is suffering from some sort of throat trouble which is affecting his voice and which not only will prevent his singing temporarily but may permanently impair his voice.

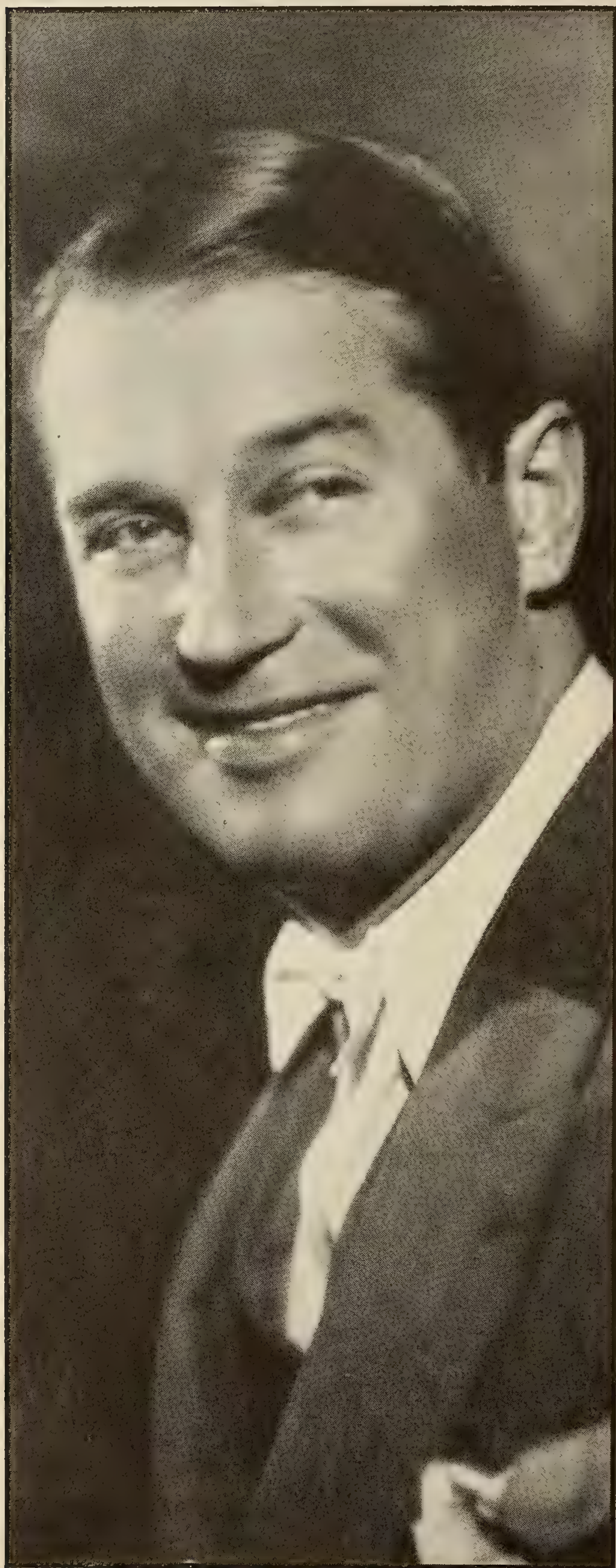
Furthermore, there have been many current reports around the studio that Chevalier's condition has been causing him great concern and it is understood that he insisted upon this leave. His post-war illness left him in such a weakened physical state that the doctors have forbidden strenuous exercise and have warned him that overwork should not only be avoided but that, if indulged in, might be positively dangerous.

Efforts to verify these rumors have met with denials or silence from both the Paramount Studio executives and Chevalier's personal manager. But—rumors go right on, regardless.

Maurice says that after buying the needed clothes at his particular tailor in Bond Street, he will go, with Mrs. Chevalier, to their villa in Cannes where he will enjoy a long rest. Paramount may send over a cameraman who will commence filming parts of the picture which Chevalier was to have started here. In it he is scheduled to play the part of a hobo.

Chevalier is under contract to Paramount for two more pictures. His salary for his services in these pictures is said to be enormous.

If these rumors are true—and everyone earnestly hopes they are not—we pray that Maurice Chevalier will soon recover from this illness which has settled like a blight upon his life. Maurice must keep his rôle of idol of the American screen.



IT IS SAID THAT CHEVALIER'S HEALTH MAY
SERIOUSLY HINDER—OR EVEN HALT—HIS CAREER

FILM GOSSIP OF THE MONTH

OF course, everyone who could crowd into the M-G-M studio the day that Prince Takamatsu was there wanted to get a good glimpse of the royal son of the Japanese people. But the huge mob weren't accorded the same opportunity of seeing the Prince as they were of seeing President Coolidge when he visited the same studio.

You see, almost all of the inside studio buildings are equipped with iron balconies . . . and it was here that the crowd gathered the day the former president arrived for luncheon. But it seems that it is against the Japanese Royal ethics for anyone to view the Prince from *above* . . . so the studio had all the balconies policed by armed guards to keep them on a level with the blooded visitor. The Prince was accorded quite an honor at lunch when he found that the studio had hired a corps of his countrymen to prepare a Japanese mid-day meal. By the way, this was the only "home-cooked" food he received on his whole tour of the United States. All the big studios have research departments for just such occasions in pictures . . . so it must have been the real McCoy!

Bob Montgomery is saving a little out of his weekly allowance so that he may take a trip to Europe in the fall. Quaint?

LEAVE it to Charlie MacArthur and Ben Hecht (co-authors of "The Front Page") to think up the original costume for a fancy dress ball. They came with sheets over their bodies and ropes around their necks. On the sheets were printed the names of two very famous convicted murderers in California: Hickman and Northcott.

Some of the guests were really scared at the picture these two presented . . . red make-up on the neck, and what not. Some fun?

WHAT'S this story we just heard about Clara Bow? Can it be really true that the reason she is in the sanitarium is because she attempted to commit suicide?

Hard to believe about our red-head, isn't it?

But just the same, it is an underground story that has a lot of backing! It seems that a certain newspaper woman from the East is supposed to have got the information from an interne at the hospital where Clara is now staying. Of course, we realize that an attaché of the Sanitarium would be in a position to have the real low-down on the facts, but it all seems a bit incredible.

When any girl of Clara's age is spunky enough to stand up and take the gaff from a scandal sheet—right on the chin—without a whimper for weeks, just so the authorities will have an opportunity of getting sufficient evidence to convict the blackmailer who is trying to ruin her reputation, we say that she isn't quite the type that gives in to suicide when the whole affair is over. Why break down now when the man who was trying to get money out of her by means of extortion is behind the bars!

Still . . . the story goes on to say that Clara may be seen walking about the grounds of the sanitarium *with a heavy muffler around her neck!*

Harrison Carroll says he has found out why Marlene Dietrich's little girl looks so much like her. Marlene has all her gowns copied in exact duplicates for the tiny young lady!

LATE NEWS ITEMS

Carole Lombard and Bill Powell will formally announce their engagement this summer.

Bebe Daniels' baby will be born in September.

Ramon Novarro is reported to be greatly interested in Madge Evans, his leading lady. He has written the story for his next picture, "The Truthful Liar." He will adapt it while on a four-months' trip abroad and direct it when he returns to Hollywood.

Jackie Cooper, famous for his Skippy characterization, has signed a contract with M-G-M at \$1500.00 a week. His first picture under the new contract will probably be "Oliver Twist."

Daisy De Voe is suing the publisher of the scandal sheet who used her name as the person who had furnished sworn material to back up the blackmail plot for \$100,000.00. The De Voe girl is also said to be planning a goodwill tour in defense of Clara Bow.

Johnny Mack Brown is now making "Rio Grande," for which he was loaned to Universal by M-G-M. Although he may do a serial for Universal, too, it is rumored that M-G-M will not take up his option.

Mae Clarke (see page 86) has signed a long-term Universal contract. She will replace Rose Hobart in "Waterloo Bridge."

Nancy Carroll has filed suit—at Nogales, Mexico—for divorce from her husband, Jack Kirkland.

NOW that the secret is out, we won't be breaking a confidence if we tell you! Bebe Daniels is, as Will Hays' clean-up squad would put it, "expecting a blessed event." We'll confess that we knew about it four months ago—but Bebe and Ben asked us to keep it quiet—and we couldn't give them away.

The stork is anticipated at the Daniels-Lyon home about the first of September! We're sorry we couldn't tell you sooner—but a promise is a promise—even in Hollywood!

NOW it's the Robert Armstrongs who have come to the parting of the ways. We were all so sure that Bob and Ethel were happy that we allowed Ethel to be gone from town a whole week before even thinking of checking up on her!

But there is one person in town who has known it all the time (we promised we wouldn't tell who). From her we learned that Ethel Armstrong (once an actress under the name of Jeanne Kent) has been in Reno for a week. She may *still* be there. But thus far the papers haven't even got wise to what is actually going on. We're sorry it had to be Ethel and Bob.

Is this a romance between John Gilbert and Joan Bennett? They're going places together—and having a lot of fun doing it! But then, as we've often said before—one never can tell about these things.

You simply must know your Hollywood if you are a real fan

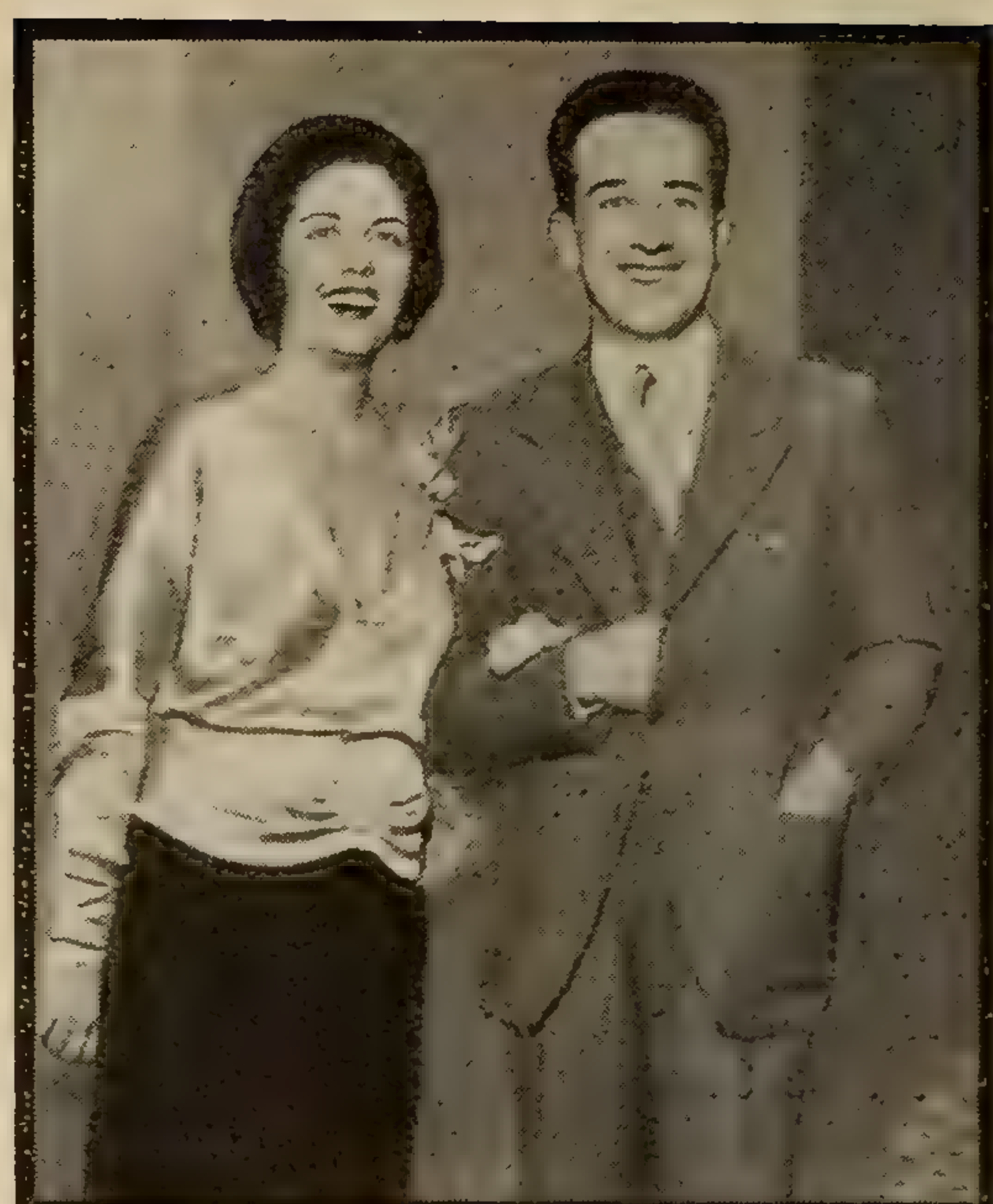


Robert Montgomery recently took a health-giving vacation at his friend Reginald Denny's ranch up in the beautiful Sierras.



Acme

Freeman Gosden and Charles Correll (Amos 'n' Andy) at the camp of Lawrence Richey, President Hoover's secretary.



International

Jack Mulhall and Mrs. Jack Mulhall sailed recently on the S. S. Paris for one of those popular European vacations.

SPEAKING of romances, none other than Marie Dressler and Wallie Beery were having lunch *tête-à-tête* the other day. And if we can believe our eyes—Min and Bill were making goo-goo eyes at each other.

And they're old enough to know better, too! !

All of Hollywood is bringing its golf troubles to Bobby Jones. The champion is out here making short features, and incidentally, refuses to use any make-up before the camera.

One actor was complaining to Bobby about his slicing. "Do you slice with all your clubs?" helpfully asked the champion.

"All but the putter!" retorted the other.

WE hate to tell you, but it looks as if the Betty Compson-Hugh Trevor romance has gone on the rocks! The break-up between these two followed a spat which was the result of Hugh's "stepping out"—and Miss Compson isn't backward about telling people the whyfore of it all.

And although Betty is being quite attentive to an old flame, Grant Withers, a good friend of hers told us that her real romance is with a local business man—who has lots and lots of money. Now Hugh is going about with the same blond lady that Grant squired around just after he returned from New York recently!

JOSEF VON STERNBERG has gone in for portrait painting. And his first "masterpiece" has the place of honor in Marlene Dietrich's gorgeous dressing room—which Josef himself paid to have decorated.

This painting of Marlene, which hangs so conspicuously in her dressing room, looked more like a group of vivid flowers under which somebody had put a lighted firecracker than a portrait of the beautiful Dietrich! But we guess it depends on the way that you look at it.

ALTHOUGH a grand passion between Connie and the Marquis is a thing of yesterday and each of them is finding enjoyment in the company of others—here's some news that may surprise you. When Connie finishes

her next picture for Warners, she's scheduled for a nice, long vacation in Europe.

And the Marquis is planning a European jaunt at about the same time.

Then, too, Carole Lombard and Bill "Junior" Powell are planning a trip abroad in the early fall. That sounds like wedding bells to us!

MAYBE you didn't know it—but almost all the stars in Hollywood have a morality clause in their contract. It's the usual thing, just like cream in the coffee.

Nevertheless, the blond Connie Bennett is one of the very few who refused the morality addition to her agreement . . . and got away with it! Connie says that she has a mind of her own—and she doesn't want anyone else using it!

POLA NEGRI has been very mysterious about a certain big business man whom she plans to marry. But you simply can't keep secrets in Hollywood. Now it's out that the big business man is none other than Andrew Mellon, secretary of the treasury! I say!

Everybody on the M-G-M lot is anxiously awaiting the first post card from the Thalbergs—Irving and Norma Shearer. These two, with their young son, are enjoying a real rest in Germany—as Norma puts it—"Taking rest with a vengeance."

LITTLE SYDNEY FOX is fast becoming one of Hollywood's most successful heartbreakers. One day she's practically engaged to Junior Laemmle. The next, Sydney's having lunch at the Embassy with John Considine (who is supposed to have broken with Joan Bennett so that he could become re-engaged to Carmen Pantages). Sounds like a Chinese puzzle, doesn't it?

The following noon, we were flabbergasted to see her chatting gaily over a luncheon table with Gene Markey. Gene is the boy who convinced Gloria Swanson to say "yes." And that's some record for such a tiny brunette. Pretty Fox-y, what?

Isn't that wonderful news about our old favorite, Bebe Daniels?



International

Princess Takamatsu, Mr. and Mrs. Mayer, Polly Moran, Marie Dressler and Prince Takamatsu, at the M-G-M studios recently. The Japanese royal couple were given a luncheon of their real native food by M-G-M.



Acme

Gloria Swanson visited the Leviathan to say "bon voyage" to Corinne Griffith when Corinne recently sailed for Europe.

GEORGE ARLISS, the grand English actor who has so many successful pictures to his credit, is rivaling Greta Garbo for the record of being Hollywood's most consistent hiker. Arliss takes long walks across Cahuenga Pass. The other day a studio employee, not recognizing the star, stopped to offer him a lift. "No thanks," Arliss answered, "I'm walking for my own enjoyment—and you're the tenth man who has offered me a ride."

To you who go in for figures, the walk over the Pass is four miles long.

BILL BOYD, who is the husband of Dorothy Sebastian, is having a hard time of it. It seems as if William Boyd (of stage fame and now under contract to Paramount) is always being reported seen here and there in company with a very lovely blonde.

And, believe it or not, Dot's hubby gets hundreds of letters every week reprimanding him for these goings-on. Fans call him down for two-timing such a beautiful wife as Miss Sebastian. The facts of the matter are that Bill and Dot are one of Hollywood's most happily married couples, and they're getting fed up with these wild rumors. The public can't seem to realize that there are two Boyds—William, who came to pictures from the stage and who *does* take a certain beautiful blonde to parties and such—and Bill, who is Dot Sebastian's devoted husband!

We had dinner the other evening out at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Farrell—it's Virginia's old home which is just back of Gloria Swanson's. And believe it or not, Virginia's bedroom is the only room in the house which hasn't a profusion of Janet Gaynor pictures!

DOWN at the amusement pier at the beach we happened on Jobyna Ralston—having a grand time on the shoot-the-shoots—and looking very *collegiate*. By the way, who was the gentleman we saw you with last night, Joby?

Some friends were trying to coax Oliver Hardy into the roller coaster—but he said he'd need a shoe horn.

"With all the gals wearing pajamas on the street," remarks Bob Woolsey, "we men will have to wear pink lace night shirts, so that in case we walk in our sleep we won't look sissified!"

ARE our old pals, Nick and Sue, really going to separate? Some people have it that the Stuart and Carol marriage isn't so happy these days.

But as for your correspondent, it's very hard to believe. Certainly there was no sign of any break-up (apologies to Hagar Wilde) the last time we saw them. Sure, it's news . . . we'll always give you *that*.

ELEANOR BOARDMAN and her director husband, King Vidor, have just launched their new fifty-two-foot cruiser, "The Runaway," up at Seattle. And they're planning a trip on it in British Columbia waters.

As their guest on the jaunt, Eleanor and King invited Paul Lukas. And since Paul was an aviator in Austria during the war, he climbed into his airplane and flew up to Seattle to meet the Vidors.

THEY'VE started a federal investigation out in Hollywood to find out if all the movie stars who endorse certain well known soaps, really use them! The government is checking up—and if an actress sees someone pop out at her as she's preparing to scrub the much-photographed neck—it's probably only a federal agent.

Speaking of romances, we'll stake last year's tin ear-phone that Thelma Todd will wed Abe Lyman.

And the Dorothy Jordan-Don Dillway team is still going strong.

THERE seems to be no possibility of a reconciliation between Grant Withers and Loretta Young. Loretta is living with her mother and sisters.

In the meantime Grant is stepping out with Aileen Pringle. How times change in this town is a riot. Withers is right back where he started some years ago.

YOU WILL FIND MORE GOSSIP ON PAGES 74 AND 92

Are Wallie and Marie really Min-and-Bill and cooing?

KNOW THEM?



Drawn by Carreno



CARREÑO
31

Drawn by Carreno

The lady above is one of the screen's most famous brunettes. Not so very long ago she married a man in the profession whose initials are K. M. Yes, she's a Paramount player. We've made it too easy.



Drawn by O'Brian

The young person above recently became a star. She is a widow and has been playing on the screen for quite a while. The two chaps at the left are one of our funniest teams. Any fan should guess who they are.

Get a laugh from this month's group of caricatures

WHAT ABOUT JOHNNY?

When "Laughing Sinners" was seen by studio executives they ordered the film re-made with Clark Gable in place of Johnny Mack Brown. Is Johnny through?

By CARTER BRUCE



Johnny is the type of chap who prefers a quiet home to the noise and acclamation of fame. But Hollywood took him and made him a movie star. And, now—is Hollywood going to discard him?

AND so, Johnny Mack Brown has been removed from the cast of 'Laughing Sinners.' The last half of the picture will be re-made with Clark Gable in the rôle of the Salvation Army boy. . ."

The above quotation is from the statement given out by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer the day after the first preview of the picture which stars Joan Crawford. But it doesn't tell the story. It doesn't even hint at the tragedy and the heartbreak behind it.

Those who know the story behind the statement are not at all taken back by the fact that these few words may mean the end of Johnny's motion picture career. They all knew it was coming sooner or later.

JOHNNY MACK BROWN was born in the small town of Dotham, Alabama. His father, the late J. H. Brown, was a merchant in town and able to make a fair living for his family. Besides Johnny, there were five other boys; and three sisters. The Browns were a normal, happy southern family—and Johnny was a normal happy boy, like thousands of others in small southern towns.

Although there was always a sufficiency of the necessities of life in the Brown household, Johnny Mack helped along by doing little odds and ends after school and during vacations and in that way earned his spending money. His only ambition at that time was to get enough saved to enable him to go through the University of Alabama.

Never once during his boyhood did he have the slightest ambition to be an actor . . . and certainly "being a movie star" was the farthest thing from his mind.

Came the time when he was to go to the University. Already he was in possession of a promised job in a small men's furnishing store near the school.

Then came a new love . . . football. Johnny wanted to be a big football player for two reasons: he thought the game the best he had ever played; and he wanted to help Alabama be the finest football team in the country.

The case of Johnny Mack is without doubt the most unique in the annals of football—it gave him the chance for one of the most heralded bits of success that the game has ever known . . . and it gave him the chance for the greatest possible failure he will ever have to surmount. Because it was through his brilliant part in the

East vs. West game in Pasadena in 1924 that he met Hollywood.

It was only natural that Hollywood should interest itself in this new owner of limelight honors. Johnny was not only a famous football star . . . he was one of the few handsome boys who had ever reached football heights. Hollywood is ever on the lookout for a handsome face in any line of endeavor. They invited Johnny and the rest of the team over to the studios and gave them a wonderful time. He was even approached with a proposition of staying on to work in pictures. But Johnny had a sweetheart waiting for him down in Alabama—and pictures didn't interest him at all.

HE had no desire to stay in Hollywood; he had no ambition to become an actor.

When he went back to Alabama, he quit the University so that he could start in business. He had to make enough money so he could marry in the spring. He went into the insurance business; worked hard, just as he always had done in everything he had ever undertaken. In the spring he was married. Doesn't that sound like the story of a lot of perfectly normal and human boys that you yourself know? That is really the pitiful side of Johnny Mack Brown in Hollywood. He is too normal . . . too natural.

But being an insurance salesman didn't make for much happiness. His friends and even his pretty young bride kept his mind continually on his Alma Mater . . . on football. And so, it was quite natural that Johnny should find himself working at the University as assistant coach of the football team.

So we find him headed West again for the Rose Bowl Game on New Year's Day of 1926. That was the year that southern strategy saved Alabama once more. I don't know whether Johnny was responsible for the play or not, but during the last five minutes of the game Alabama scored against a much heavier team from Stanford to tie the game.

THIS time, just as before, Hollywood called for a visit. Johnny had made the acquaintance of George Fawcett, one of our much-beloved old character men, and it was Fawcett who wanted Johnny to (Continued on page 101)

ANY WOMAN WHO WANTS

"I have quite a number of girl friends and they all use Jo-cur' now. There is no shampoo or wave-set like it."—MISS MARTHA MURPHY, Cincinnati, Ohio.



JO-CUR' SHAMPOO, 10c

You can shampoo your own hair easily and quickly with Jo-cur' Shampoo Concentrate. It lathers luxuriously and removes that film of dust which hides the natural beauty of your hair. Notice too, how easily Jo-cur' lather rinses and how soft, silky, and beautiful your hair is after one shampoo. Jo-cur' Shampoo Concentrates makes the hair easier to finger-wave—the waves last longer. Try this modern way of shampooing your own hair. Generous size bottle contains enough for several shampoos.



"I found it left my hair more beautiful than ever before."—MISS KATHRYN WIEDENHAEFT, Chicago, Ill.



JO-CUR' HOT OIL TREATMENT, 10c

Instantly removes every trace of dandruff and prevents falling hair. Expensive scalp treatments are no longer necessary, for Jo-cur' Hot Oil treatment is prepared for your use at home. And it's so easy to use! Just apply it generously to the scalp as it comes from the bottle, then wrap a hot towel around the head and in a few minutes the treatment is finished. The new health and vitality of your scalp and the beauty of your hair will delight you. Use Jo-cur' Hot Oil Treatment before every shampoo.

THESE PRODUCTS ARE
S.H. KRESS STORES

BEAUTIFUL HAIR CAN HAVE IT



JO-CUR' WAVESET, 10c

The original popular finger waving liquid prepared for you to use at home. With Jo-cur' Wave-set, you can set those soft, natural looking finger waves you've always wanted—set them quickly and just as easy as combing your hair. Jo-cur' waves will stay in for days—even in damp weather. No matter how straight your hair may be, you can train it to fall into lovely, soft waves with Jo-cur'. Give yourself a Jo-cur' finger wave—you will be surprised how easy it is, and how beautiful your hair will look.

"Jo-cur' Shampoo and Jo-cur' Wave-Set are just grand. The wave-set makes finger-waving so easy."—MISS ALICE YENDREK, Dardenella, Ark.



Jo-cur' Shampoo and Jo-cur' Wave-Set are the sure way of having beautiful hair."—MISS DOROTHY Z. EGGERDING, Indianapolis, Ind.



JO-CUR' BRILLIANTINE, 10c

Use Jo-cur' Brilliantine as a finishing touch to your complete hair beauty treatment. Brush just a little of it lightly over the new waves. Jo-cur' Brilliantine adds a delightful sheen to the hair and brings out the full beauty of every wave. It is pleasantly perfumed and gives your hair a lustre that is envied by every woman. Use a little each day and your hair will look as lovely in the evening as it did when dressed in the morning.

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THESE PROVEN ACCESSORIES

Noble Lady Hair Nets—
are guaranteed to be perfect! Wear them and know you are looking your best. Two sizes: For long hair; for the bob. All shades including GREY and WHITE.
10c—3 for 25c



Kress Silk Net with elastic edge — keeps the hair firmly in place.
5c each

Kressent Gypsy Cap—
20c. As becoming as it is useful. Ideal for all active sports. In lovely colors, and two-tone shades.



Kressent Water Wave Net with Chin Ribbon—
10c. Slip it over your hair when you water-wave it, and know that it will "set" just right. All colors.



Kressent Spanish Bandeau — 10c
Cloisonné Buckle — 10c
Sold separately. Gay and charming — for outdoor sports. All colors.



Genuine Hard Rubber Combs. There is no need to pay more, when you can buy these fine combs at **10c.** For men and women—for the pocket, the purse or the dressing table.



Kressent Water Wave Net with Chin Elastic—
10c. To set your wave or to train your hair. Wear it, too, while cold-creaming your face. In pastel colors and hair shades. Made in France.



THESE AIDS TO HAIR BEAUTY

THESE

WILL GIVE ANY WOMAN THE ABILITY TO
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MAKE HAIR-CARE INEXPENSIVE



Jean Hair Nets—in full size, or special size for the bob. Guaranteed! At home, at work or at play, they keep you trim and smart—and they save your Wave! Grey and white, too. **10c**, 3 for **25c**.

INFORMED WOMAN MAKES HER OWN HAIR BEAUTIFUL AT SMALL COST

Jean Gypsy Cap — 20c. For Sports and all outdoor activities, there is nothing so becoming and colorful as the Gypsy cap. Get one to match every sports costume!



Jean Water Wave Net with Chin Ribbon—10c
When you set your water-wave, use one of these nets, just as the hair dresser does. It will give you perfect results. All colors.



Jean Silk Nets—with elastic edge. Strong and durable—**5c** each

DRESS HER HAIR BECOMINGLY AND TO CREATE A CHARMING COIFFURE



Cameo Hard Rubber Combs. A real value. Made of smoothly molded rubber. In four styles, for pocket or for home use. For men and women. **10c**.

Jean Spanish Bandeau—10c; Buckle—10c
Sold separately. Knot one of these gay bandeaux about your head, and you'll look "just right" whether you're dancing or driving. All colors.



Jean Water Wave Net with Chin Elastic—10c. These French silk nets are ideal to wear at night, to set your wave, or to preserve it. In lovely pastel colors and hair shades.



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P O R T R A I T S



Photograph by Elmer Fryer

Rose Hobart's childhood was closely associated with music, her mother being an operatic singer and her father a concert 'cellist, so it is natural that Rose should be a brilliant pianist besides an excellent actress. Between scenes on the set she reads biographies and novels to get herself in the mood for her characterization. She has finished "East of Borneo" and her next will probably be "Back Streets."



Photograph by Elmer Fryer

Ricardo Cortez' chief relaxation is horseback riding. Frequently Mary Astor accompanies him on these jaunts. For keeping fit he does a daily workout in the RKO gymnasium and for excitement goes in for hunting and fishing. He has finished "The Next Corner" and is now working on "Folly," in which Ina Claire will play opposite him.



Photograph by Clarence Sinclair Bull

Jean Harlow, the blondest blonde, recently started a Hollywood fad by appearing on the street in bright green pajamas. Her particular pash is French fried potatoes but she admits she has to curb this desire for the great god Diet. "Goldie" is the name of her most recent-completed picture. Her next effort will be a rôle in "The Greeks Had a Name For It."



A chap who is over six feet, usually goes around in old sport clothes and yet plays the piano with superb delicacy. Ralph Graves prefers writing to acting and has an M-G-M contract which allows him to do both. He wrote the story and played the lead in "Below the Surface," for Columbia. He goes in quite a good deal for both golf and tennis—and loves them.



Photograph by Clarence Sinclair Bull

Although almost everyone in Hollywood knows where Greta Garbo lives, the Swedish star hasn't moved for some time. Perhaps she's getting used to inquisitive fans peering through the hedges. She takes a long hike every day at sunset and is usually accompanied by a woman companion. She is now at work on "Susan Lenox—Her Fall and Rise," with Clark Gable playing opposite.



This story tells you in fascinating detail just how and where the enormous income of Constance Bennett goes

Constance does not own a fleet of Rolls-Royces. She only has one car and trades it in for a new one about every two years. She figures that her automobile costs her about \$5,000 yearly.

HOW CONSTANCE REALLY SPENDS HER MONEY

By WALTER RAMSEY

BREATHES there a girl with soul so dead who never to herself has said: "If I had a movie star's salary . . . !"

The very mention of those thousands per week conjures up a veritable strawberry-ice-cream-soda nightmare of shining town cars with uniformed chauffeurs and even footmen; a pink stucco palace in Beverly Hills with a marble swimming pool and tile tennis courts; a yearly trip to Europe in the royal suite of the largest liner; and as for clothes, well, closets and closets full of them. There's no doubt but what you and I and the other fellow could have a lot of fun with the average movie

star's salary. It's fun to think of it, anyway.

But even in our wildest imaginings I doubt if we've ever played very seriously with the idea of spending the amount of Constance Bennett's salary. It is one thing to imagine one's self spending from two to five thousand a week—but \$30,000! Now there is a sum that takes a really first-class imagination to even start day-dreaming about. On top of that, when you stop to figure that the beautiful Constance was a million-dollar heiress before she began her career . . . and besides her amazing ten-week Warner Brothers' contract which pays her the \$30,000 every seven days, she also holds a Pathé contract

If anyone imagines Constance Bennett spends money like the proverbial drunken sailor he has another—in fact, several—guesses coming.



(Right) Connie's gowns seldom cost her more than \$350 each, and usually less. Connie points out, in this article, the absurdity of anyone believing that she could spend \$250,000 a year on the clothes she wears.

said to net her several thousands more weekly . . . it makes you stop and wonder what this twenty-four-year-old girl does with so much money.

I KNOW you've read the wildest stories of the Bennett extravagance. For instance, that fabulous yarn to the effect that she spends \$250,000 yearly on clothes alone. The very mention of that story makes Constance fighting mad! In an earlier issue of MODERN SCREEN she has already told us how that silly yarn got started. Someone walked up to her in a hotel lobby, you remember, and asked her how much money she spent on her clothes. "Plenty," was Connie's answer. Whereupon the ambitious and very imaginative reporter decided that \$250,000 annually might be considered "plenty"—and quoted Connie's wardrobe expense at that figure. The svelte Bennett spent the next six months fighting down the bad reactions on that story. "How could I possibly spend \$250,000 yearly on clothes?" she wailed. "They would have to be diamond-studded to cost that much money."

Because this and similar stories of her extravagance have been so far flung through print it was decided to really thrash out the question of her expenditures. What does she actually spend for her clothes? The upkeep of



Miss Bennett figures her California homes, one at Malibu and one at Beverly Hills (below), cost about \$15,000 a year.



her homes? Her servants? Her vacations? What does it actually cost her to keep up the prestige of her stardom? Working on the idea that no one should know those answers better than Constance herself, the questions were put to her one afternoon as she rested in her bungalow on the Pathé lot between scenes of "The Common Law."

"I once swore," said Constance with a little frown, "that I would never mention the subject of money again for the press. The exaggerations of my extravagance are aggravating, to say the least."

"But if you settled the matter once and for all," we interposed hopefully, "if you really told just how you *do* budget your large income, there might not *be* any more of those exaggerated stories."

Constance smiled the smile that means so much at the box office. "Of course, that's one way of looking at it," she agreed. "But if I do talk about it this time, it will actually be the *first time* and the *last time* I shall ever speak of money and how I *really* spend it!"

Here was the psychological moment to bring out the pencil—before Connie had a chance to change her mind.

FOR one who is accused of so much extravagance," she began, "it may surprise you to know that I am

EVERY YEAR CONNIE BENNETT SPENDS:

\$15,000 for the upkeep of her homes.

\$15,000—not \$250,000—for clothes.

\$10,000 for a vacation in Europe.

\$6,000 for servants.

\$5,000 for her automobile.

\$5,000 for pin money.

budgeted down to the final cent of my income. Three-quarters of what I earn I never see. Of this sum (three-quarters of my total income) I use two-thirds for sound investments in either seasoned stocks or in bonds. The other third is used for careful speculation on the stock market or in other ventures which I feel to be sensible.

"That leaves me one-fourth of my total income to be spread over all the expenses I may incur, including the luxuries and the necessities of life. I'll not quote a figure of my annual expenditures, but let me tell you that I consider it quite a good deal of money. And let me impress upon you right here that the amount is no more nor less than I would use if I were living in New York and not a part of the motion picture colony!

"While in Hollywood, I maintain two homes. One at the beach and one in town. Neither of them are large places. To the contrary . . . they are really small as compared to the homes of many others in the profession. The upkeep, food, insurance and incidentals of my two homes require about \$15,000 a year.

"I have four servants in my employ—a chauffeur, cook, two maids—and a secretary. Their total salaries amount to about \$500 a month—or \$6,000 a year. \$21,000 for homes and (Continued on page 108)

THE WITTIEST MAN

That's what this famous author, known for his fine stories, says of Lowell Sherman—and offers evidence

By ACHMED ABDULLAH

LOWELL SHERMAN is one of my best friends. So, when I write about him or talk about him, I am at an advantage as well as a disadvantage.

Our friendship dates back quite a few years. It dates back to a first night in Baltimore when he was being starred in a comedy of mine which shall be nameless, produced by a Broadway manager who shall also be nameless—unless you want to compromise on the monicker of Alf Stone.

The comedy was a flop. Oh—what a flop!

Therefore, by all the rules of the theatrical game, it should have been pistols for two and coffee for one. Lowell and I should have been at each other's throats, gouging, biting, kicking; the star accusing the playwright of being a wretched, incompetent scribbler; and the latter returning the compliment with interest.

But Lowell and I missed that particular cue. We did not live up—or down—to the ethics of our profession. For, instead of flying at each other's throats, we were in each other's arms. Instead of blaming and abusing each other, we combined forces—and vocabulary—and blamed and abused, very unjustly, our producer, Alf Stone. Instead of crying salty tears, we laughed.

SUCCESS would have meant a party. We decided that failure deserved a series of parties. And so, during the try-out week, we gave nightly entertainments of which conservative, aristocratic Baltimore speaks to this day with admiration, awe and envy.

These parties, which were celebrated with the enthusiastic support of George Dorsch, star reporter on the *Baltimore Sun*, and Stanley Logan, that witty Irish actor who is now in charge of productions for the Shuberts, would break up around half past five in the morning—a time of day when the blues are abroad, when a sensitive soul feels morose and a sensitive tongue tastes like the bottom of a parrot's cage, and when Lowell and I would count our lost chickens: he regretting the fifteen hundred dollars and percentage on the net which, the play being a failure, he would *not* receive every Saturday; I ruing my own thousand dollars or so weekly royalty.

And who was at fault?

Alf Stone. —Who else?

Achmed Abdullah says that Lowell Sherman, in speaking of the theater, never mentions his own successes, but speaks of the stage itself, of acting as an art. He believes in the theater.



IN HOLLYWOOD



At the left is Achmed Abdullah, the author of this article, and at the right, Lowell Sherman, his friend and comrade of the theater. Among other things, Achmed Abdullah says of Sherman that he is not as famous as he ought to be because he is independent and refuses to go in for cheap, paid publicity.

THUS, each and every morning at half past five, we would telephone long distance to New York, to the house of the eminent producer, and get him out of bed, and call him names. And, incidentally, in this calling of names, Lowell plays a very poor second to me. He has a certain gift in that direction, I grant you. But I have the jump on him—and he knows it. After all, I spent many, many years in the British army, the old regulars, and a few in the Turkish. I have learned how to deal with recruits—and mules—and Greeks . . .

That Saturday night the play closed up. Over the hills to the storehouse! And, in New York, Lowell and I picked up gossip. We heard Alf Stone's point of view . . . Alf Stone, who would buttonhole acquaintances and complete strangers on Broadway, at the Friars', the Lambs', the Green Room Club, and in the Astor Grill, and complain bitterly:

"Say, listen baby! I didn't mind them two boids—Lowell Sherman and that Toik, Achmed Abdullah—ringin' me up long distance every mornin'—callin' me foul names—coisin' me out—givin' me the woiks. Sure I didn't mind. But—would yer believe it, baby?—them two crooks revoised the telephone charges on me!"

DURING the following months I saw a good deal of Lowell Sherman. We spent many happy hours together—he and the late Arnold Daly and Jean Wick, my wife, and I.

If Lowell did most of the talking, it was not his fault,

but ours. We made him talk because we wanted to listen. The man is so witty, so keen, so well informed on many subjects; and he does know the theater.

He is inspired when he is on the subject. Nor is his conversation the selfish, boring bilge of the ham actor; the man who, at the slightest provocation or with no provocation at all, will dust his laurel leaves, gather the folds of his moth-eaten toga about him, produce his book of age-yellowed clippings, and prate about his glory and his fame.

Lowell Sherman never mentions his own successes—and there have been many in the past and will be many in the future—in connection with his chosen profession. He speaks of the stage itself; of acting as an art. For he believes—sincerely and wisely—in the theater, its artistic and educational mission.

IN the course of that winter we discussed other plays; discussed collaboration. We plotted and discarded; plotted and discarded. But nothing came of it. Perhaps, after all, our Baltimore experience had discouraged us a little. And so, presently, Lowell hied himself to Hollywood to make screen history there, while I returned to the comparative safety of my muttons, the writing of novels, of magazine serials and short stories, of an occasional high-brow tome.

Then, early last year, I, in my turn, went to Hollywood to write "The Son of India" for Ramon Novarro; and, naturally, since old friends (*Continued on page 119*)

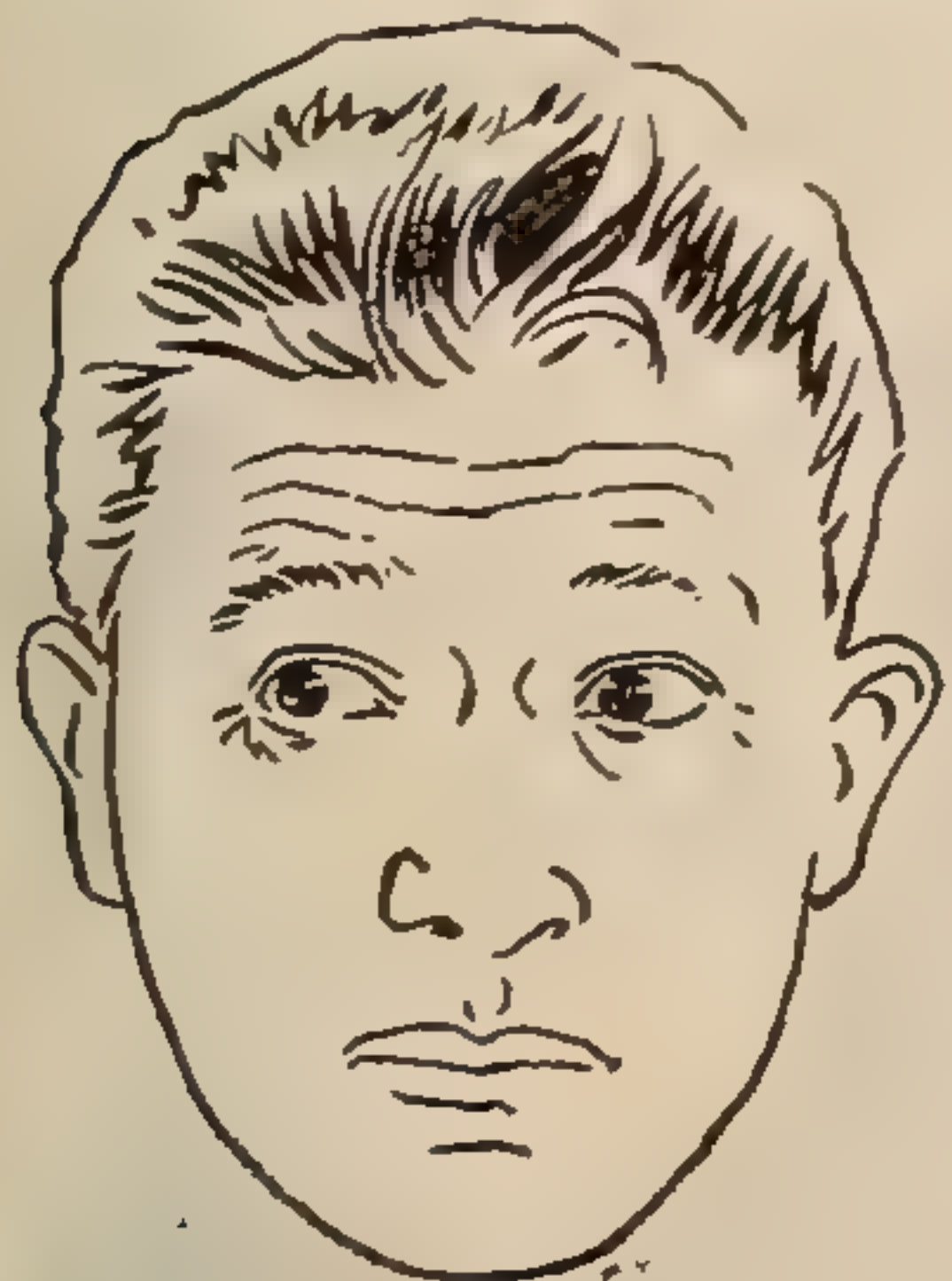


Photograph by Otto Dyar.

Carole Lombard has the honor of having been chosen to play in the talkie version of the famous stage play, "The Greeks Had a Word for It." Incidentally, the movie title will be, "The Greeks Had a Name for It."

ALL JOKING ASIDE—By JACK WELCH

IN HIS STAGE DÉBUT
STUART ERWIN HAD FIVE
DISTINCT PARTS —



STRAIGHT



BEARDED



GERMAN



IRISH



AND NEGRO



SIDNEY FOX WROTE A
NEWSPAPER COLUMN OF
LOVELORN ADVICE WHEN
SHE WAS 15



POLLY MORAN WON
A BATHING BEAUTY
CONTEST (WHEN
SHE WAS 18)



ERIC VON STROHEIM
ONCE WORKED AS
A LIFE GUARD



MARIE DRESSLER
ONCE RAN A
PEANUT STAND
AT CONEY ISLAND

J. WELCH

IF YOU MET BOB MONTGOMERY

By FAITH BALDWIN

This feature, written by one of America's foremost authors, will bring this star as close to you as your best friend

BEFORE I met Robert Montgomery I was told that he was "shy." I was definitely astonished. What to do? I asked myself anxiously, tearing out a handful of my scanty locks, and consulting my mirror for an answer. My experience with shy young men has been rather limited. And I am at the wrong age to deal with them. I am not young enough to enable them to feel protective and superior, and I am not old enough, thank fortune, to adopt successfully the maternal attitude which would set them at their ease.

Therefore, all the way to the hotel at which Mr. Montgomery and I were to lunch, I took counsel with myself. I hastily reviewed my contacts with this young man and that, whom I had encountered backstage, at football games, over teacups or what have you, in my own home, at dances. "Shy?" I said, loudly, to the consternation of a taxi driver, "there ain't no such animal!"

But I was worried.

My preoccupation with this matter fled, never to return, when I looked up at Mr. Montgomery from my disadvantage of five foot two, and discovered during the first sentences which passed between us that we had mutual friends and that if he were shy he wasn't, at least, shy of—or with—me.

REGARDING him over tomato juice, I discovered first, that he is older than he looks; and younger than his mental processes.

Living in a world in which everything is illuminated by a hot, white, and sometimes cruel light, Robert Montgomery's shyness springs, I daresay, from something I would rather call fastidiousness, if the word is not too old-fashioned for 1931 usage. Perfectly aware of the demands and exigencies of his profession, he admits, gracefully, the necessity of what we term publicity. He is quite cognizant of its value; he knows that at certain times a too obvious reticence defeats itself. And if, on occasion, he resents the Paul Pry attitude of the world in which he lives, he is far too clever to display it openly. But I have a very strong idea that, asked a question he did not like, and could not consider anything but impertinent, he would take refuge in a very charming silence, and if that passes for shyness, let it pass.

In an era where The Wisecrack is King and Court Jester, Mr. Montgomery does not wisecrack. He makes an occasional remark which is wise enough, almost too wise, and not a crack at all. I suspect him of irony, which is

a gift in itself. And a rare gift in young men.

We talked of a number of things. If our topics did not include cabbages and kings they included at least such allied or differing subjects as Palm Beach, tennis, first nights, parts, poetry, photographers, vitamins, and writers. I asked very few questions because, I confess it without shame, my mind is not geared to the technique of cross examination.

During the two hours which I spent with Mr. Montgomery I contented myself by being a sort of feminine Sherlock Holmes in very dark disguise, endeavoring to make my own deductions.

If I tell you what they were, neither you, nor he, must blame me for I am not psychic, neither am I Solomon in all his wisdom, and I haven't a trace of Philo Vance, who, from the cigarette which Mr. Montgomery smokes, could doubtless deduce his preference in colors, flowers, soup and sports.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY has a trace of what, in the days of the "beautiful guardsmen," of whom Ouida wrote, would have been called "disdain" or even "languor." Such terms, applied to masculine heroes of today are obsolete. But he possesses something definitely remote; and gives one the impression that he is not one young man but two, one of whom stands, a little apart, and observes the other, and life as well, with something of the detachment of a spectator.

This detachment, this dual quality has sharpened his judgment and permitted him to regard everything, even himself, dispassionately. He is even able to smile at himself occasionally, which is a rare and quite modern achievement.

I think that Robert Montgomery is as modern, not as today, but as tomorrow. His outlook upon life and people is modern, it is keen and concise and clear cut; his observations upon life and people are spiced with a quiet and sardonic flavor; and lest he be accused of malice, I hasten to add that his observations concerning himself betrayed the same amount of disillusion.

It has been my pleasure to watch him on the screen not once but many times. I have seen him play bad parts exceptionally well; and have seen him get more out of good parts than was in them. He is, in my opinion, a very accomplished actor and to a natural talent or gift he adds the necessary, but not at all usual, accompaniment of intelligence.

As an actor, especially as a screen actor, he is unusually versatile. I'd readily take issue with any critic who,



at any time, would speak of him as "miscast." I do not feel it would be possible to miscast him, except in externals, such as exhibiting him with a limp and a long gray beard. I think, merely, that he may have good parts or bad parts. But bad parts, while they may both annoy and afflict him will not mark him as miscast for he will get all there is to get out of them, and a little bit more. It is going to be rather hard to "type" Robert Montgomery, for he is certainly not a one-part actor. I am thinking at the moment of the contrast between his casual and modern young-man-about-town part in "The Divorcée" and his more recent part in "Inspiration," in which, far from being casual, and about-town, he portrayed the difficult rôle of a youngster who was, at one and the same time, an ardent lover and a consummate prig.

Young men in plays or pictures who depict heroes who judge, and very harshly, beautiful, if weak, women, and who permit themselves to be "sacrificed for their soul's sake," are not popular—and not probable. Such a part in less capable hands would have caused me, for one, a slight nausea and a very definite dislike. But Robert Montgomery, to my way of thinking, invested the young lover of "Inspiration" with charm, a veracity which doesn't, really, exist, and a certain understanding, so that one came away rather liking this puritanical boy who, as far as the story went, was much more fortunate than he realized.

FROM time to time, on stage and screen as well as in novels, the Young-Man-Led-Astray-Who-Wakes-To-Better-Things, usually through the dotting fondness of some siren, appears to us. Such a part is never happy, and an actor has to be a very good one in order to elicit from his audience any sympathy whatever. No matter how puritanical are our roots, something in us rebels against the so-called prig. Goodness or innocence, or whatever you may call it, is so much more difficult to create in any medium than the humanity of human weakness. I do not think that Mr. Montgomery felt either happy or at home in this part. He is far too intelligent, and much too adult. But happy or not, he gave to my mind an excellent performance and took the curse off the rôle in an entirely capable manner.

In speaking to me of his future as he saw it, he said that some day he would like to do the things he wanted to do. He added, quickly, "not of course the things I want to do now; but the things I shall want to do *then*. I am quite aware that they won't be the same."

That, if you must have a concrete example, is intelligence. Most of us still believe that the things we desire now will be the things we will desire in, say, five years. And most of us are wrong. Robert Montgomery knows that.

HERE is a young man whom I term modern. I call him modern because, in the first place he is excessively alive and alert under a manner which is too controlled to be anything but acquired. That is modern, also. I suspect him strongly of being sensitive. Not in the usual sense; but sensitive to opinion, sensitive to life, sensitive to his own reactions. He is modern because he is detached and clear-sighted. He is modern because he knows how and why he has arrived where he has; because he knows, definitely, where he is going; because he has no illusions about his knowledge; and because he is not unmindful of the pitfalls in his path, of the volatile fancy of the public and of the

Among other things, Faith Baldwin declares that Robert Montgomery observes life and people, indeed, everything—including his own doings—with the detachment of a spectator.





"When Norman is coming over for the evening," says Claudette Colbert, Norman's wife, "it's quite as exciting as if we were engaged." (Right) The two of them aboard the freighter on which they spent their vacation.

Claudette Colbert—and her amazing plan for happiness in her marriage

By ADELE WHITELEY FLETCHER

MARRIAGE À LA COLBERT



CLAUDETTE COLBERT and Norman Foster have been married three years. Throughout that time Claudette has lived in a small apartment and Norman has stopped at the Lambs' Club. Not because they don't love each other enough to live in the conventional way, sharing the same home. Rather because they love each other too much; too much to risk glamor being dulled by monotony; too much to permit Claudette's good-by kisses to become habit, offered in a perfunctory way, while she telephones the grocer.

It would be a girl like Claudette, dark and vital, like a Goya painting, who would fling traditions and conventions to the wind and live as she wanted to live.

But let us go back to the beginning for Claudette and Norman, to the time when they met during rehearsals of that successful stage play, "The Barker." It's really necessary to do this if we're going to understand the exciting, modern plan by which they live their lives.

It was three years ago, perhaps a little more, that "The Barker" was ready to go into production and the cast called for a first reading. The company was almost entirely assembled on the stage, seated in a semi-circle in the usual variety of decrepit chairs and stools available in an empty theater. Straddling an old ladder chair, his arms resting on the back, was Walter Huston, the star. Squatted on an ottoman that was rapidly oozing its stuffing was Norman Foster, the juvenile. The best seat of the lot, an upholstered and half-way respectable chair, remained empty. It was for Claudette Colbert, the leading lady.

THE call had been for two o'clock. It was twenty minutes past two before Claudette arrived, flushed from hurrying and from her embarrassment. She smiled her apology and the directorial frown became less ominous, entirely disappeared. She slipped quietly into

(Right) Although she has made her name as one of the smartest women on the screen, Claudette Colbert has inveigled Paramount executives to give her the rôle of a cabaret dancer in "Twenty-four Hours." (Below) The young man whom Madame Chauchoin, Claudette's mother, discovered had charm.



the vacant chair. She threw back her smart coat. She opened her manuscript to the first page and, like a dutiful child, waited for the reading to begin.

During the reading, Claudette managed polite glances at the juvenile. She felt it would be better for the love scenes if he were taller than she. But because of the way he squatted on the ottoman it was practically impossible to tell a thing about him.

If Norman Foster was conscious of Claudette's dark eyes upon him he gave no sign. He appeared to be entirely absorbed with his 'script. He read his lines beautifully.

At last the reading was concluded. Everybody stood up and as Norman Foster reached his full height Claudette Colbert breathed a little sigh of relief. He was sufficiently tall to hold her in the circle of his arms and tower above her. Claudette knows the importance of love scenes.

Weeks of rehearsals and then the play opened to score an immediate success. The company settled down for a long run.

Often after the evening performance one gentleman or another—a banker, perhaps, or a famous novelist, a king of industry or an artist—would stand at the Colbert dressing-room door, his flowers inside, his chauffeured cabriolet outside, waiting to take Claudette to supper.

IT'S nothing to wonder at that men always have sought her out. She has a smiling mouth and brilliant eyes. She has humor and a Gallic gaiety. However, in spite of all the charming gentlemen who peopled her life, Claudette insists that not until she met Norman did the thought of any man keep her awake at night. Then, suddenly, after "The Barker" had been playing about a month, no matter how hard she danced or how late the reading lamp burned beside her bed, it still would be a long time before she got

to sleep. It was as if she had so much to think about that she couldn't bear to slip into unconsciousness.

Norman Foster hadn't gone out of his way to be pleasant. On the contrary, he was positively grouchy. But Claudette didn't let that worry her. She had been about, you see. She had read dozens of books on psychology. And she interpreted the gruff way in which Norman Foster treated her to her own glory and satisfaction. Had he been casual she would have been piqued, if not actually alarmed. But he wasn't casual, he was gruff. In this she found consolation, for it showed her very clearly that he was thinking about her more than he found comfortable. His grouchiness she saw to be defensive.

THEN Norman began writing poetry about black hair and laughing eyes, leaving it about where Claudette would be certain to see it. She was entirely satisfied it was her hair and her eyes he meant. No false modesty about Claudette. She's too modern for that.

"Finally," she told me, "Norman up and asked me to dinner. I knew he was going to. You know, he fumed and hedged and even talked about the war debt and the salt question of India before he came to the point.

"Now he insists he would have asked me much sooner except that he felt I was ritzing him. He says I spoke with an English accent and used frightfully broad A's. He's probably quite right at that. I'd been playing with an English company previously and I'm one of those awful unconscious mimics."

Claudette and Norman must have had a wonderful time over that first dinner table. With the orchestra playing the new love songs. With the headwaiter bending solicitously over them, aware of their importance on Broadway, sensing their budding romance. And then the hurry back to the theater because they had lost all track of time. The rush to get into make-up. It's quite possible they played their love scenes a little differently that night, a little self-consciously.

Norman asked Claudette to dine with him again and again. Together they began to discover how wonderful is New York. They found the old Egyptian tomb in the Metropolitan Museum. All lovers do. They discovered the hansom cabs at the Plaza and drove through Central Park in the mad starlight. They searched the most dimly lit cafés and restaurants until they found the most secluded tables.

"Ah, this is wisdom—to love, to live. . . ."

CLAUDETTE knew right from the start that the secret happiness that sang inside of her was this thing called love. And she tells of the day when, jubilant, she was satisfied that Norman loved her too. He didn't tell her so, or even hint at it. He simply suggested that she use a little less mascara and perhaps just a trifle less lipstick. And her dresses maybe just a bit longer.

"After that," she told me, "his proposal was anticlimactic. Whenever a man suggests less make-up or longer skirts it's obvious he's in love with you. Even though he may not realize it at the time.

"There's something about men that makes them want to temper, change, make more conservative if not less attractive, the woman they love.

"Of course, I didn't give in to Norman. I was smarter than that. If he'd been good enough to fall in love with me as I was I wasn't going to be foolhardy enough to risk any change."

Theirs was true love. And it didn't run smooth.

Claudette's mother, Madame Chauchoin, held up her hands in horror at the very thought of Claudette marrying an actor.

"C'est impossible!" bonne maman Chauchoin insisted. *"Impossible! Un acteur pour ma petite fille!"*

Claudette didn't know what to do. Her father was dead. She hardly could go off and leave her mother to live alone, miserable over what had come to pass. And she couldn't give up Norman. She realized she was only half alive now with Norman away from her. Life without Norman would be such a dreadful waste, a desperate business of marking time. The sound of his voice on the telephone brought that divine choking sensation to her throat. The touch of his hand . . . ah, she made up her mind, once and for all, never would she give up Norman.

So one day the two of them ran off somewhere—where is their secret—and under their real names of Chauchoin and Hoefler, they were married.



The best things in life come easily to Claudette Colbert. One of them was the honor of playing opposite Maurice Chevalier in "The Smiling Lieutenant." Don't miss seeing it.

THE weeks spun around. Never were there such love scenes on any stage as Norman and Claudette enacted—of course that's not the right word at all—in "The Barker."

And then, gradually, in spite of the deeply rooted prejudices of a whole lifetime, Madame Chauchoin began to change her mind about the dark young man who was always calling for Claudette and bringing her home after the theater. He had charm, that young man. And once she had admitted this, even to herself, there was nothing for Madame Chauchoin's prejudices to do but vanish. For no one places a greater importance on charm than ladies born and bred in Paris.

Claudette admits she had counted on this very thing. Inevitably, she felt, in the face of such graciousness and sympathy and humor, her mother's foolish prejudices must give way. Because of no other man had Claudette ever walked the streets not knowing where she was going or what she was doing. Because of no other man had she ever felt that if the telephone didn't ring soon she must stop breathing.

However, even after Madame Chauchoin had entirely capitulated and Norman and Claudette had told her of their marriage and received her (Continued on page 114)



As Earl Williams, the fear-crazed, persecuted little Communist in Lewis Milestone's hit, "The Front Page."

No wonder George E. Stone can portray suffering so realistically on the screen—his early life was full of it.

As Sol Levy, the poor little down-trodden Hebrew of "Cimarron," Mr. Stone insisted on a faithful portrayal.

THIS MAN HAS KNOWN TERROR

By J. EUGENE CHRISMAN

HOLLYWOOD is filled with stories of those who have struggled upward from obscurity to fame but none of them more vivid, more poignant and more dramatic than that of the mild, unobtrusive little man who has recently given the screen two of its finest and most memorable characterizations: George E. Stone.

As Sol Levy, the unforgettable little peddler of "Cimarron," and as Earl Williams, the wild-eyed, hunted creature of "The Front Page," he has established himself forever as one of the screen's finest character actors. Never have two characters been more sympathetically and poignantly portrayed. But if George E. Stone is ably capable in such parts, it is because he, too, from earliest childhood, has known suffering and persecution. To understand, we must turn back some twenty years to the snow-swept streets of Lodze, in Russian Poland, and the raw grey twilight of a northern winter day.

Among those who struggle homeward from their work is a ragged urchin, not yet six years old. Clutched in his tiny fist are a few coins, equivalent to five cents, a

Only a man of George E. Stone's nature could survive the strife and struggle and horror of his early life

week's wages in the silk mills. At home, where they all live in a crowded tenement room, his mother and four sisters wait for him. Pitifully small, that weekly wage, but so abject is their poverty that it means much to them.

Suddenly from up the street comes the crack of a pistol shot, then another—and another!

The hoarse cries of men and the shrill screams of women and children mingle with the thud of galloping hoofs. Above it all rises the wild blood-curdling yell of those demons of the steppes, the Cossacks! A pogrom! The crowds scatter, seeking shelter, for once more those fierce riders who serve the "Little Father," the Czar, are at their favorite sport of Jew killing.

THE child looks back. Standing in their stirrups, sabers swinging, the riders thunder down on him. Behind them the snow is dotted with the slain and wounded. He struggles to reach a sheltering doorway but too late. A giant Cossack spurs his horse, his sword flashes down and the ruffian rides on, leaving behind him another small dark heap (Continued on page 103)

Priscilla's father
just didn't seem
to know what it
was all about—
but it was really
Priscilla who
didn't know

Illustrated by
CARL MUELLER

IT'S ALL GREEK TO ME

By HAGAR WILDE



FRANK CARMODY was a long, rangy man of fifty-six years. His eyebrows were of the bushy variety, and his mouth curled up at one corner. That corner said perkily, "I've lived a good and exciting life." The other corner, curling down, said, "But there's been the other side, too. It hasn't been too easy. There's Priscilla, for instance."

Priscilla was his daughter.

Carmody's life had been balanced nicely, what with good luck bouncing on one end of the see-saw and bad luck holding down the other end. When Priscilla was given a contract for pictures, good luck had hopped off her end, and Frank Carmody had hit the ground with bad

luck's foot in his eye. Priscilla had been the fairly important part of their act, and old Frank wasn't as young as he had been. His tap dancing creaked just a little. He'd carried on, though, until his booking had been cancelled in a small southwestern town.

At that point, he had decided to go and see Priscilla. She was making a mild sensation in Hollywood. He hadn't heard from her in six months. She'd been very busy, of course.

Frank made friends with a traveling salesman on the train who was getting off at Salt Lake City. Frank was always making friends on trains. He showed the sales-



Priscilla stopped short and stared at the blond bundle that raised itself from the davenport to glare at her . . . "Business," Priscilla said, looking hard at Joe.

man Priscilla's picture, and the salesman was properly impressed.

"And," Frank said, "she's just as sweet as she is pretty. I brought her up after her mother died. We're pretty close, Pris and I. I'm awfully anxious to see her. Six months is a long time when you've never been separated before."

THE salesman allowed that six months *was* a long time. Why, when he'd been separated from his wife for three weeks . . .

Frank heard him through with a gentle, vacant smile, and then continued his conversation. Frank was very

dogged about his conversations, though polite when interrupted.

"See," he said, "she had this offer from Supreme, and I didn't feel as though I ought to stand in her way, so I told her to go ahead."

"But didn't she feel bad, pulling out of the act that way? Didn't it leave you kind of . . . kind of . . . well . . ."

"Oh, I wangled things," Frank said. "I sort of made her think it would be better for me, and all that. You know how it is. Kids should have their chance."

"I'll bet she'll be glad to see you," the salesman said, "being the only person she's got, and all."

A contented smile played around the up-corner of Frank's mouth. Priscilla would be glad to see him, all right. He could just see her jumping into his arms, squealing, "*Frank!*"

TWO days later, Frank rang the doorbell marked *Priscilla Carmody* in a swanky Hollywood apartment house. After ringing the bell, he struck an attitude and waited. His heart thumped. He felt a little silly about that thumping heart, and tried to look unconcerned. Wouldn't do to let Priscilla know how much he'd wanted to see her.

A maid answered the ring, and Frank felt a little dashed. He twisted his hat around and around in his hands. "Is Miss Carmody in?" he said.

"Yes, sir," the maid said. "What name shall I give her?"

"Uh . . . Carmody," said Frank. He followed her in and stood in the subdued light of the inner hall, still twisting his hat. "I'm her father," he said then, and laughed nervously. Wait until Priscilla saw him! That maid would feel pretty sore about the way she'd turned her nose up when she saw Priscilla kissing him.

He followed the girl into the living room. Priscilla stood across the room, staring at the door. Frank's arms went half out, and then dropped back to his sides. Priscilla was moving toward him, slowly. She had changed. Maybe it was the dress. No, it was her eyes. It was something, anyway. He laughed nervously again. Funny how that laugh came out in spite of him.

"Why, father!" Priscilla said.

Frank felt as though he were a balloon with the air suddenly let out. "Hello, Pris," he said awkwardly.

She came up and kissed him lightly on the cheek.

"Why didn't you let me know?" she said.

"I . . . I thought I'd surprise you," Frank said.

"I'm just going out to a party with Mr. Devon," she said, gesturing to a tall, dark man standing by the mantel. "Joe, this is my father. Larry . . ."

A lanky, fierce-looking young male hoisted himself from a chair and plunged across the room. Frank breathed easier. He knew that lanky, fierce sort better than the Devon breed. Larry Seville gripped his hand and mumbled, "Nice to meet you, sir," and Devon came over to offer a limp handclasp. They all stood around uneasily. The maid brought Priscilla's wrap and Joe helped her put it on. She patted Frank's arm. "Awfully sorry, Frank," she said, "but we're late now. You don't mind, do you?"

"No, I don't mind," Frank said wistfully. "Think maybe you'll be home early?"

"Oh, dear, I'm afraid not. You see, we promised to go on . . ."

"Well, tomorrow will do as well," Frank said, with assumed jauntiness.

"Tomorrow evening, perhaps?" she said. "I've an appointment at ten, and then I have to go to the studio, and after that . . ."

"Sure, make it tomorrow night," Frank said.

LARRY had gathered up his hat, too, prepared to make a departure. Priscilla paused in the doorway and looked back at Frank. "Oh," she said, "I almost forgot. Where are you stopping? I'll call you."

Frank twisted his hat again and looked down at his shoes. He hadn't stopped to get a shine because he'd been so anxious to see her. Now, his shoes felt big and awkward and dirty. "Why, I don't know," he said hesitantly. "Where do you think I should?"

"Why not the Roosevelt?"

"All right," Frank said, "I'll be at the Roosevelt."

Priscilla blew him a kiss and floated out on a cloud of

chiffon and lace. Larry stood there beside Frank. "Come on," Larry said, in a fierce undertone, "let's be going. I'll walk over to the Roosevelt with you, sir, if you like."

"That's mighty nice of you," Frank said. Slowly and silently the two rangy figures ambled down the street. Frank said, after a moment, "That looked like a big apartment."

Larry didn't look at him. "It's big enough," he said.

"Oh," Frank said. "I just wondered."

"Look," said Larry, pausing in the act of kicking a tin can clear to New York, "if you came out here expecting to find Priscilla like she was when she first came, you might as well get over it right now. That guys a Greek, and he's got the high-sign on her."

"He's got the what?"

"The high-sign. She's crazy about him."

"Devon," Frank said. "That's not Greek."

"Did I say it was? I said he was. People change their names out here, you know."

"Oh," Frank said. They walked along silently for a few minutes more. Frank said then, "You like Priscilla a little, don't you?"

"I've been making a damned ass of myself over her for six months," Larry said savagely, "and if you want to know, I'm getting fed up. That guy is the . . ." he paused.

"Is the what?" Frank said.

"Never mind. Here's your hotel."

"What is he?" Frank persisted gently.

"Nothing," said Larry.

"Oh," Frank said. He held out his hand. Larry took it. "Hope I'll be seeing you again."

"Hope so, sir. I'll give you a ring. Maybe we can have lunch together or something."

"Fine," Frank said. He went in and registered. That Devon guy was something. All night long, he wondered what it was. He shrugged, along toward dawn. "It's all Greek to me," he said, and then smiled like a naughty child. "That's a pun," he said, "or almost one. It's all Greek to me. He's a Greek . . ."

LARRY called him the following morning and took him out for lunch. Larry was bottled up. He slammed his fork down on the table and said, "Well, Priscilla and I are washed up. I'm through making a fool of myself."

Frank fooled with his fork and said, "What's the matter?"

"Well, see, Priscilla and I were engaged, and then this guy comes along . . . he's a director, and I'm nothing but a cheap camera-man, and he knows how to sling words, and I feel as though it oughtn't to be necessary, and there you are."

"Where?" Frank said.

"Right there," said Larry. "I'm through. I've been sticking around hoping that she'd see what she's getting into . . . come to her senses, (Continued on page 115)"



LARRY

THE TRUE STORY OF NORMA SHEARER

The real story of this brilliant actress gives you a vivid picture of her life, personality and character

By WALTER RAMSEY

NORMA SHEARER should have been born an American.

She looks American, she acts American, and the story of her life is as typically Yankee as those up-from-nowhere-go-get-'em articles that fill the pages of America's success magazines.

As a matter of biographical data she is a Canadian, born on August 10, 1903, in the town of Westmount, a suburban garden that lies between two portions of the city of Montreal. Her birthplace at 507 Grosvenor Avenue, a two-story stone dwelling, is much the same as the average family residence in Keokuk or Birmingham.

Her family was of a cultured, scholarly background, not well off in a monetary sense of the word, but Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Shearer stood for something solid and respected in the church and social life of the little suburb.

NORMA'S first remembrances are of following in the wake of her mother and father in the Sunday church brigade . . . the three children, Athole, Douglas and little Norma, spick and span in their Sunday-best clothes, patent leather shoes squeaking, nickels for the Sunday school box clutched firmly in moist, childish fists.

Norma liked Sunday school, the beautiful colored postcards that told such gentle, kind stories, and the books that were passed around and opened and sung out of at the top of one's piping lungs. Norma never wriggled in Sunday school—even then, she had that Shearer poise.

After Sunday school there were always the exciting Sunday activities of a big family dinner in the middle of the day, with aunts and uncles and little cousins gathered around the large table in the dining room. "Norma is such a pretty little girl" was not an infrequent remark



Amazing, that the Norma Shearer we know, poised and the epitome of smartness and beauty, was once told by Florenz Ziegfeld that she wasn't the type who photographed well.

made on these occasions. Norma would always reply, "Athole is pretty, too." For Athole, her sister, was Norma's idol, her chum and constant companion.

When Norma and Athole were old enough to be entered in school, they were so close that they actually seemed to act and speak in unison. If Athole had a red cap and red mittens to wear with her winter coat—Norma wanted nothing but red cap and mittens. If Norma wanted peanut butter sandwiches in her lunch box, nothing but peanut butter sandwiches would satisfy Athole. They played, studied, cut out paper dolls, read from the same story book, stood up and sat down—together. Once Athole asked Norma, during a lull in the building of a snow man, what she wanted to be when she grew up. "An actress," answered Norma who was entranced by the pictures of ladies on billboards. "So do I," responded Athole, who hadn't thought of it before. At that time Athole was a dark, sparkling-eyed little girl with brown curls that fell to her shoulders. Norma was a delicately-featured, blond child; immaculately dainty, with an angelic appearance that hardly matched her love of fun and pranks. The games Norma and Athole liked best were skipping rope, playing in sandpiles, and in winter, skating or exciting snow-ball fights with the boys and girls of the neighborhood.

In view of her reputation as a perfectly gowned woman now, it is amusing to recall how much Norma used to hate "new" clothes. Nothing short of bribery would get her into a new dress, hat or coat, and above all things she hated new shoes.

ON one occasion Mrs. Shearer finally managed to array the young Norma in an entirely new outfit for the purpose of a friendly neighborhood visit. The little girl fairly radiated with what she considered a terrible shiny newness. Thirty minutes later when her mother emerged from the house a very beaming and satisfied Norma was waiting to greet her. She had deliberately rolled around in the sand pile so that she could get the *newness* off her garments.

Except in imagination or make-believe, any display of



At the tender age of three years. First nights meant little to Norma Shearer in the days when this was taken. She was chiefly concerned in adoring her sister, Athole.

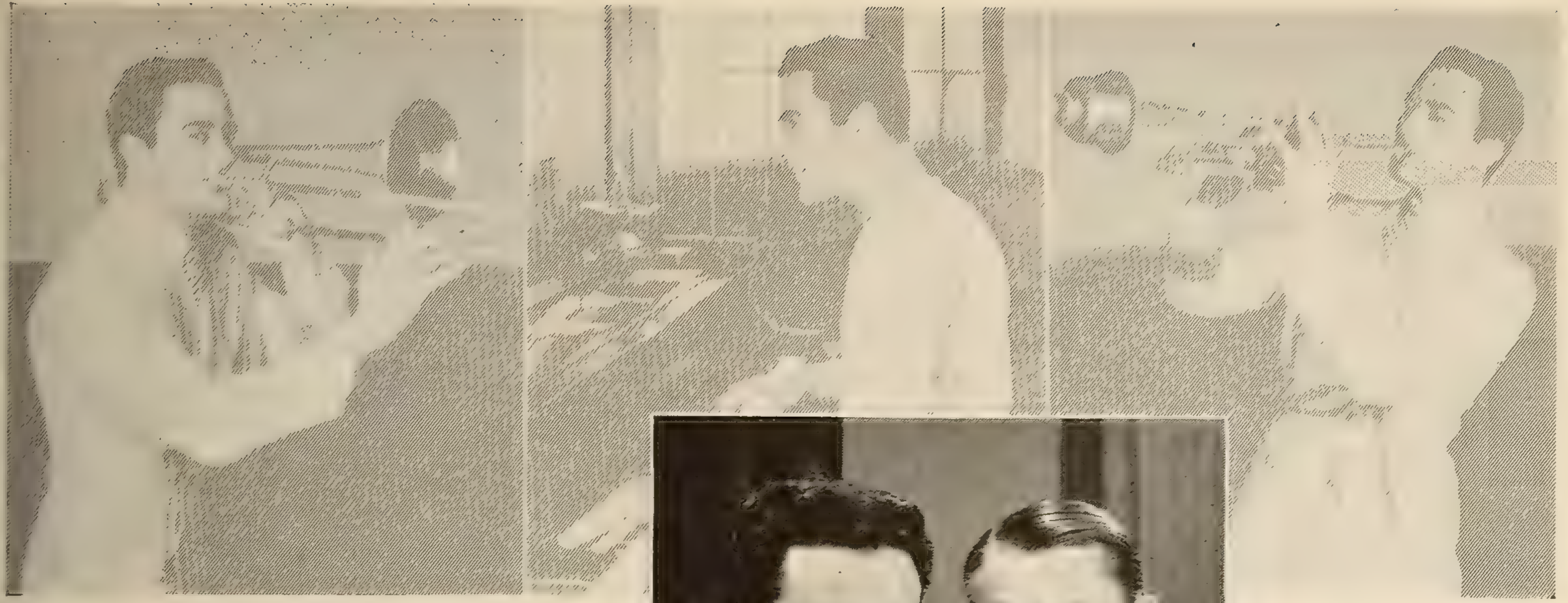


As she appeared in "The Squealers," the first picture in which she received screen credit. It was made by the Robertson-Cole company and was released in the dim days of 1920.

violence or cruelty would turn Norma from a sensitive child into a whirlwind avenger. Once she turned in and personally dealt a barrage of flying fists and kicking feet to a group of neighborhood boys who were torturing a little squirrel. Athole stood by squealing and yelling as the enraged Norma rolled in the dust, first on top, and then kicking from beneath!

Even as a child Norma believed that when direct action was needed, direct action should be taken—even though it necessitated drastic measures.

At the age of fourteen Norma had blossomed into an ethereally beautiful girl and was the belle of her neighborhood. She loved life and laughter and good times and young beaux with boxes of candy under their arms. Norma and Athole were considered too young to go out with boys at this time, but the young sixteen and seventeen-year-old blades were welcome to drop up to the Shearer home in the evenings. Of this group of young admirers, Norma had no particular beau. Athole, on the other hand, was constantly in a state of poetic reverie over some downy youth, and this amused Norma considerably. She used to lead Athole into exhibiting some of the romantic (Continued on page 111)



This star revolts at last against the idiotic character he has been forced to play both on and off screen



Across the top of the page is the well-remembered "Buddy" Rogers; now extinct. At the left is Charles Rogers as he appears with Clive Brook in "The Lawyer's Secret."

BUDDY ROGERS IS DEAD —LONG LIVE CHARLES ROGERS!

By CARTER BRUCE

I DIDN'T want to interview "Buddy" Rogers. Of the two hundred or more stories that I've written over the last few years, not *one* has ever been on the subject of "Buddy."

But I have enjoyed reading about him. Most of the stories were done by feminine writers who invariably developed a "mother complex" after the first paragraph and gushed at great length. I say I enjoyed reading about him . . . the enjoyment came in seeing them picture him more and more of a namby-pamby at each start.

First: America's Boy Friend.

Then: "A cute young man with dark curly hair and such eyes."

Later: "Unspoiled . . . unsophisticated . . . a *sweet* young man."

My first reaction to him came from his marvelous performance in "Wings." He did a swell job. I saw in Buddy Rogers a fine example of a young man. Poised, sincere, real and alive.

But I've never seen that same young man since!

I believe I stood in line at the box office at least four

or five times in the months that followed "Wings" to see another of his pictures that would give me the same reaction that I got from that picture. Then I gave up! All I saw in those last four or five was a silly, over-dressed excuse for the flyer who went to his death in a German plane.

Then someone tacked on the handle "Buddy" . . . and that was the last straw. There was something about the name "Buddy"—especially on a grown man—that caused a disturbance in the pit of my stomach. I quit going to see him on the screen. And my dislike for him was not merely a negative dislike—it amounted to an aversion!

That's the reason why—when the editor asked for a story on "Buddy"—I revolted. I had a strong feeling that if I were to write the truth of what I should "most certainly" find, that I would be sued for defamation of character.

Suddenly I thought of "Wings." And it was easy to recall the marvelous method in which he characterized a real, sincere human being. (*Continued on page 105*)



(Left) Joan Crawford shows you her latest bob. It is so distinctive that it will probably be known as "The Crawford Curl." The article describes how to achieve this charming ringletted hairdress—and cautions imitators that it is suitable only for formal or semi-formal occasions. (Right) The water-waved, wind-swept bob Joan has worn up to the present.



YOUR HAIR CAN



(Above) Kay Francis' present coiffure: wide waves from a center part—soft curls turned up at the neck. (Below) The slick, chic bob she used to wear. Kay likes the new way best.



From the talkie stars you can learn the secret of the most becomingly arranged hair for your type—the first step toward looking your very best

WE all want to look our best. That is a perfectly obvious statement, of course. But not half of us really succeed in this. Looking our best is, after all, something of an art. It takes perspective. Cleverness, too. And more time and energy than we are likely to have left over from our school or our work.

There is, however, a short cut to this altogether desirable end. And it lies, simply enough, in a study of the screen stars. Looking their best is an important part of the stars' jobs. In all the world no group of women make a greater study of themselves. They are constantly experimenting with different types of clothes, different make-ups, and different coiffures. And in these experiments they often are advised by the greatest experts.

It is, of course, vitally important that we recognize the star we most resemble—that lovely lady who is, basically, our type. Greta Garbo may appeal most to our imagination and it may be Greta we'd like to look like, but if we have the delicate features of Norma Shearer, Garboisms are taboo. *We must exercise every care never to become*

so blinded by what we want to be that we fail to see what we really are.

IN this article I am going to tell of the chic coiffures that twelve stars of widely different types find most becoming. For there is, after all, nothing of more importance to our appearance than our hair. I have seen girls with large heads and short necks whose so-called crowning glory turned out to be anything but that when they affected a long bob.

Out of the thousands who read this article and wish they were the Greta Garbo type, there will be perhaps a few dozen who really are fundamentally like this golden Viking—girls whose features are clearly cut though not small and whose heads are set proudly on fairly large frames. Let all such listen carefully!

Greta very definitely prefers her hair, golden brown and of a very fine texture, parted on the left side. Not too far down—about over the center of her left eye. The ends, which fall just below the nape of her neck, she usually has curled with an iron in soft, loose curls. *However, even when the character*



(Left) the famous, sleek Shearer bob: water-waved and brushed slickly back to show Norma's lovely hairline, delicate features and perfect ears. The back hair is curled tightly up into the neck. (Right) the slightly careless and thoroughly engaging manner which Norma sometimes adopts for evening. A lock of hair is allowed to droop over the left eye.



MAKE YOU BEAUTIFUL

By ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

Greta is playing makes some other treatment of the lower part of her hair necessary, she has the hair around the top of her head brushed slickly down so that the shape of her head is definitely outlined.

And, as a rule, she prefers her hair brushed back so that her ears show.

When Greta wears her famous beret, she tucks her hair back under the beret so that the ends form a fringe at the neckline.

To give her hair the desirable sheen where she wears it so very sleek and smooth, she brushes it religiously.

Marcel waves she particularly dislikes, feeling they are wooden and artificial and likely to detract from any individuality.

THERE will, perhaps, be some readers who are not only the same type as Kay Francis—with nicely shaped ears well placed on their head, with a smooth, well proportioned forehead and eyebrows, very slightly arched, that grow fairly close to the eyes—but who, like Kay, are just learning the joys of long hair. Kay's hair is now almost shoulder length.

Kay has dressed her hair any number of ways but best of all she likes it as she wore it in "Ladies' Man" and in "The Vice Squad." Remember?

She parted it in the center and waved it off the ears in low, large ridges. Then, in the back, she had it curled upward and combed out. She pinned it back of her ears, allowing it to curl and fall as it

would. Waved and dressed in this way the hair should come just below the ear lobes.

And now for those girls with small, delicate features—girls like Norma Shearer. Norma is convinced that she looks her best when her bob is disguised in a close-fitting coiffure and drawn away from the face instead of falling at the sides in curtains. As you readily can see, curtains of hair would have a tendency to submerge rather than set off the delicacy of small features.

Since Norma's hair has a natural curl, she has it water-waved. The ends she curls up in order to achieve a softening, feminine touch. But the front is brushed severely backward and behind the ears in order to reveal the line of her forehead.

Unless Norma happens to be playing a gay young thing, in which case she allows one side of her hair to fall carelessly over one eye, she brushes both sides back. Her part is on the left and, like Greta Garbo's, placed approximately over the center of the left eye.

THEN there's Ruth Chatterton. After experimenting with long hair and very short hair and the shoulder length bob, Ruth has come to a happy decision about the arrangement of her hair that is most becoming.

"Now," says Ruth, "I dress my hair off the forehead in two large waves. I part it on the side of my head with a slightly slanting part but have the wave put in on a straight rather than on a diagonal line. As I wore it in 'Unfaithful.'



Gloria Swanson changes her hairdress with each type of costume—but she always insists that the hair have a "sculptured look" in back. Above and below, two of the favorite—and loveliest—Swanson coiffures.





The world-famous Garbo bob (left) which so many girls have copied. It's lovely on the right person, but pretty terrible for those who don't possess Greta's clear-cut features and splendidly set head. To achieve that gloss, Greta brushes her hair religiously.

For a long time Nancy Carroll (right) has been trying to find a new way to wear her pretty red hair. Her round youthful face just seemed to insist upon soft curls. But don't you like the pompadour effect she has adopted lately?



"I intend to keep it short, but not closely clipped. I don't use any hairpins but permit the hair to fall softly into natural contours."

Joan Crawford, on the other hand, feels that it is by doing your hair in many different ways that you can best remain varied and interesting. It's a good idea if you can find several arrangements which suit you equally well. Joan has. Leave it to Joan!

Off the screen, as a general thing, Joan wears her hair parted fairly near the center and back from her face in a wind-swept (via a water-wave) line ending in a shoulder length bob.

In "This Modern Age," however, she introduces what undoubtedly will be known as the "Crawford Curl." And listen attentively, for I should not be surprised if this new coiffure became something of a rage. Certainly it is eminently suited to the romantic looking clothes we have taken to wearing evenings. It would be decidedly out of place in a business office, however.

To achieve this "Crawford Curl," Joan parts the front of her hair on the side and brushes it down smoothly with a soft water-wave to break what otherwise might be a too-severe line. Then in the back and at the lower part of the sides the hair is worn in loose ringlet curls which are piled high from the top of her head—where the smoothly brushed water-wave ends—to the neck.

However, a word of warning: don't attempt this halo effect unless you're a Crawford type or quite positive it suits you. It is the sort of

thing that could be very dreadful.

Joan's hair is very fine and of a silky texture. She gives it twenty strokes twice a day so it always will have a lovely sheen.

And when her hair is dressed she sprinkles brilliantine over it—*very, very lightly*—with an atomizer.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT favors the long bob, preferring her hair as she wore it in "Honor Among Lovers." She has it waved in about a two-inch curl and the ends rolled up with the finger.

Claudette says she has her hair thinned frequently because it has a tendency to become thick. And to the Colbert mind there is nothing worse than hair that disguises the shape of the head and causes it to seem half again its actual size.

There's no doubt about it, it is only those who seek to make the most of what they are and do not waste time or energy futilely attempting to change themselves into something else who achieve their greatest charm, personality, or beauty.

Dolores Del Rio is an excellent example of what I mean. She remains faithful to the simple coiffure which she is convinced most enhances her particular type.

"For generations," Dolores explained, "women from the southern countries have worn their hair as I wear mine. They learned from their mothers and from their grandmothers that, generally speaking, this was the hair arrangement for them, that it suited their personality, the (Continued on page 96)



Ruth Chatterton (left) has definitely decided upon the rather short (but not closely clipped) bob, parted on the side in a slightly diagonal line, and loosely waved. Its very simplicity just seems to belong to Miss Chatterton's type. No hairpins are used.

The perfect coiffure for the Latin type—and for that type only (right). Dolores Del Rio parts her long black hair in the center, smooths it down just over the tips of her ears, and arranges it in a small knot in back. It suits her best.



HOLLYWOOD PREVIEW NIGHT

One of those important previews held in some out-of-the-way place

You are the FIRST audience to see the picture previewed tonight. The Paramount Publix Corporation would value and appreciate your opinion of it before making final alterations for general release.

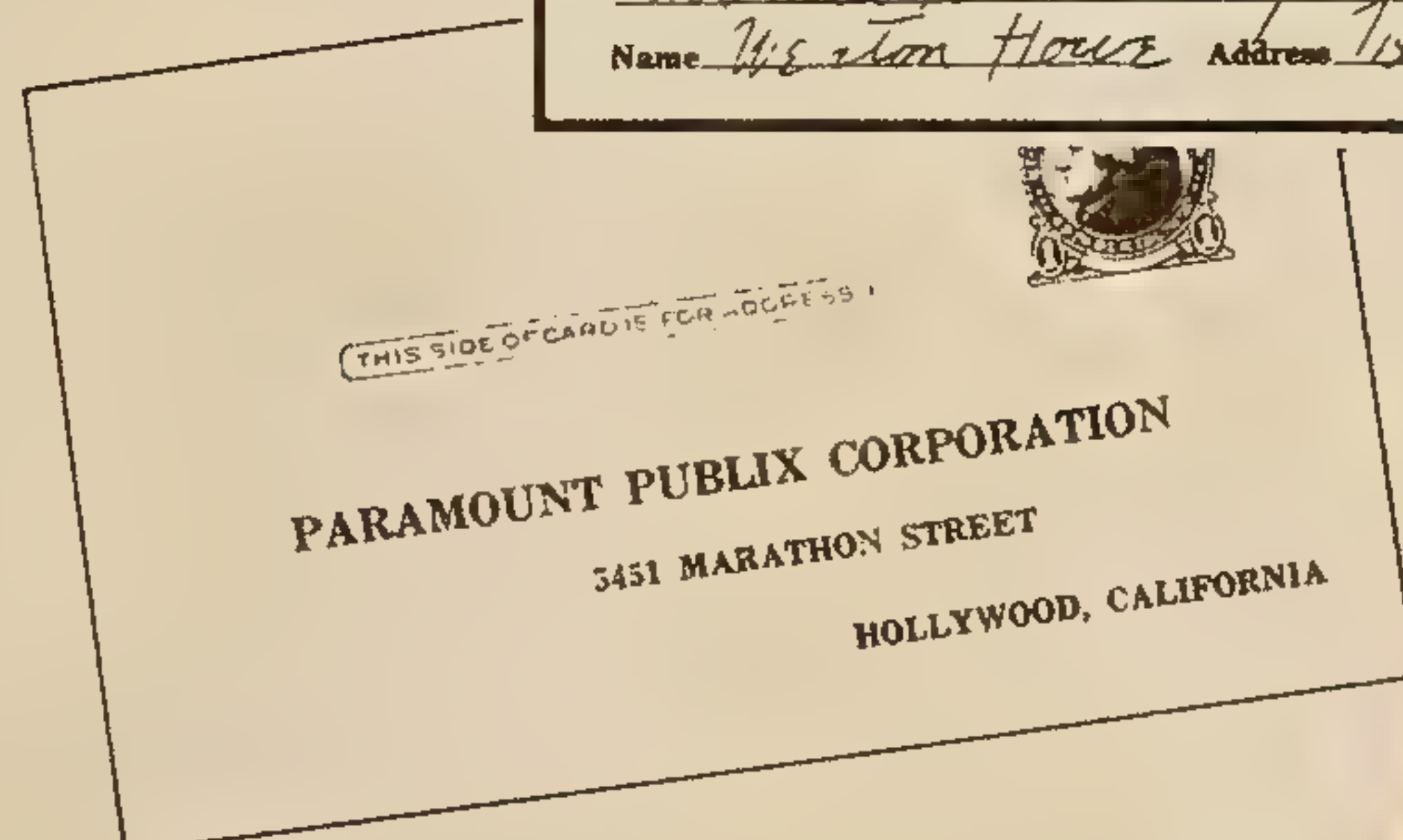
This card is self-addressed—Please mail it promptly.

Name of Picture UP POPS THE DEVIL

General Comments Best comedy of the year. Carole Lombard is a bit of a know one. Fash man and Gallagher are comedians. Picture is very good.

Name W. J. H. H. H. Address 1520 N. Pine St.

At the right is the postcard which Paramount distributed to the audience at the preview. (Below) the Alexander Theater, in Glendale, a small town near Hollywood, where the preview of "Up Pops the Devil" took place. Note the lone spotlight—how different from an opening!



This picture tells its own story. That's Skeets Gallagher and his wife. Skeets played one of the leading rôles in the picture.





These pictures specially posed for MODERN SCREEN and photographed by William Grimes.

A rare picture of William Powell and Carole Lombard together! Swell, eh? They were at the preview and the cameraman caught them. Quite a scoop for MODERN SCREEN.

Far more important than an opening night in Hollywood—



Somehow or other the fans always get wind of these previews and when "Up Pops the Devil" was previewed at the Alexander Theater in Glendale quite a little crowd was on hand to see the movie people "in the flesh." And they got their money's worth, too, judging by these pictures.



Hollywood's famous matrimonial couple, Lilyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe, were there (left)—Lilyan plays a rôle in the production—and with them appear Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Levee, Paramount executive manager and his wife. (Above) Sam Jaffe, Paramount production manager, Mrs. Schulberg, Mr. B. P. Schulberg, managing director of production, and Mrs. Jaffe.



these previews which take place in some small town



(Above) After the preview is over, the stars pose for some pictures. In that group in the foreground you will find Lilyan Tashman and Eddie Sutherland. As you know, she had a leading rôle in the picture and he was the director. (Right) A close-up of Eddie Sutherland, director. He has handled the megaphone for many of Paramount's successes.



Look over these pictures carefully. Maybe you can find



(Above, left) Janet Gaynor and Lydell Peck come to see the new picture. Lydell is a Paramount executive, you know. (Above) Pretty June Collyer and Stuart Erwin, who are said to be that way about each other, dropped in to see their co-workers' work. (Left) And Helen Johnson, another Paramount player, also dropped in although she was not in the cast of "Up Pops the Devil."

your favorite star in the informal preview atmosphere

SECRETS OF THE



Left, above, is Connie Bennett's gown of silver sequins. The original Wakeling sketch of it is shown at the extreme left. Right, above, a delightful summer dinner gown of embroidered batiste over a silver cloth slip, worn by Marion Shilling. The other small sketches are also Wakeling originals.



AUGUST STYLE HINTS FROM HOLLYWOOD

Square necklines, pointed seamings and pleats find favor with the stars.

White is still supreme for evening—but an added note of chic is offered by the black satin slippers and short black suede gloves worn with it.

Cotton mesh in delicate sweet pea shades creates novel sport frocks.

As the season advances, pale yellow and apple green lead in color combinations.

By VIRGINIA T. LANE

IT'S every woman's job to be beautiful. Her *real* job, you understand, that takes precedence over even home or office work. I don't mean that she is to neglect her other duties and to be self-centered. Heaven forbid! *But her biggest task is to fit pleasingly into the picture we call Life.*

Gwen Wakeling quite evidently practices what she preaches. She is smart with the smartness you expect to find at Aiken or at Palm Beach. She is tall and lithe and blond with very blue eyes that appraise you in one quick glance. She designs clothes for the Pathé studio.

A quotation from Gwen Wakeling's style manual: "One

HOLLYWOOD STYLISTS



Above, left: a moulded-to-the-figure evening gown of flesh chiffon for Ina Claire; right: a simple black lace dinner gown for Ann Harding. The small sketches show (left to right) a chonga cloth suit, a "different" yachting costume, an informal suit and a brown flannel sport coat.



VI. GWEN WAKELING

I'VE discovered from my experience in helping women that it's easier to be beautiful than it is to be unattractive. It's merely a matter of a little thought, a little perseverance and *the will to be lovely*.

There are a thousand ways to be beautiful. It doesn't necessitate a perfect nose and a bewitching mouth. Nor money. The soft-voiced, smooth-browed young business woman with her well-groomed body and trained mind is one of the finest derivatives of the modern age. Being wise, she takes stock of herself, physically and temperamentally, and then seeks to enhance her charm as

an individual. Not as a conformist to any set type.

"Let me explain. Ann Harding has always appealed to me as being a princess out of a Hans Andersen fairy tale. It's because there is something so innately sweet and dignified about her . . . and because she has never cut off her magnificent pale gold hair. If she had bobbed it like the rest of us did she would have lost something distinctly *Ann*.

SHE doesn't know about clothes for she has never studied them but she is instantly aware when they become her. If there is a line wrong she is vaguely unhappy without being sure which one it is. Long flowing skirts suit her best because they accent her born-to-a-great-position

false note in a costume is like a jarring discord in music."



Angel blue satin fashions these pajamas for Ina Claire. Note that the trousers are of normal width and length. A blue chiffon scarf, a girdle of metal links, and a corsage of forget-me-nots trim these pajamas.



A Wakeling adaptation of the "middy and skirt" idea for Marion Shilling. The dress is oyster white crêpe, trimmed at the hips with intricate bands of red and navy. The scarf tie combines the three colors.



Helen Twelvetrees likes this casual sport outfit which Gwen Wakeling designed for her because the frock with its pleated skirt is suitable for tennis, while the green flannel coat is just the thing for summer motoring.

look. She needs long waists, too, to offset her square shoulders. A high, tight waist would make her seem slightly 'dumpy.'

"Ann appears well in either strictly tailored garments or soft, feminine things, the reason being that her charm is so illusive and delicate she requires one extreme or the other to frame it. You may recall that in 'Holiday' she looked as interesting in a tweed sport suit as in a dinner gown of alençon lace with a trailing skirt.

"The simpler her hats are the more becoming they are. With her finely shaped head and chiselled features she doesn't need to be flattered by wide brims. Invariably I design snug, plain little hats for her that depend on line rather than on trimming for their chic. And right here I'd like to bring out a point: *Hats should be bought not because they're pretty in themselves but because they improve your looks.* See what they do to you in back—whether they go with your collar. Do they cut you off? Short people with round faces should avoid these new shallow-crowned hats. Hats have the power to make or unmake a costume and ought to be purchased with a definite idea of which suit or dress they are to complement.

"Strong colors are not adapted to Ann. Black, white, water green, delf blue, aquamarine, faded pinks and pastel shades serve to emphasize her daintiness. Ash blondes



Miss Gwen Wakeling, head designer for Pathé, who this month contributes her secrets to this department. Here is one of Miss Wakeling's first rules for smartness: "It is far better to be underdressed than overdressed."

like Ann must pay particular attention to the hues they select—otherwise they'll be eclipsed. For instance, I wouldn't want to see Ann in a gown of silver sequins because it would submerge her. She's too much the country lady for anything so conspicuously dazzling.

CONSTANCE BENNETT, on the other hand, is a cosmopolite and has the ability to surmount any clothes one might put on her. In 'The Common Law' she wears a silver sequin dress and cap (shown on page 56) that reflect a myriad lights but you never lose sight of the fact that it's *Connie* wearing them. That's chiefly because she is a *moderne* with a captivating personality that makes itself felt the moment you speak with her, and because she has an expert knowledge of dress. Her figure is perfect so that styles bother her not at all. Being an individualist, she sets styles and commands fashions with the ease of an Empress Eugénie.

"Of course, she has her preferences. Connie loves soft materials, soft lines and soft colors. There are certain brilliant tints she could wear, like a bright peacock blue, for her eyes are so intensely blue, but she refuses. Her favorite shades are powder blue, powder pink and rose beige. She always adopts a natural waistline and wears a belt with her formal as (Continued on page 109)

THE RIGHT TO DREAM

Mrs. Chester Morris dreamed of a gorgeous European vacation with her husband—but reality proved to be amazingly different

By CURTIS MITCHELL

HAS a woman who is also the wife of a talkie star the right to dream?

When Chester Morris led lovely, blond Sue Kilbourne to the altar, he promised to share with her all the things he possessed.

Neither Chester nor Sue knew what that meant—then.

Most of us still remember Morris' explosive march to fame. I'll tell you more about that presently. There was the crashing success of "Alibi" and a procession of other gang world pictures, each adding to the stature of the smooth young actor from the East.

Fame touched him, claimed him, and finally absorbed him in the business of making talking pictures. It was then that Sue Kilbourne began to dream.

Her dream was a simple one. Its realization would bring much that was needed into her husband's life. Mostly, it would bring rest.

She dreamed of visiting Europe where there were Alps and fiords and crumbling castles; where the need for hurry had vanished with the centuries and a man could steep himself in tranquillity. There would be an opulent ship and seven days of sunshine across the Atlantic, then Paris and the Riviera or the Lido. She imagined blue water

and white sand and the cleansing rays of Mediterranean air. Then, when their Hollywood nerves were calmed, they would come home.

She dreamed and planned that, and Chester Morris agreed. Together, they read travel folders and brilliantly illustrated booklets. They filled their minds with the glamor of a luxurious cruise abroad and awaited the precious day.

Sue Kilbourne made just one mistake, and it was not a mistake of judgment so much as one of ignorance. She had no way of knowing that her husband, many, many years before, had dreamed of a holiday, too.

HE had stood, that windy day, with his feet braced against the uneasy footing of a sand dune on the New Jersey coast and faced the (Continued on page 117)

The boy who stood on the Atlantic shore and watched the roaring sea. (Right) With Sue on the deck of the M. V. Oakland where they spent their unusual vacation.



This astrologer says that Joan Bennett has the possibilities of becoming one of the screen's greatest actresses. (Below) In "Hush Money," with Hardie Albright. This is Joan's latest film and is not yet released.



JOAN BENNETT'S FUTURE

SOMETIMES it's a handicap to be born with a big reputation.

On every hand we hear about the youngest of the Bennett girls, Joan. But what we hear has to do with her illustrious father, the great Richard; and her sister, the "sophisticated Constance." There was Barbara, too, but she decided against the profession of her father, married and settled down.

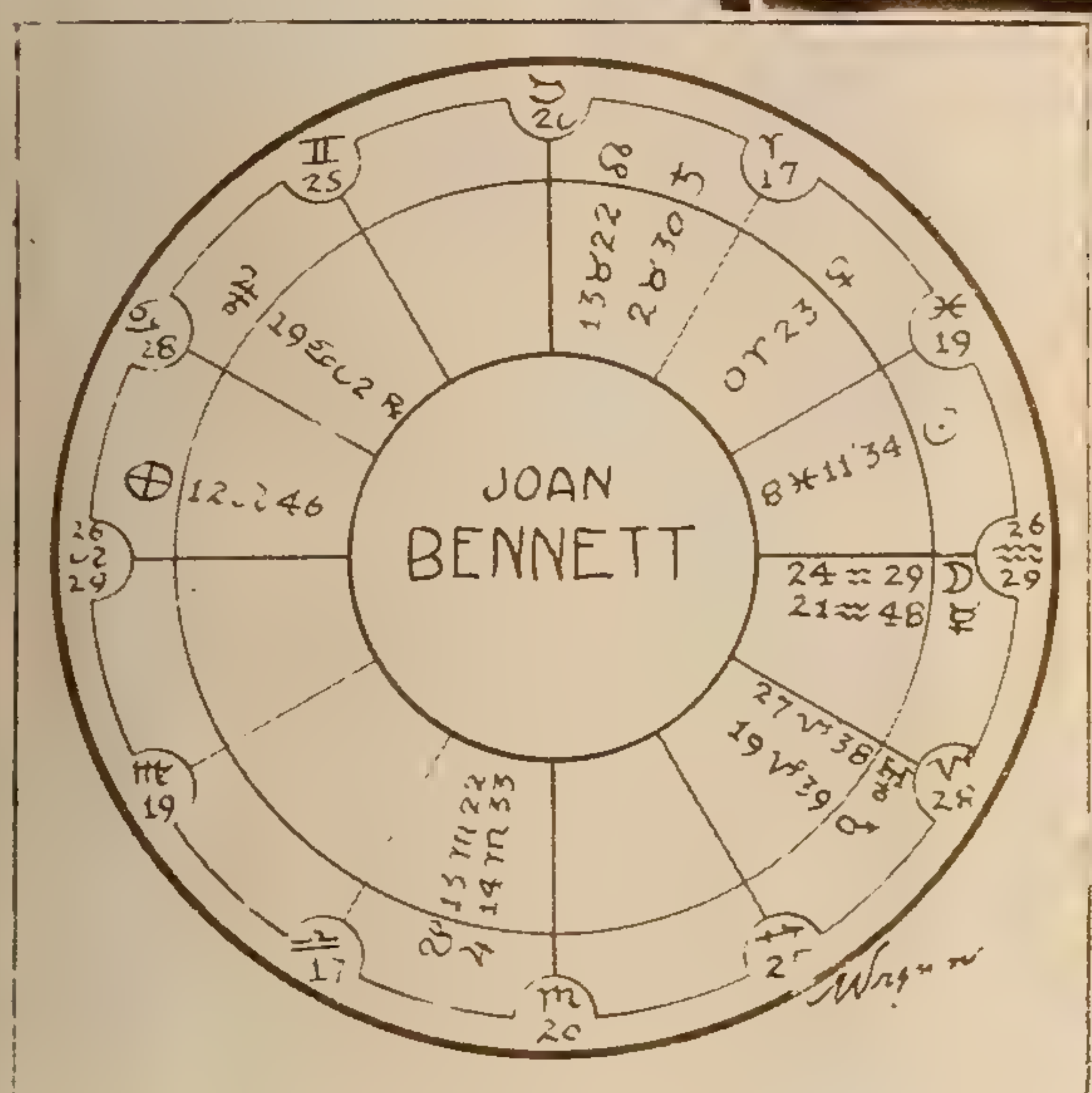
But remember, when you are speculating about Joan Bennett, that she has an independent nature, as shown by her four planets, Mars, Uranus, Venus and Neptune, in signs of the Leading group. They make her a good executive, one who has ideas about what her career should and should not be. She also has four more planets, Jupiter, Mercury, Moon and Saturn, in Fixed signs, making her set and sometimes a bit stubborn. You may put it down in your notebook right now that Joan is not a girl who in any way likes to shine by reflected glory. It isn't her way to trade on the successes that her father and her sister have made on the stage and screen. She is perfectly willing to let them have their laurels. I can't imagine that she wants any part of them for herself.

SHE is interested in what she can do by herself; and I am certain, after studying this horoscope, that she is quite definite about it. It wouldn't surprise me a bit if some interviewer were to come in with a story about her in which she said, "I want my portrayals to be rated on their own merits. If I need criticism, give it to me—don't try to spare me because of fear of offending me or my family."

Look at that third house, ruled by Venus, which is also the planet ruling her mid-heaven (occupation). The third is where we find the relationships with brothers and sisters, and Joan has Jupiter in this division, indicating that she has a sister who is very well regarded as an actress—for Jupiter is the ruler of her fifth, the house of drama and entertainment.

This has more than one interpretation, however, for it shows that Joan herself can do well (as she has already demonstrated in "Many a Slip" and "Doctors' Wives") without borrowing a reputation from anyone. Before she

According to the planets, Joan Bennett, if she marries again, will need the sort of a man who is more or less a prototype of herself. A man who sees life from the same angle that she does and likes the same things that she likes.



With his accustomed precision, this famous astrologer tells what life has to offer for this famous player

BY WYNN

is through, which I hope will not be for many, many more years, she will be giving others something to shoot at, for she has the capacity to render extremely valuable contributions to the talking screen, with her Sun in the fifth-house trine to Jupiter; and with Jupiter in the fifth-house trine to Neptune, the ruler of the movies.

Every person born to this Earth has problems to face. You are no exception, as you probably know. And Joan Bennett's horoscope doesn't promise her an undiluted string of successes and a career unmarked by its low spots. For hers is a life that shows at least three great personal lessons for her to learn during her sojourn on this planet.

HER ruler is the Sun, with Leo, the natural fifth house of the Zodiac on her Ascendant. She would have been an actress of high merit, no matter whose family she was born into, with this horoscope. If this chart had been brought to me without my knowing whose it was, I

would have selected an artistic career for its owner, designating acting as the best branch of art for her to follow. But right here, in an analysis of her ruler we find a conflict within her own nature, for her Ascendant is a Fire sign and her Sun is in a Water sign, Pisces. Add to this the fact that it is in the seventh house, that of marriage and partnership, it means there will be plenty of problems in her life. This one subject alone could easily fill the article I am here writing—and unless she finds out in time a lot more than I have space with which to tell her, there will be plenty of articles written in the magazines about her private affairs with those of the opposite sex.

Joan must realize that part of her artistic nature comes from the sign Pisces, although it is only secondarily related to her acting ability. At the same time, Pisces makes her sensitive—she feels very keenly any slight or adverse word, even when she doesn't show that she does. She has a great deal of Fixed sign pride, too. Joan is a sincere and earnest young woman and can be counted on to be trying to do the right thing all the time. But we all make mistakes and that seventh division of hers holds warning of a complicated set (Continued on page 107)

THE TRAGEDY OF MAE MURRAY

Sad, indeed, is the story of this woman who has perpetually refused to face facts as they are

By HARRIET PARSONS



People will tell you that Mae Murray is temperamental and hard to get along with, says this author, but they forget some of the fine things that Mae has done.

As she appeared in "Jazzmania," in the days when Mae Murray's name in lights meant a successful picture. It was during this period that she practically saved the old Metro company.



MAE MURRAY has figured on stage and screen for almost twenty-five years, been married four times, been involved in over twenty lawsuits—and apparently hasn't learned a thing. I do not say this with any intent to be cruel. I say it wonderingly, sympathetically, and pityingly. To me it is the pathos of the woman.

Hollywood tells many stories about Mae Murray—and most of them with intent to be humorous. Her lawsuits, her squabbles, her regal manner (she is married to Prince David Mdivani), her fanatical clinging to youth, and her persistent Pollyanna attitude are standing jokes. No one seems to see the underlying tragedy. No one seems to realize that the spectacle of an aging actress with the splendid body of a sixteen-year-old girl and the face of a woman in her forties is not funny. Hollywood seems to have missed the pathetic import of the fact that Mae Murray has lived an extraordinarily full and colorful life without seemingly learning one thing from experience.

Take, for example, that first marriage of hers. Few

people know about it. Born Marie Koenig, the child of humble German parents, she had had to make her own way in the world while she was still in her 'teens. Blessed with a crown of blond hair, a pouting red mouth, an exquisite figure and a flair for dancing, she had turned naturally to the chorus. Success had come rapidly and in the "Follies of 1909" she had conquered Broadway with her impersonation of "The Brinkley Girl." Nell Brinkley's drawings of fluffy, exaggeratedly pretty and feminine damsels were in high favor at the time—and Mae looked like one of them come to life. While she was tasting the fruits of this first success she met William Schwenker, Jr., son of a millionaire dealer in brewers' supplies. They were married ten days later. Young Schwenker, confident that papa would provide, gave a swanky wedding breakfast at Rector's and invited Mae's friends and his own. Mae's girl friends were envious and admiring—Willie Schwenker was a catch—Mae was a lucky lady—she would never have to lift a finger again. It was a brilliant moment for the former Marie Koenig. She was leaving the stage in a blaze of glory and the future looked like Paradise on earth. It never occurred to her that anything might go wrong.

BROADWAY forgot about Mae Murray—until six months later when Willie Schwenker was sued for \$561, the price of that magnificent splurge at Rector's. The papers unearthed a story which revealed that the famous wedding breakfast, instead of being a glorious beginning had been a spectacular ending. For the elder Schwenker had disinherited his son, and Mae and Willie were destitute. They were living in an eight-dollar-a-week furnished room, cooking over a gas range. For two weeks they had existed on \$15 borrowed from Willie's sister. And their wedding breakfast was still



With Lowell Sherman in "Bachelor Apartment," the picture in which Mae Murray made her screen come-back recently.

unpaid for. Willie could not get a job—so Mae went back to the stage at \$30 a week to support them both.

Most girls would have been permanently embittered—or at least permanently warned by such an experience. But not Mae. She was taken aback for the moment—but her amazing optimism and faith in the goodness of life promptly reasserted itself. Poor, trusting Mae—she had honestly believed that Willie Schwenker was her Prince Charming and that he and she would live happily and luxuriously ever after in true story-book manner. Mae always expects life to be serene and splendid, is always shocked and hurt when cold facts prove the contrary, and always promptly forgets her disillusionment.

When Mae went back to the stage she told the press that poor Willie was totally unsuited by his upbringing to make his own way in the world and that girls should

always marry self-made men. Yet she chose for her fourth husband a penniless prince, equally unsuited for work. In other words, seventeen years found her right back where she started—except that in 1926 the prince charming was really a prince and Mae was able to afford the luxury.

Coupled with her incorrigible optimism and in reality growing out of it, she has a terrific and unfortunate persecution complex which has made Mae's life one long wrangle. In the past seven years she has been involved in twenty lawsuits—not to mention numberless quarrels without benefit of jury. One gets the impression that she is always on the defensive—always looking for trouble. The truth of the matter is that she is always idealizing events and people, always expecting life to be a fairy tale with a happy ending—and getting mad when it isn't.

People will tell you that Mae Murray is temperamental, that she is impossible to get along with. They will remind you that she quarrelled with her second husband, J. J. O'Brien, rich sportsman, on their wedding night. And that she divorced genial, easy-going Bob Leonard after he had directed her in a series of successful pictures. They will regale you with anecdotes concerning her classic battle with Von Stroheim during the making of "The Merry Widow." They forget that O'Brien is supposed to have beaten her in a jealous rage; that her marriage with Leonard lasted nine years—which is, after all, nine years; that Von Stroheim is not exactly the embodiment of placidity himself. They forget, too, some of the really fine and generous gestures which Mae has made.

THE late Marcus Loew, kindly old pioneer of the film industry, was grateful to Mae Murray until the day he died. When the old Metro company, of which he was the head, was on its last legs and Loew was facing bankruptcy, it was Mae Murray who saved the day. She made "Fascination" and "Peacock Alley" without hope of repayment; worked like a trouser to make them a success; gave the best she had. The two pictures were box-office riots and put Metro back in the running. That is the reason that Mae Murray was queen of the M-G-M lot for so long. For even after Metro became the powerful Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Loew never forgot Mae Murray's kindness.

I have said that Mae is a tragic figure because forty odd years of living have taught her nothing, and because she suffers from a persecution complex. I have pointed out that these continual battles of hers are pathetic rather than funny. There is another aspect of Mae which has been equally the subject of jokes and which is in reality even more pitiful. And that is the desperate manner in which she clings to youth and (Continued on page 118)



With her husband, the Prince David Mdivani. It is said that the Prince has made a good deal of money for his famous wife.

"YOU MUST TAKE CARE

With the best intentions in the world, Marie Dressler's many friends continually tax her strength with solicitude

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

MARIE DRESSLER'S friends are legion and they all agree, whether they pronounce it "Maw-ree" or "Mah-rie," that Marie Dressler should take care of herself. That this God-given gift for comedy—and tragedy—that she has, must be protected. That this great body that for fifty-nine years has brought a giggle to the world's tired face must be kept strong and vigorous so that it can continue to



(Above) While she is being given a face massage one of her friends shakes an admonishing finger at Marie and warns her to take care of herself. At the left is the exterior of Marie's lovely Beverly Hills home and at the extreme left are Jerry and Mamie Cox who have looked after and protected Marie for seventeen years.

bring us laughs and tears and happiness and pity.

"Some men were born to invent labor-saving devices, others to write books. Some women were born to sing, to bear children. I was born to make people laugh." To that effect is Marie Dressler's philosophy.

There are those of her friends, her intimate friends, who see the terrible tiredness in Marie's face when she comes home from the studio after a day of intense work. The lines that come from fatigue and are not etched by her smiles, nor the beauty of her thoughts.

THESE are the friends who caution her to take care of herself; not to give herself so completely to her friends; not to worry about their financial troubles, their domestic embroilments, nor the countless difficulties that they bring for her wise counsel.

"Unanimity is the watchword of success," is the creed by which Marie Dressler lives. And once she said to me: "Never be alone. Always have someone on the plank with you, for some day he or she may be your pillar in a dark hour." Her eyes were full of wisdom.

It is this life rule that is inundating Marie today.

Her friends, alarmed by the readiness with which she succumbs to fatigue, are smothering her with cautions. They love her.

Not only her intimate friends, but her acquaintances, her well-wishers, her admirers, are crowding in on her, solicitously. Telling her to guard her health, not to tax her strength, not to give herself to social affairs, nor go to teas, dinners, premières, and to, by all means, rest—rest—rest.

But even the response to this pampering, which she loves, is fatiguing to Queen Marie.

They telephone, they drop in at the English house on the Beverly Hills' corner where she makes her home, well protected by Mamie and Jerry Cox, who have been with her for seventeen years.

"You must take care of yourself, Marie!" buzzes in her ears each hour of her waking day, and into the jade and gold nights when she is wooing rest in her Chinese bedroom.

Mamie, watchful, guards her mistress; protects her, if

OF YOURSELF, MARIE!"

she can, from friends who are trying, earnestly, to protect their Marie from other friends who might tax her precious strength.

In Honolulu, where Marie fled to sample the island's far-famed peace, she met nothing but a full social calendar. She was driven back to the noisy, bustling studio for rest. And as she lunched on the broad veranda of the commissary, her meal was punctuated with greetings from bus-boys, waitresses, actresses, actors, executives, writers, the press, assistant directors. Little mumbled greetings, hearty handshakes—sincere, every one of them, cautioning her to take care of herself, and stealing that much of her strength to tell her. But Marie hasn't the heart not to give her time and energy.

Marie gave a tired smile, her hands relaxed:

"Why should all this happiness exhaust me so?"



Pictures specially posed for MODERN SCREEN

"I don't know. But I am as tired now as if I had done a big scene. . . ."

Nor at home is she entirely immune, despite Mamie.

"You must take care of yourself, Marie!" is the chorus that is drummed into her ears.

"Don't give so much of yourself to your friends," said one, perched on the edge of the bathtub, from where she watched the progress of a bran scalp treatment; and, before that, sitting on the edge of the bed, she had watched, chattering, the progress of a massage, administered for the relaxation of "Queen Marie."

"Good-by, my dear," she said at last, "Remember . . . you must take care of yourself!"

"Good-by," sighed Marie, weakly.

In the middle of a relaxing manicure some moments later, there entered Marie's good friend, May Robson.

"Marie, my dear!" breathed May. "How are you? Do take care of yourself. Guard yourself for us. We all love you so. And we don't want to see you tired and ill. Conserve your strength. . . . Marie, what do you think of these stills from my new picture? Look at them, dear, and give me your opinion. There are only about a hundred and forty."

From downstairs, after May left and Marie was propped up among the cushions of the chaise lounge, came the sounds of ice tinkling in tall glasses, teaspoons against delicate china and the radio.

"It's Ethel Levy and her husband, Mr. Grahame-White, and John Roche and Newell vander Hoef, Miss Dressler," said Mamie, at the boudoir door.

"Tell them I'll be down, Mamie. I'll see them downstairs," murmured Queen Marie, clutching her negligée, struggling to her feet and giving a regretful look to her peaceful room.

She slowly descended the stairs.

"My dear Marie!" her guests chorused at the bottom, "we've come to tell you to take care of yourself. Darling, don't give so much of yourself to your friends. . . ."

"I know, I know," said Marie, smiling softly, because—after all—she loves this doting clamor.

(Left) Just a crowd of Marie's many friends saying the sentence which Marie knows so well: "You must take care of yourself, Marie!" (Below) A friend comes in to tell Marie to take care of herself and in the same breath asks her to look over some stills—only a hundred and forty of them. Marie looks at them without complaining while being manicured.



JOHN BARRYMORE

With utter sincerity
and freedom from
bunk, this star tells—



According to this author, John Barrymore, who has led a pretty feverish life, believes chastity is the best thing a young person can possess. (Above) In "The Mad Genius."

By
WILBUR MORSE, JR.

JOHN BARRYMORE recently granted me a few hours of his . . . and the Warner Brothers' . . . time. At the close of the interview Barrymore said: "When you've written your story let me see it. A paragraph here or there may open the flood gates and suggest other stuff I've not already told you."

This story, then, is a "flood" of John Barrymore's personality. It is a story about a man who holds a unique position in the maddest town in the world, Hollywood.

Here are some of the characteristics I learned first hand from the youngest of a family they've called royal in the theater:

John Barrymore has lived a pro-



TELLS THE WORLD

—a few truths which
will surprise and
delight you all



Mae Costello (above) brought up her daughters with a formula the most important item of which was, "be honest." (Left) Judging by Dolores' character, her mother's teaching was practically perfect.

miscuous life. He's been a heavy drinker and played courtier to many women. Yet he believes chastity is the most "exciting" attribute a young person can possess.

He's mimicked a quixotic rogue on the stage, on the screen and in real life. Yet he admires honesty above all other virtues.

He detests chaperonage in any form yet he believes foreign governments have a perfect right to protest—and censor—insults to their intelligence and national pride circulated by certain of our less important movie moguls.

He believes the screen is the greatest medium the world has ever known for disseminating education along with entertainment and yet he's always "out for the day" when studio fuss-bussers start holding conferences on important matters of policy or production problems.

He's a friend of, and a reader of, Aldous Huxley, yet he knows most of America's ga-ga cartoonists by their first names and respects their work.

He has the dignity of an Indian poobah and the vulgarity of a pair of Siamese twins with Rabelaisian senses of humor.

HIS own sense of humor is evident in the following story.

"Tell me, Mr. Barrymore," gushed a chatterer once, shortly after Al Jolson made his first talkie, "now that we are to have talkies, would you be willing to play 'Hamlet' in modern dress?"

"No, madam," replied Barrymore—very seriously. "But if I'm propositioned, I'll play 'King Lear' in the nude."

A book could be filled with the likes and dislikes of Barrymore, the odd ambiguities of his keen intelligence. Personally, this writer would rather report than editorialize. I'll quote, then, to the best of my ability, what John Barrymore told me one rainy day.

The day before I was to see him I asked a dignitary of Hollywood what he thought would be the most interesting story a writer could get on the elusive subject . . . this man Barrymore who, Hollywood gossips, pretends to be intoxicated or makes fearful faces when fat old ladies ask him for stories of his love life.

The picture man said: "The fact that John Barrymore, the playboy, has become John Barrymore, Esquire, a proud papa, is the story everyone is eager to read."

John Barrymore volunteered a great deal of very intimate, tender details about his domestic life so I didn't ask him some of the questions a chiseling columnist might have offered the actor. I didn't inquire as to whether he personally paced the floor with his baby at nights. I didn't ask him how often he kissed his wife each day or the color scheme of his bathroom. I did ask some personal questions along with queries on subjects of general interest and I learned a little that was well known and a great deal that was new.

His mind works like a machine gun. It spits ideas. His voice, as he talked that day, was so quiet that I doubt if the sensitive microphone nearby could have caught the calm, cultured flow of words. But his wise eyes spoke with a raciness, a boldness and a crispness.

WHEN John Barrymore talks for publication—and that is almost as rarely as Garbo—he neither minces words nor is dainty with his ideas. I learned three new oaths and—a lot of common sense.

"Dolores Ethel Mae Barrymore is only nine months old now," said her father, "so I haven't yet entered her at Miss Spence's select school for girls or hired a duenna for her first trip to France. I haven't anything written on her birth certificate about the possibilities of her becoming an actress, either. She'll choose her own career, I hope.

"If she wants to go on the stage when she's old enough, fine. If she wants to take in tatting or blow smoke

through her ears at church socials, that'll be her affair. Whatever she does, I'll try and help her to success if I'm still around to be of any use.

"But the only problem the child has at present is how often she's fed and the only pedantic idea I have on bringing up children is to deal with them as human beings, be honest, lend what help my own experience offers and then give them their heads.

"The youngsters of today have an inherent honesty, a saneness of point of view and a healthiness of attitude on every subject. I've no fear about my daughter's future if she's always told the truth."

Despite what the crystal gazers of Venice may be predicting for the daughter of John Barrymore and Dolores Costello, the child's parents haven't begun "guiding" her career except to push the handle of her baby carriage.

Love of truth was a characteristic which marked another forbear of Dolores Ethel Mae Barrymore . . . the gracious, honest-minded lady who was her grandmother and the mother of Dolores Costello.

I asked Barrymore for whom the child was named Mae.

I'M glad you mention that," he said. "It's a story you'll enjoy, a story that proves what a myth this mother-in-law business is.

"Mae Costello, mother of Dolores, was one of the grandest persons I've ever known and one of the dearest friends I've ever had. Before I married Dolores, Mae and I talked many a night through. We used to put the kids to bed and sit up and bicker until dawn about old times in the theater, old friends we'd shared, old tales we enjoyed, old experiences we could relive in the telling. We were gay pals.

"Once Dolores asked me: 'Are you sure it is I whom you want to marry and not Mother?'

"This is a question I'll have to give serious consideration,' I told her. 'But it seems to me if I marry you, I'll be able to see a great deal of both of you.'"

Mae Costello must have been one of those really fine women. There are so few. They usually come only once in every four or five generations of a family but Mae and Dolores Costello are of the same mold.

Barrymore has a special corner of his heart reserved for the memory of Mae Costello. He speaks the third of his baby's names very tenderly. Mae Costello did such a good job in bringing up her daughters and Barrymore feels he can do no better than duplicate her formula and the first of Mae Costello's rules was "be honest."

Dolores Ethel Mae will have many careers to choose from out of her ancestors' pasts. Her father was an art student, a testimonial salesman, a cartoonist and a newspaper reporter at various stages of his colorful life.

OF his newspaper experience, Barrymore said: "You can't tell me publishers aren't charitable employers. Arthur Brisbane kept me on salary two years after he knew he ought to have fired me."

Barrymore still talks with the directness of the press room on the subject of romance.

"Sex is an overrated bugaboo," is the opinion of the man who has been called one of the theater's romantic lovers.

"Nothing that is honest can harm anyone," Barrymore believes. "You can't injure the mind of a child, or an adult for that matter, with anything, be it book, picture or music, if it presents its message or its entertainment honestly.

"The Bible, aside from being (Continued on page 93)



John and Dolores are bringing up Dolores Ethel Mae on sane and modern ideas. They intend to interfere with her life as little as possible.

MASQUERADE AT MARION'S

When Marion Davies gives a costume party, Hollywood's most famous people come arrayed in the finest of the fine. A gorgeous display of movie stars for your delight

These pictures especially posed for MODERN SCREEN and photographed by William Grimes.

What ho for Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as a dashing Austrian officer with medals and braid and everything. Yes, even to the neat milit'ry moustache. And wife Joan Crawford in the Empire ensemble is quite something to wire home about. And isn't her new shade of hair becoming?





Robert Montgomery and Mrs. Robert Montgomery (above) made a charming picture of the Victorian era. This is one of the few pictures of Bob's wife ever published. William Haines (right) as an undertaker, Ruth Selwyn and Director Edgar Selwyn seem to know pretty well what it's all about.





(Above) Harpo Marx won the prize for the best disguise as Kaiser Bill. Marie Dressler's costume looks familiar. Remember her in that outfit in "Anna Christie?" (Left) Kent Douglass, Leslie Howard, Marion Davies, a non-professional, Buster Collier, George K. Arthur, Ramon Novarro and Eileen Percy.

MY HOLLYWOOD



The Browne boy says that one of his grandest mistakes was the disregarding of a news scoop which concerned Mabel Normand when he was a reporter.



This chap has been written about by other authors—now he writes about himself for a change

By EDWIN ANTHONY BROWNE

Who is said to be "Whitey" of the famous novels, "Queer People" and "Whitey"

IT'S nine years now since my "Comedy of Errors in Hollywood" made its ludicrous, but none the less sensational, début. Nine years; long enough for the Warner Brothers to go from no place to way up there—and back again; long enough for hundreds of screen luminaries to arrive at fame and fortune and even long enough for Eric von Stroheim to finish two pictures. But my first and only self-conceived and self-directed production continues serenely and blithely on its way. 'Abie's Irish Rose' should step out and get itself a reputation.

It is asserted that one profits by one's mistakes. If so, I am the exception that proves the rule. If there was one-half of one per cent profit in mistakes, I wouldn't be writing this. I would be at ease on my palatial yacht, ordering another of those long cool somethings from my man Burtis. Does this sound like a complaint? It is not. I have had a swell time in being the most successful failure on the Pacific Coast. I even enjoy it when from time to time some ambitious rival threatens. That merely spurs me onward to bigger and better mistakes. Even now instead of basking in my well-deserved glory, I have a half-formed plan for an error that will hit every front page in the country. But to begin at the beginning:

MY first few years in Hollywood were spent as a newspaper reporter. I had at that time never seen a movie, let alone a studio, and didn't know William S. Hart from Carl Laemmle. That lack of knowledge was,

so to speak, an accessory before the fact to my first mistake. My first half hundred.

At seven-thirty one typical sunshiny morning I accompanied a detective who had been called to investigate a death on Alvarado Street.

Sure enough we found a dead man. He was lying face down on the floor of the living room of his home. There were no signs of violence. The officer asked a few perfunctory questions of somebody or other. The dead man, it seems, was named Taylor. The detective hadn't had any breakfast yet and neither had I so we didn't go into any great detail.

We mutually agreed that Mr. Taylor had passed in his checks from heart failure. I picked up a phone (later the finger-print experts complained bitterly about that) and called my city editor. I assured him that nothing of importance had happened and went to breakfast.

Two hours later, the newspapers (all except mine) announced in startling headlines that William Desmond Taylor, the famous movie director, had been found murdered; that his intimate friends, Mary Miles Minter and Mabel Normand, were the last to see him alive. For days, while looking for work, I kept wishing I had been the victim instead of Taylor. It would have been less humiliating.

TIME, as only time will, along with other mistakes put that mistake into the background and I was, I believe, on the verge of falling into the rut of a common-

MISTAKES

Illustrated by
JACK WELCH



Among others whom Mr. Browne advised to leave Hollywood were Fay Wray, Janet Gaynor and Dorothy Gulliver (second, third and fourth from right). He considers this one of his best mistakes.

place blunderer, when out of a clear sky another situation arose that handed me an outlet to my abilities.

This time it was a New Year's Eve. I had enjoyed the festive occasion in my childish way and was taking a deserved nap, comfortably curled on a desk in police headquarters when I was hauled rudely from my sleep and tossed into a police "flying squad" car. "Shooting scrape on Vermont Street," explained a detective, as we sped in that direction at sixty miles an hour.

Arriving at our destination, I graciously allowed the officers to discover what had happened while I resumed my interrupted nap on the rear seat. Soon I was made to sit up while the car was filled with crying women and stern policemen. I was only half awake, but couldn't help hearing one of the crying women repeating over and over: "I hope this won't get in the papers."

As I have said, it was New Year's Eve and I was tired.

"Lady," I rebuked, "will you quit that sobbing. Don't you think papers have anything to print but family squabbles? If you were pretty or famous we might use a picture. As it is you should consider yourself lucky if you get a line." The sobbing subsided and I went back to sleep.

It was not until the next day that the world was informed that a dashing young blood from Denver by the name of Courtland Dines had been shot while entertaining Mabel Normand and Edna Purviance and that the two celebrities had been taken to headquarters for questioning.

Dines managed to survive and so did I, but neither one of us has had anything to do with the newspaper pro- (Continued on page 91)

LET'S TALK ABOUT

FILM GOSSIP OF



(Left) Peggy Shannon, the lucky girl who got Clara Bow's part in "The Secret Call" when Clara broke down on the set. (Right) Mr. and Mrs. Neil Hamilton with their newly adopted baby, Patricia. We mentioned it last month. Remember?



LEW AYRES has borne the brunt of a lot of stories lately telling of how high-hat he has become. Until yesterday we refused to believe them because we have known Lew a long time. Now it all comes to light:

Between pictures, every star in the business is expected to be on call for pictures and interviews with the press. Lew is only too well aware of this. Well, he has got to the point where he doesn't want to be disturbed. When the publicity department called him the other day, the phone wasn't answered.

It was found out later that Lew has installed a new gadget on the instrument that won't allow the phone to ring until Mister Ayres gets good and ready to get out of bed and detach it!

NORMA SHEARER has changed—she's gone sex-appeal. She is quite a changed young lady around the wardrobe department when she is being fitted out for a picture. In place of the very dignified and smart creations she wore in the great hit, "The Divorcée," we now find her asking the fitters to "cut it down here" and "don't forget the sex-appeal."

And Norma a mother, too . . . tsch . . . tsch.

When Mary Pickford visited the King of Siam in New York recently, she was asked for credentials by the gatekeeper. "My face is my only card of identification," our Mary answered.

ALL the gang in the M-G-M publicity department are bicycle conscious. About half of the personnel rides bikes to work, and others keep them at the studio to ride during the noon hour. We all got a huge laugh the other day when they dared Adolphe Menjou to try his luck. But luck wasn't with him that day. You should have seen Menjou with spats and wing collar struggling to keep the bicycle upright.

Someone wanted to see Mayer and Thalberg do their

stuff—but then, executives have a certain prestige to maintain, you know.

Bill Oliver, newspaper man about Hollywood, remarks: "I see by the papers that all the studios are going to make athletic shorts. Does this mean the producers are returning to the clothing business?"

STRANGE as it seems, Mary Brian, Fay Wray and Jean Arthur are being dropped from the Paramount roster of players. The girls' contracts were running into the fifth year—and that means tremendous salaries. Mary has been there ever since doing Wendy in "Peter Pan."

Paramount without the little Brian girl will be like a hen without a baby chick.

It didn't do Joan Crawford much good to have a second set of passport pictures taken. For months her sailing date was postponed on account of retakes—and now Joan and Doug Jr. won't even see Europe this year. Likewise Bill Haines. He phoned his antique buyers over in London that he couldn't get away from the studio.

THE story is that Lil Tashman happened to be out on the Fox lot around lunch time and decided to drop in

Are you Hollywood-conscious? Read these pages and

HOLLYWOOD

THE MONTH II



(Left) Lil Dagover, the German actress, who is being signed by Warner-First National. No, they will not make her imitate Garbo. (Right) Remember Johnny Hines? He's back again with a part in "Waiting at the Church," for RKO-Radio.



and see husband Eddie Lowe. But whom should she find in his dressing room but a very comely young lady, Alona Marlowe . . . quite alona.

Lil immediately read the riot act to the visitor and, it is said, then proceeded to knock her for a loop. Even though the young lady explained ". . . she had been standing in the sun outside the dressing room when Eddie came out and asked her if she didn't want to step in where it was cool!"

Can this be true? A tiff, no matter how slight, between such a happily married pair has us all a-dither.

And this, as the newspaper editor would say, is News! When Charlotte Greenwood's pet Peke bit Bob Montgomery the other day—Bob bit the dog for revenge!

REMEMBER Jerome Storm who used to direct Charles Ray, and was one of the biggest directors in Hollywood? At that time he was making one of the largest salaries in the film colony . . . and spending it. Today he's working as a day laborer at the same studio where he directed some of his most successful pictures. But he hasn't lost faith in himself. At night he writes, and he'll probably be riding the top of the wave again. Others have been known to do it in the past, you know. Hollywood's that way!

EVEN when Cliff Edwards was appearing in court to try and cut down the alimony he is paying his wife (which is a *very* serious thing to a man who has paid alimony) he just couldn't keep from cuttin' up. When the boys from the newspapers came to take his picture in the courtroom, he "mugged" all over the place and even had one pose where he pretended to be asleep!

But you have to forgive Cliff—after all, he's a ukelele player.

THE Pauline Starke-Jack White marriage certainly has fallen with a dull thud. After three years of wedded life the Whites decided to part ways—and Pauline filed suit for separate maintenance, asking division of \$100,000 community property and \$750 monthly.

Then Jack came forth with a full-fledged divorce complaint that "tells all." Among other things, Pauline seems to have called Jack a name or two.

GUESS who met over in Paris quite accidentally? Aimee McPherson and our own Charlie Chaplin! It seems that they had registered at the same hotel, and they had a grand time talking about Hollywood, etc.

Now probably all the newspaper scribes will come forth with the astounding discovery that Charlie's next leading lady will be a French red-head named Aimee!

AT the Burbank studio commissary of Warner Brothers-First National, four prices are charged for the same luncheon. The prices range from 45c to \$1.25. It all depends upon the service you choose.

Your meal at a table without a cloth covering is 45 cents; with a table cloth, it's 65 cents; in the Green Room, the same food is 75 cents; and in the executives' corner, it is \$1.25. The laugh is that the directors and stars flock to the 45c tables while studio underlings eat at the more expensive ones.

LOOK FOR MORE GOSSIP ON PAGES 15 AND 92

astonish your friends with your knowledge of cinema town

HOLLYWOOD

MARY ASTOR



At the left are three of Mary Astor's coats—light enough for cool days in summer. She is wearing a severe, double-breasted one of green and gray tweed mixture with a beret, equally severe, to match. The light coat is beige, flecked with red and green, and the shawl collar, of course, is lapin. The dark coat next to it is of light-weight green wool, and is completely collarless. Directly below are the shoes she is wearing with the tweed coat: black calf and grey lizard. The other shoe models (reading clockwise) are embroidered beige linen pumps, plain grey crêpe pumps, and a stunning pair of black shantung walking pumps.



Not many frills in Mary Astor's wardrobe—but there's smart simplicity

WARDROBES

Mary Astor at her own dressing table which has all the gay, cosmeticky clutter dear to every girl's heart. She is wearing a simple pair of lounging pajamas. Note that the trousers are not abnormally wide—just comfortably full. The green leaf print gives an air of coolness. The bolero jacket, in plain green, piped in the print, is complemented by a plain green sash. Below, some more shoes: top, light beige suede and dark beige kid; middle left, frivolous black satin cut-out pumps; middle right, brown and white woven leather sport shoes; and bottom, two-tone mules in gold and silver kid. Mary always stuffs her shoes with tissue paper—it's often better than shoe-trees.



Pictures specially posed
for MODERN SCREEN
and photographed by
Robert W. Coburn

Mary's pet pash is shoes—here are eight
good-looking models. Size? Five B

There are important hints here for that important vacation wardrobe

The large picture in the center of these two pages shows one of Mary's simplest and most becoming chiffons. The black background is scattered with silver flowers, large and small and medium-sized. That's all there is to the dress, except for the knot of black and silver ribbon at the neckline. The cutting looks very simple, but it's very expert, for all that. Notice that the hem clears the floor by at least three inches. Below, Mary is wearing a simple little black velvet throw-wrap.



These models would
suit almost every tall,
modern young girl

Below, an adorable "spectator" sport dress of white silk crêpe, beautifully embroidered in pastel flowers. The blouse has the popular cowl neck. With this frock Mary wears a tight little turban of straw cloth and a deep cream polo coat. The two dresses on the hangers are, left, a white crêpe frock worn with a navy tie and navy jacket and, right, a light-weight woven wool suit with a mannish blouse in beige crêpe. Just severe enough pour le sport without overdoing it.





Mitzi Green makes a batch of her favorite peanut butter fudge. You'll find the recipe for it in this article.

Anita Page knows how to get up a poultry dinner in proper style. In the picture at the right she is shredding stale bread for a turkey dressing.



THEY REALLY CAN COOK

By DOROTHEA H. CARTWRIGHT

In spite of servants galore and four-figure salaries, these stars know how to cook—and frequently do

THERE are cooks and chefs in Hollywood drawing salaries in four figures every week. They ride around in chauffeured Rolls-Royces, and wear imported French gowns and ermine coats. Diamonds weighing many carats tire their fingers; and many are courted ardently by the screen's most glamorous lovers. Now, before any girl with a domestic science diploma, or a lad with a Boy Scout's knack for tossing up flapjacks, throws an apron and a measuring cup into a knapsack and makes tracks toward Cinemaland, let me hastily explain that this is a story about the off-screen cooks of Hollywood—about the famous stars who have a natural flair and wholesome liking for cooking.

If the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences gave an annual culinary cup of honor as well as other trophies of achievement, that cup should unquestionably be awarded to Louise Fazenda, filmdom's foremost oven artist. Oddly, my first meeting was with the cook, not the comedienne. It was on a set at the First National

studios, in one of the years B. T. (Before Talkies). Everyone was standing around "between shots" and everyone from prop boy to leading lady was lavishly supplied with cookies, which were being devoured with an off-screen gusto and an on-screen smile.

"Why the refreshments?" I snooped. "Oh," someone explained, "Louise brought down another batch of her favorite cookies today. She made 'em after she went home from work last night. Want some? She always brings plenty. She's the best cook in Hollywood—and maybe she's not popular!"

NOT long ago an electric cake mixer came to take its place in Louise's kitchen. There's an amusing—and rather touching—story behind this gift. A youngster living next door is one of the comedienne's greatest admirers. He likes her acting, he likes her delightful off-screen sense of humor and kindness; and he very particularly likes her cakes. He is her most ardent kitchen



Tuesday night in the Bannister household is cook's night out. Ann Harding always broils a nice big steak on these occasions.

Louise Fazenda is one of the best cooks in Hollywood. With her is her most devoted admirer and official taster.

James Gleason is real handy at doughnut making. Even Mrs. C. (no mean cook herself) steps gracefully aside when Jim gets busy.

critic, and in this capacity, naturally, has to sample all her pastries. One day, noticing that Louise seemed tired from beating a mixture of dough, he begged to be allowed to help. Well, it sure was hard work! Gee, what she needed was an electric mixer! He would buy one for her! But he found that the retail price of a mixer was too steep for his allowance. However, he persuaded his dad, an electrician, to get him the parts wholesale and help him assemble them. It was a generous thought; and if the electric mixer helps Louise make bigger, better, and more cakes for her official sampler—well, isn't that fair compensation?

LOUISE'S favorite cookie recipe is made of two cups of butter and one cup of sugar, creamed. Two unbeaten egg yolks are stirred in; and two teaspoons of vanilla, the grated rind and juice of half a lemon, and one cup of chopped almonds are added. One teaspoon of baking powder and five cups of pastry flour—more if necessary—complete the recipe. These cookies are baked thin in a moderate oven.

Warner Baxter seems to be the candidate for Chief Chef of Cinemaland. He enjoys few things more than fussing around a stove, and to have friends drop in of an evening gives him a great excuse to roll up his sleeves, tie a towel around his chest, and make—well, among other things, *chili con carne*. Into one and one-half cups of hot olive oil he puts three medium-sized onions, chopped. After simmering them ten minutes, he adds two pounds of ground round steak and one pound of ground lean pork. When this has simmered for twenty minutes, he next adds two cans of tomato sauce, two cups of boiling water, one cup of chili powder, six pods of grated garlic, and salt to taste. For extra flavor he adds three tablespoonfuls of pulverized *aregano* and the same quantity of *kumis* seed, tied in a cheesecloth bag and not mixed in with the other ingredients. This recipe must simmer very slowly for another two hours, after which are added a pound and a half of Mexican beans that have been soaked overnight and cooked until tender. If there is not sufficient meat flavor, Warner adds one of the beef extracts. Sometimes, if he has guests who like particularly "hot"

dishes, he adds some *chili capenos*, either while the mixture is cooking, or afterwards to the individual services.

SIX days Lupe Velez labors, and on the Day of Rest she gets up very early to prepare breakfast. It is an elaborate meal, the most substantial repast of the day, and she usually has several guests to help her eat it. The breakfast consists of something *à la Lupe*, prepared with eggs and lots of mushrooms. It takes Lupe a couple of hours, at least, to eat her breakfast. Oh, it's a grand meal! Incidentally, Sunday is servants' day off in the Velez ménage.

It wouldn't take a clairvoyant to tell that little Mitzi Green's own special recipe is for fudge! It's very easy—two cups of sugar and two-thirds of a cup of milk, brought to a boil and cooked until it forms a soft ball when dropped into cold water. The syrup is removed from the fire, and to it are added four tablespoons of peanut butter, one teaspoon of vanilla, and a few grains of salt. It's the brisk beating until the mixture is creamy that takes real work, but Mitzi usually decides it's worth it when her candy is ready to eat. No wonder Mitzi is a plump little youngster! She can make drop muffins, too, but somehow her heart's not in them much!

Elissa Landi learned cooking as part of a well-bred girl's education. Among the dishes she cooks for intimate friends is the famous dish of her country—Hungarian goulash. When I asked for her recipe, she replied in dismay, "I don't cook by measures, but by instinct." For example, she takes some stock, in which she has boiled every possible vegetable except potatoes. She fries some onions over a very hot flame and immediately adds the stock, stewing it. Veal chunks, pounded, are next added, with salt and pepper to taste. When the meat is tender Elissa adds enough flour to thicken it a bit, and paprika to give the goulash color. When she wants to make it extra-rich, she adds a tablespoon of sour cream. Friends who have tasted her goulash pronounce it simply delicious.

YOU'D be surprised how many men in Hollywood have their own pet recipes. There's Jimmy Gleason, for example, who is ready to (Continued on page 99)

MODERN SCREEN

A FREE SOUL (M-G-M)

ANOTHER smashing melodrama for Norma Shearer! And to assure thorough-going entertainment, they've given Norma such favorites as Lionel Barrymore, Clark Gable, Leslie Howard and Jimmie Gleason to assist her.

Norma is the daughter of a brilliant, dissipated lawyer who has reared his child to be "a free soul," untrammelled by conventions. Circumstances make her the mistress of a notorious gambler, and to free her from this liaison, her father promises to drink no more if she will cease her relationship. Both fail. But returning to her lover she sees him in his true character of a miserable black-leg. He attempts to intimidate her and is killed by the boy who really loves her. In a tense court room scene the dissipated father takes the blame.



THE COMMON LAW (RKO-Radio)

CONSTANCE BENNETT is fascinating as ever in this lavish picture production of the one-time sensational seller by Robert W. Chambers. The star and an excellent cast imbue the old tale of artists and models with an up-to-date flavor, and the problem presented is one that will ever hold popular appeal.

This time it is the girl who objects to, and scoffs at matrimony. While Joel McCrea, as hero, is a stickler for the conventions. When you know that Lew Cody is in the picture, it isn't difficult to guess that a third party menaces the love of the principals. But after running the gamut of emotions, to say nothing of the gauntlet of experience, Constance changes her ideas and ideals. Among others, Paul Ellis, Marion Shilling and Hedda Hopper are prominently cast.



BACHELOR APARTMENT (RKO-Radio)



WHEN Lowell Sherman invites the ladies to his "Bachelor Apartment," they always return for more of his hospitality. Which makes it very nice for Lowell, and also renders snappy farce comedy for the paying guests at movie theatres. But when the one-and-only girl enters the story, complications begin. For Lowell's girl friends just won't take the air.

There's Mae Murray, for instance. You might think she had no home, that is, until her husband calls at the "Bachelor Apartment" for her. And there are Claudia Dell, Noël Francis, Kitty Kelly—talk about your bebies of beauties! But in the end, Lowell, who also directed this picture by the way, convinces Irene Dunne that his wild oats are all sown. And so the perfume of orange-blossoms clings to the final sequences.

CHANCES (First National)



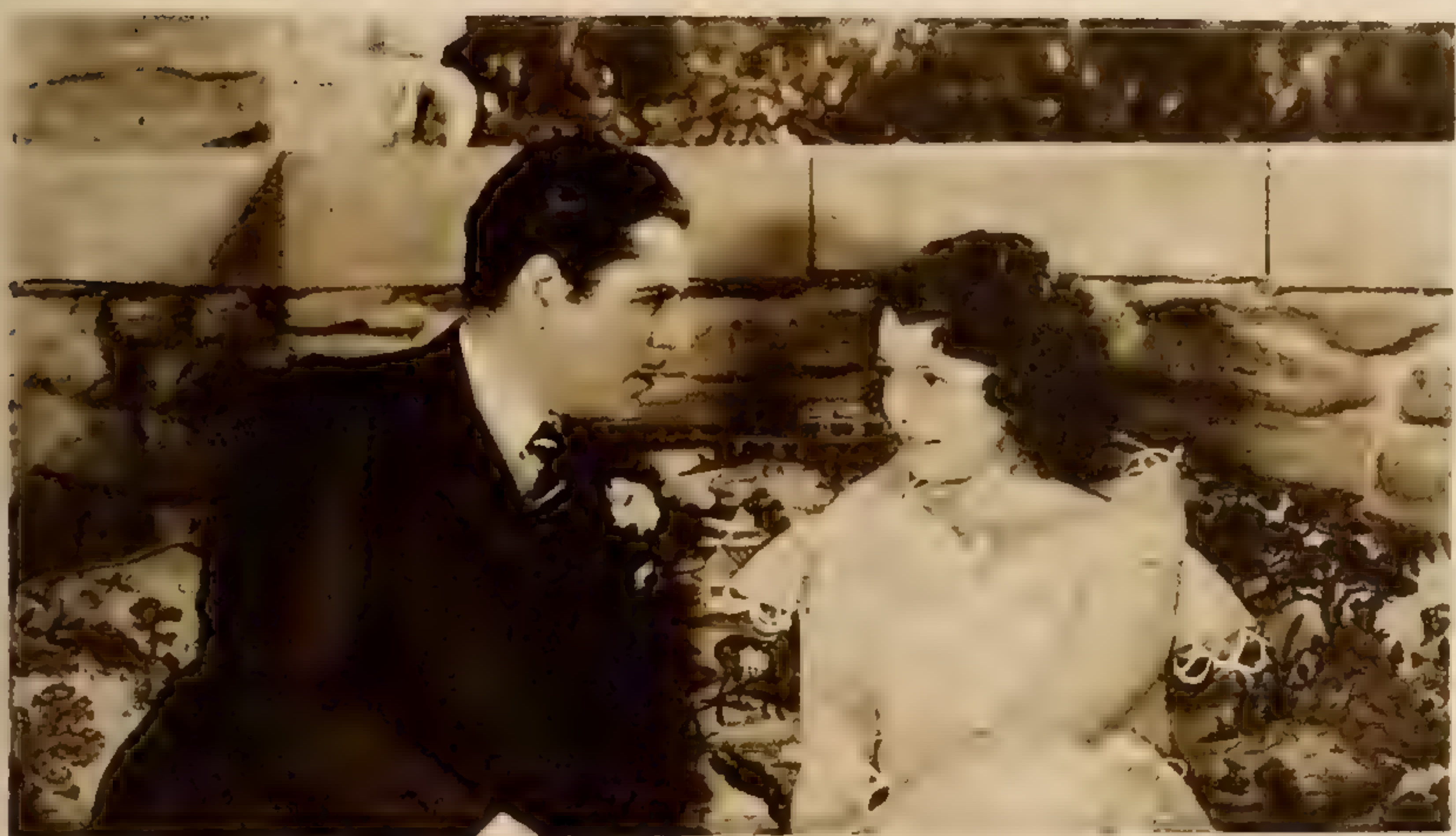
IT seems there was a War. Good old War! What would Hollywood have done without it? For one thing, it has provided a pretty good excuse for the artillery fire which dominates the battle sequences of "Chances." And makes the triangular romance of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Anthony Bushell and Rose Hobart, a matter of rather minor moment.

In this one, Doug and Tony are brothers. Doug is quite a lion among ladies. But Mr. Bushell has known only one love. And that with his boyhood sweetheart, Rose. But all the same, practice makes perfect. And when it comes to lovin' Doug is a cinch at winning the girl. His rôle robs him of sympathy, which is thrown to Anthony. Both the boys do well—better than Miss Hobart. But the battle scenes are the biggest thrill.

REVIEWS

The finest guide
to current talkies

DADDY LONG LEGS (Fox)



IT'S been a score of years since this vehicle brought Ruth Chatterton stage fame. And almost as long since Mary Pickford played in a silent screen version of the theatrical hit. But the story's appeal remains and endows little Janet Gaynor with a greater glory.

It is the best thing she has given the screen since the memorable "Seventh Heaven."

The plot holds all the tears and laughter which made the play a success when Miss Chatterton was the pig-tailed girl and Henry Miller the older man whom she adored. The present Daddy Long Legs is Warner Baxter, and following a succession of excessively fictional rôles, it is pleasant to see this actor in such a part. You'll simply love Janet, and Warner, too. And you'll have nice things to say about Una Merkel as well.

THE MAD GENIUS (Warner)



JOHN BARRYMORE'S frightening the children again. Fie, fie, John. We're being deprived of the Barrymore who once created the illusion of romance upon the screen. And given in "The Mad Genius" a Barrymore who gallumphs about as a club-footed maestro of the Ballet Russe.

There's very little action in the picture, and a deal of talk, all of which leads to a nice ghoulish finale in which Barrymore's pate is split with a fire-axe by a rival. Bright spots are provided by Marion Marsh as the feminine half of the young love interest, and the inimitable Charles Butterworth, the drollest Dromio in pictures. Come out from behind those disguises, John! We know you! You're "Don Juan" and "General Crack." Be romantic! We like you better that way.

THE LAWYER'S SECRET (Paramount)

HERE'S Buddy Rogers in his first dramatic rôle since "Wings." They cast America's Boy Friend in a mere featured part, second in importance to that played by Clive Brook. But Buddy makes good by stealing the picture despite an unsympathetic part which portrays a wastrel weakling.

Dick Arlen, a stranded sailor, sells his revolver to the wealthy waster, Buddy. In a gambling dive mix-up, a man is killed by a shot from this very gun. Dick is sentenced to die for murder, and Buddy, the weakling, keeps silent. In the end, of course, there's regeneration. Rogers makes a clean breast of his part in the affair and the real killer is apprehended. Clive Brook is excellent as the lawyer, and both Jean Arthur and Francis McDonald deserve mention. But Buddy is best.



FIVE AND TEN (M-G-M)

WHILE the presence of the ace comedienne, Marion Davies, as star of this drama of the chain-stores, guarantees a leavening of laughter, you'll be surprised to find the charming hoyden of the cinema appearing in an absorbing, exciting, society melodrama. And you'll be surprised at her dramatic talent.

Here she is the daughter of Richard Bennett, wealthy owner of five and ten cent stores. Mary Duncan is a particularly obnoxious society bud, who misses no chance to humiliate Marion. Both are in love with the same man. There are some terrific complications and more than one tragedy before the story ends with the promise of future happiness for its heroine. Miss Davies is superb, and besides those mentioned, Leslie Howard, Irene Rich and Kent Douglass lend staunch support.



These reviews will save you wasting money on the wrong show

ANNABELLE'S AFFAIRS (Fox)

NOW here's a film-farce that's good fun all the way through. Originally it was a stage hit called "Good Gracious Annabelle." Since then it has been titled many things—even "She Wears the Pants." But by any name it's Hollywood humor at its best, charmingly played by Jeanette MacDonald, Vic McLaglen and Roland Young.

The fable doesn't mean so much. It's one of those light, laughable *mélanges* in which the heroine poses as cook in the home of a millionaire in order to secure the missing papers. Naturally enough, there is a merry mix-up all along the line. Thus Jeanette is provided with the opportunity to prove herself one of the first farceurs in filmdom, while Roland Young plays an extraordinary inebriate in a manner showing there is something new under the sun—even in portraying drunks.



THIS MODERN AGE (M-G-M)

NOT that Joan Crawford isn't one of our favorite movie mimes, and not that she isn't perfectly grand in "This Modern Age." But we do wish they'd give our Joan a different story. All that they change is the title. And so we have her again as the modern maiden misunderstood by a snooty boy friend.

Neil Hamilton is the goody-goody who jilts Joan just because a few of the girls and boys get to whooping it up before his parents. The young folks are very, very Paree, you see. So that oo-la-la stuff comes natural to them. But, shucks, the picture needs surprises. Anyone can tell that Monroe Owsley is going to reform and prove himself worthy of Joan's love before the end. And that's just what happens. Joan is best. Then Marjorie Rambeau. And after them Messrs. Owsley and Hamilton.



THE GOOD BAD GIRL (Columbia)



ANY really and truly film fan is an authority on gangs and gunmen by now. But—ah—what about the woman's angle on the underworld? Well, here you have it. For Mae Clarke is a gangster's gal who exchanges a rod for a ring, and quits Gunman Bob Ellis for honest Jimmy Hall. But wedding bells have scarcely quit chiming when the ex-sweetie demands a mighty sacrifice. Mae must provide an alibi in swearing that she spent the night of the crime with him.

Mae refuses. The gunman goes to jail. The bridegroom's parents discover all. And the bride goes into the darkness and the storm alone. Then the convict escapes and seeks vengeance against Mae. It's all pretty thrilling. There is cause to shed a few tears, too. And you're sure to laugh long and loud at Marie Prevost.

UP POPS THE DEVIL (Paramount)



IT was naughtier as a stage play. But it's nicer in the movies. Carole Lombard helps to make it so. Carole, you see, is the chic and charming wife of that rising young writer, Norman Foster. And when Norman insists that his nassy ol' job is preventing the completion of the "great American novel," friend wife suggests that she foot the bills while hubby authors.

Neither is happy under the regime, and both develop an unreasoning jealousy of intruding third parties. In fact, the green-eyed-monster leads the couple perilously near to Reno. But when it turns out that the bride will soon be a-sewing those tiny garments so popular in pictures, the path is paved for a happy ending. Carole and Norman are better than ever. And Skeets Gallagher helps Stuart Erwin endow the film with lots more fun.

MODERN SCREEN'S GALLERY OF HONOR

LESLIE HOWARD

—whose work adds so much to the artistry of "Five and Ten" and to the drama of "A Free Soul." · He became an actor because business conditions were so bad following the war. His favorite hobby is taking amateur movies of his friends.



Photograph by Hurrell



Photograph by William A. Fraker

MAE CLARKE

—who deserves a place among the big names of film-dom and will get it before long—watch her! Mae Clarke is the name and she gave a great performance in "The Front Page," and also in "Good Bad Girl." Mae has been out in Hollywood since 1929 playing bits in a number of Fox films but it wasn't until recently that she got her break.



JAMES
KIRKWOOD

—whose work as the father in "Young Sinners" is so convincing. James seems to have made a real comeback and now has a Fox contract. He worships James Jr., the child of his and Lila Lee's marriage. He wanted to be a priest until he started reading Shakespeare as a boy—from then on it was acting. His next is "Over the Hill."



Photograph by Elmer Fryer

DOROTHY MACKAILL

—who is one of the best portrayers of the modern girl in pictures today. Her "Party Husband" is doing well in the theaters right now and she is preparing to make "As Good As New." Dorothy's pet delight is rushing off to Honolulu. Whenever the Mackaill girl is missing from Hollywood you'll probably find her lying on the beach in Waikiki.



Photograph by Kenneth Alexander

RICHARD ARLEN

—who has had the courage to revolt against the everlasting Western hero types and now appears in the dramatic "The Lawyer's Secret," opposite his old friend, Charles Rogers. Dick and his wife, Jobyna Ralston, live quietly and save their money. He calls her "Ma" and she calls him "Pa." Joby looks after the family finances.

SCOOPS OF THE MONTH



From the Harold Seton collection

(Above) This was one of those imaginative little things which had to do with the sea and Neptune's daughters and love and sea-weed. The gentleman with the sea-laurel around his head is Jack Mulhall. Yes, really! The girl who is looking into his eyes so adoringly is Louise Lovely. Kindly note the cute method the young man has of carrying spare tire chains on his arm. (Right) This very smart ensemble, worn by Rosemary Theby, can be used for formal evening wear, a masquerade—even swimming—if you don't mind people staring at you.

If you're tired of this
weary old world take a
look at these here scoops
and die laughing



Mistakes

(Continued from page 73)

fession since. With Dines it has been a case of his own discretion. With me it has been a case of the editors'.

Realizing I needed a larger and more fertile field for my peculiar abilities, I became a movie press agent. I felt, also, that I should begin to learn, by sight at least, these queer people who were giving me such sterling boosts toward my goal of complete failure.

The studio, for which I was assiduously turning out press books, staged a nation-wide beauty contest and brought ten of the so-called winners to Hollywood for a six-weeks' trial. I was young and had an eye for beauty that has never deserted me although it plays me false every so often.

I haunted the dressing rooms of these cute little contest winners and cheered them up considerably when day after day went by without anyone higher than a property boy speaking to them. That is, I was on friendly terms with nine of the girls. The tenth spent her time foolishly learning something about pictures. One by one, my nine protégées took trains back home. The tenth was Dorothy Gulliver.

THIS episode in my career made me just a trifle cautious. Whenever I would see a newcomer on the lot I would be very careful to advise her that the movies was no bed of roses.

"A good home and a good husband beats struggling around in this business," I would tell them, "particularly when there isn't a chance in nine thousand of your getting any place."

I am proud to say that not a few took my well meant advice. In fact, there are only two that were so foolish as to disregard it. They are Janet Gaynor and Fay Wray.

I might go on and on like this; how I went to Santa Barbara to put over a dandy publicity stunt for a company on location from my studio and exceeded my fondest expectations only to discover I had joined up with a company from a rival studio; how I once cashed a rubber check and gave the money to Grant Withers on his promise to go back to Colorado and forget pictures and how I helped a Follies girl turn Russian over night and then escorted her to a banquet where she attempted her accent on two former room mates.

But I will not go on. I will end this with my greatest mistake to date. A mistake that will take time and pains to top, although I have plans.

I met up with two authors, seeking data for a novel on Hollywood. They didn't look like authors and didn't act like it either. I was seen with them, ate their meals and drank their gin.

Their book came out and was a great success. So great a success, in fact, that I am still in hiding. You see it is a story of a guy that comes to Hollywood and makes a shambles of the movie industry at the expense of the film folk—and the film folk think I am that guy because of my few mistakes.

ROUNDED SLIMNESS

in every smart C O S T U M E

THE new costumes are getting more involved. We must be slender, ah yes! But rounded. We must glow with health while we grope with calories!

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Nothing causes more unpleasantness than improper elimination. Pimples, sallow skins, headaches, wrinkles, backaches, dizziness—are only a few of the most common symptoms.

Why not prevent them by enjoying Kellogg's ALL-BRAN every day? It is so much wiser than taking dangerous pills or drugs. For ALL-BRAN not only adds bulk—it also contains iron which brings rosy color to the complexion.

Many attractive recipes on the red-and-green package. At all grocers. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.



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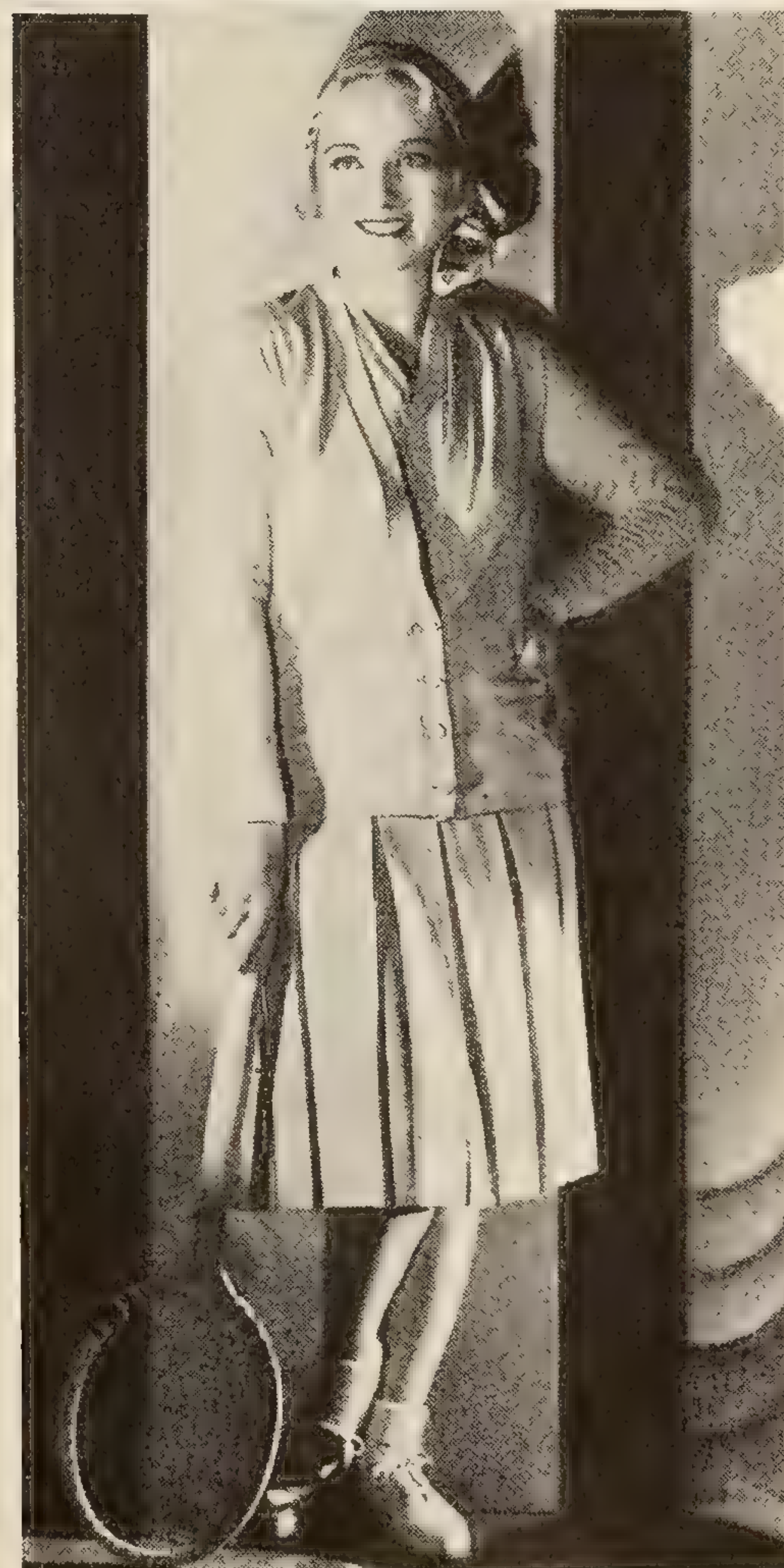
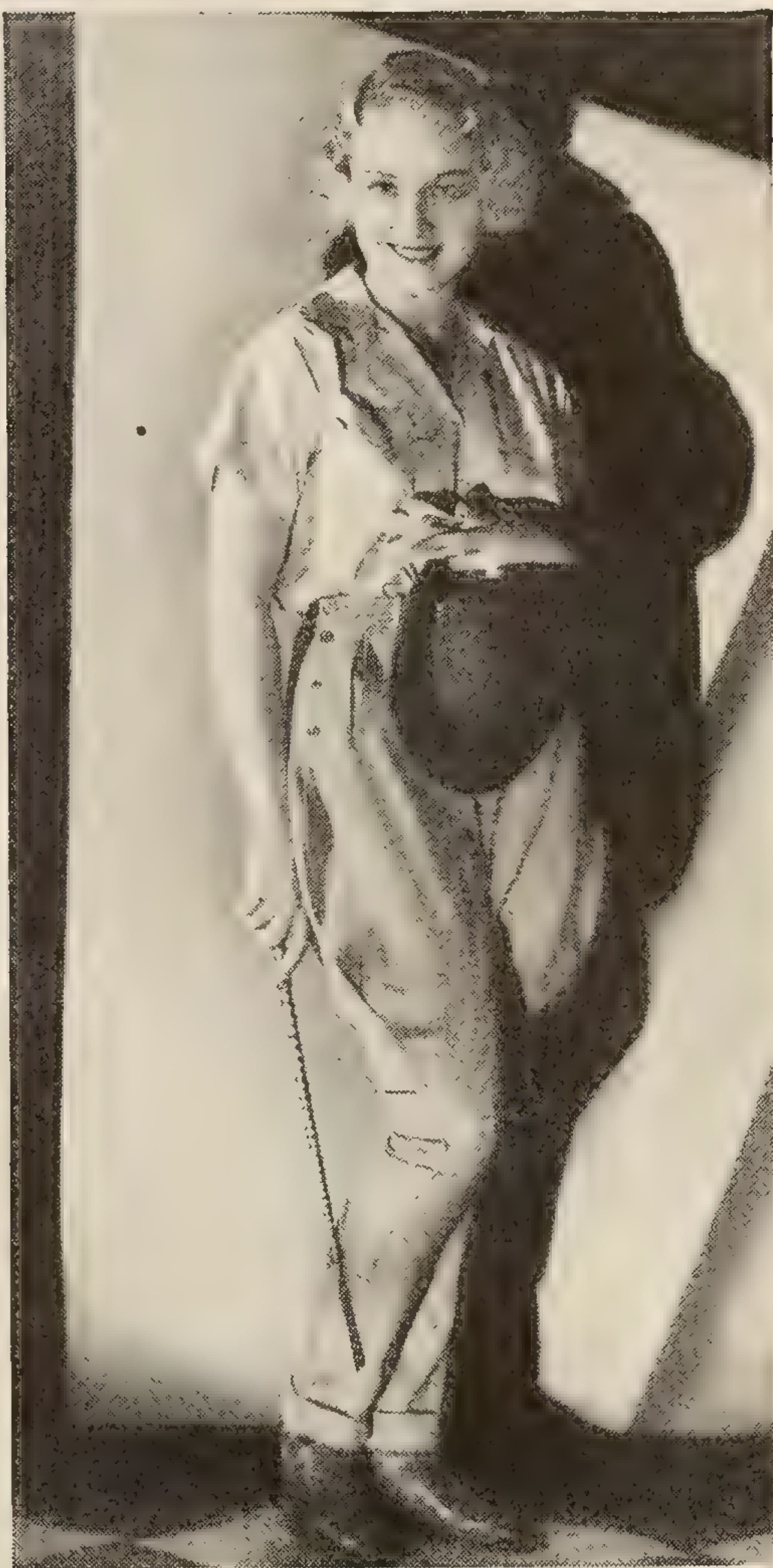
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LEILA HYAMS, lovely Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer player, wears a three-piece ensemble—with sweater, pleated skirt, and cardigan jacket for tennis. For riding, she chooses open-neck, short-sleeved shirts tucked under slenderizing jodphurs.

MORE ABOUT HOLLYWOOD

FILM GOSSIP OF THE MONTH III

Usually around three o'clock, if you happen to be in the M-G-M commissary, you will have the thrill of seeing Joan Crawford feeding her dog. Woggles is the name of the animile.



THE Life of Carl Laemmle," the biography by John Drinkwater, the famous English writer, proves to be a fascinating life story of the great movie producer. It is delightfully free from the usual hokum present in this kind of thing, being a pretty straightforward account of the manner in which Mr. Laemmle became the great figure in the movie industry which he is today. If you're a movie fan you'll get a lot of enjoyment out of this book.

Hagar Wilde, that well known writer and novelist, who has been writing those delightful short stories for MODERN SCREEN, has "gone Hollywood." Her novel, "Break-Up," will soon be a Paramount picture. Miss Wilde has just returned from Hollywood where she has been writing dialogue for Billie Dove's new picture, "The Age For Love," which (in case you didn't know it) Howard Hughes will produce.

IN the Italian Hospital in London there is a ward which was presented by the Valentino Association—a gathering of English fans who want Valentino's name to live forever. The ward is named after Valentino. Every year these fans make gifts to the hospital and give outings for the children at various times. It's an excellent idea

and if you are interested in joining just write to the Valentino Association, 4 Suffolk Square, Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, England.

Well, well, a brand new romance. Wesley Ruggles, who directed "Cimarron" and who recently recovered from a nervous breakdown, has fallen hard for little Arline Judge. She's a little New York girl who is trying to make good out in Hollywood in a big way.

THE Jack Warners gave a Sunday afternoon party—and everyone had a swell time. Before the barbecue supper was served, the guests played golf or tennis, and went in swimming. Then, after eating—bridge, backgammon and other games held sway.

The highspot of the evening was when Papa Warner won at cards from his son, Jack. The old gentleman hadn't been so elated in weeks!

Eddie Cantor and his wife were there. Also Zeppo and Chico Marx—with their better halves. Marian Marx, the wife of Chico, is not only a very attractive girl—but none of the Marx family has anything on her when it comes to funny gags. She's a riot.

Ricardo Cortez arrived late in the afternoon, alone. Cortez has the habit of "staggering it" to parties around

Hollywood—just a lonesome cavalier.

"Going to the dogs" in Hollywood pays! Jules White, who has been directing the all-barkie out at M-G-M, has been assigned Buster Keaton's new picture. In it, Jules will use a couple of his talkie-trained hounds to add to the merriment!

IRENE RICH went back to Smith College to see her young daughter, Frances, graduate—despite the fact that in so doing she lost approximately \$20,000 in salaries. Irene was offered the rôle of Will Rogers' wife in his new picture—and when she turned it down, Will and Fox were all upset about it! They couldn't believe it!

But Irene retorted that she expects to work in pictures until she's eighty—but Frances will only graduate once—and it's a mother's place to be at her daughter's graduation exercises!

THE little Filmarte Theater on Vine Street draws some of Hollywood's most prominent to the first night showings of foreign versions. The other evening when the English picture, "Atlantic," opened, there were many celebrities in the audience who never venture to a formal première. In the
(Continued on page 120)

Barrymore

(Continued from page 68)

grand literature, is a valuable book because it doesn't evade any issue. It comes right out and discusses every phase of life as it is, truthfully."

To illustrate how he feels about realism and honesty, Barrymore cited the case of a Pennsylvania censor board, comprised of the sort of elderly gentlemen who, one imagines, must get their sex vicariously.

Lionel Barrymore made a picture called "The Devil's Garden."

"The heroine," explained Lionel's young brother, "was a country girl, married to the postmaster. The villain was the head man of the village. The heroine was offered the choice of yielding to the villain or seeing her husband kicked out of his job. She kept her husband working."

"But the virtuous gentlemen of the censor board said: 'Oh, no. This must never be shown. You can have the girl say she'll give in to the villain and then, after the postmaster has been assured of another four years, tell the politician she was only fooling!'"

John Barrymore spat at a grasshopper which passed his camp stool. The grasshopper spat back.

"That sort of morality stinks," said the father of Dolores Ethel Mae Barrymore. "That sort of dishonest point of view, that sort of quibbling poisons the mind and does more harm than a realistic picture of a disorderly house."

EVERYONE knows there's sex in the world and it's only by pussy-footing and penny morality that kids are ever soiled. It's only by suggestiveness or lies about the facts of life that their curiosity is ever excited in a way that's dangerous."

John Barrymore is married now to a girl who symbolizes sweetness and fineness in all the pictures she has ever made: Dolores Costello. I don't know what generalities about women Jack Barrymore used to mouth when he was a cartoonist on the New York *Evening Journal*. Today he likes chaste women.

"Chastity is like a bank balance," he says. "It's something marvelous to treasure until you're ready to give it all in one grand gift to the person you really love. It may be fun to spend your virtue in small lots and promiscuously give away your life to a variety of people. Personally, as I look at it now after a pretty wild life, I think the youngsters who save up their virtue sacredly and yet gladly . . . guard every bit of it with pride 'til they're ready to give their whole life to one person . . . are not only happier but also living more adventurously."

"It's exciting to be chaste."

John Barrymore has no desire to take Bob Shuler's place as the guardian of California's morals. Lest quotes like those above should lead anyone who has ever heard Barrymore tell a story, to think he's becoming a doddering old Dominie preaching purity, let me inter-

(Continued on page 115)

*Smart Women
Ensemble their Toiletries*

BLUE WALTZ PARFUM
Irresistible charm can be yours!

The smart modern vogue is to have all your toilettries bear the fragrance of Blue Waltz . . . for Blue Waltz alone breathes the spirit of sophistication, charm, and youth.

Regular sizes featured by Drug and Department Stores . . . Generous introductory size at 10c stores.

TOILET WATER
Exquisite summer deodorant and body freshener.

BRILLIANTINE
Imparts exquisite lustre to any hair—non-greasy

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Charmingly Scented
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Perfect silky texture—clings, but does not clog the pores

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Nestle ColoRinse

NOT A DYE . . . NOT A BLEACH

Nestle
Glorifies the Hair

10c
Small sizes at all 5 and 10 cent stores. Large sizes at your beauty parlor.

Restore the GLOWING GLORY of your HAIR

ALLURING in its sheen of natural, radiant silkiness is the hair that is washed with ColoRinse. There is a tone and tint, a soft, shimmering loveliness, that is youthful and entrancing. ColoRinse is just a harmless vegetable color—twelve shades to choose from—you can use it with complete confidence. Made by Nestle, the originators of the permanent wave.



"Spent Bullets," the new First National production of the war, will have some famous names. Johnny Mack Brown, Elliot Nugent, Frank Albertson, Richard Barthelmess and Helen Chandler rehearsing their lines.

The Modern Hostess

(Continued from page 13)

before the sandwiches are buttered and filled, to avoid waste. The butter should be creamed until very soft and easy to spread. When the sandwiches are made, if they are not to be served at once, they should be packed into a bowl, covered with a damp towel and stored in the refrigerator. In this way they will stay fresh and attractive for hours.

There are two ways in which to give your sandwiches the charm of novelty—one is by using unusual fillings, the other is by varying the breads. This latter method is too often neglected, and the possibilities of developing distinctive sandwiches by means of using nut, Boston brown, graham, rye, raisin or orange breads are passed over. Use some of these delicious breads in making your sandwiches, and only the simplest of fillings need be used.

Except in the case of sweet sandwiches most men, as Mr. Dix says, prefer their sandwiches toasted. The first principle of a successful toasted sandwich is to have the toast crisp (but not *too* crisp!) hot and freshly made. To this end we suggest cutting the bread about three-eighths of an inch thick, removing the crusts, and making the toast on an electric toaster right at the table. Fresh bread is not necessary, in fact, it is not even especially desirable. As fast as the bread toasts, make the sandwiches up from bowls of softened

butter, prepared fillings and crisp dry lettuce leaves.

IF you prefer to make your sandwiches up ahead of time, and to toast them complete, filling and all, select some type of filling which is improved by being heated. Cheese or chopped ham are two such fillings. Sandwiches which are to be toasted whole may be buttered either on the inside or on the outside. If on the inside, they are toasted as usual in the electric toaster or underneath the broiler flame of the oven. If they are buttered on the outside the butter may be softened and spread on with a knife or melted and brushed on with a pastry brush (whichever method you use, don't forget what Mr. Dix says, "Use plenty of butter.")

Sandwiches of this type must be toasted either in one of the new electric sandwich toasters or in a frying pan on the range. The sandwich toasters hold the sandwiches in a horizontal position, toast the sandwiches on both sides at once, and have an adjustable hinge which makes them do a perfect job on sandwiches of any thickness. If you prefer to use the frying pan do not have the heat too high under it, so the butter will have time to fry into the bread, turning it a delightful shade of golden brown. This method of toasting gives you what are known as "Dixie Style

Sandwiches." Either the sandwich toaster or frying pan method will reward you with sandwiches of a very different and decidedly delicious flavor.

WHILE sandwiches are delicious served at luncheon, tea, supper or when-will-you, they really reach the heights of their glory when they are eaten on a picnic. The success of any picnic meal will stand or fall by the excellence of its sandwiches. If you prefer to make up your sandwiches at home, do not make them of too moist fillings, cut them at least in halves, and wrap each sandwich separately in waxed paper. Or if you choose you may simply take along with you sliced bread, jars of mayonnaise, butter, lettuce, peanut butter, cheese, devilled ham and other desired sandwich fillings and let every one make up his own sandwiches on the spot. This latter method is especially recommended for "spur-of-the-moment" picnics or when one is too busy to prepare the sandwiches beforehand. It might be mentioned that this is a very popular plan with the men. We suggest to you in passing that your picnic meals can be served more attractively if you take with you lots of paper utensils—plates, cups, napkins, forks, spoons and tablecloth and so on. These will help the picknickers to keep both the food and their fingers clean. So varied are the paper picnic things offered one nowadays that it is even possible to decide on a color scheme and carry it out in its entirety—a little touch that adds definitely to the charm of the occasion. The paper shopping bags with string handles which sell for 10c make excellent containers for both food and accessories. You will find that the Kress and Kresge stores carry a splendid line of picnic accessories.

Whether sandwiches are eaten out under the sky or at the dining room table they must be accompanied by something to drink. This something may be simply iced tea or coffee, one of the bottled carbonated beverages, grape juice or a more elaborate concoction. Don't forget that there are other garnishes than lemon slices for beverages—slices of orange, banana or fresh pineapple, cherries, berries, mint leaves and such are more unusual and very attractive. And *please*, if there is much fruit included in the drink, serve a spoon with it. It's very depressing to have to leave a lot of very delicious-looking fruit in the bottom of the glass. Ice cream is good added to lots of drinks, vanilla being usually the safest choice unless you are sure that some other flavor will blend satisfactorily.

For sweetening drinks we recommend that you have in the refrigerator a bottle of plain sugar and water syrup. Two cups of sugar and two cups of water boiled together for a few minutes make a good proportion, and should be used for dilution purposes, too. When intended exclusively for sweetening, the syrup should be made much heavier.

WE have left ourselves very little room for general home making hints, but we must mention two items. One is a new 10c paper shade which



In Home and Wardrobe Color Greets The Summer!

● Tintex Colors Brighten Everything From Dresses to Drapes

One simply *must* be colorful this summer to be in the mode!

Bright, gay color contrasts mark every smart wardrobe and home! All feminine fabrics—from dresses to drapes must bloom like June gardens to be fashionable.

Do you know that there are 33 smart Tintex Colors? That they can give new color-beauty to *any* washable fabric in a few minutes' time? Or that Tintex will, if you prefer, restore *original* color to any faded fabrics?

Drop into any Drug Store or Notion Counter today... see the Tintex Color Card showing silk samples colored with Tintex...

The rest is easier than reading about it!

—THE TINTEX GROUP—

Tintex Gray Box—Tints and dyes all materials.

Tintex Blue Box—For lace-trimmed silks—tints the silk, lace remains original color.

Tintex Color Remover—Removes old color from any material so it can be dyed a new color.

Whitex—A bluing for restoring whiteness to all yellowed white materials.

On sale at drug and notion counters everywhere

Tintex

TINTS AND DYES

attaches to the rollers of any standard window shade. It is very durable and we recommend it for use in summer the windows are open. These shades, from the ravages of the summer sun and those unexpected thunderstorms which have a gift for coming up when the windows are open. These shades, which come in several colors, are so inexpensive that they may be thrown away without a qualm when they become torn or soiled.

As unsightly as frayed shades and a constant source of irritation are trailing electric light, radio or telephone wires. To keep these off the floor there is a small but effective device known as the "push-clip." This slips down between the baseboard or moulding and the wall, and holds the wires up out of harm's way. Such little details as these improve your home amazingly.

If You Met Bob Montgomery

(Continued from page 37)

grave importance, to self esteem and success, of holding that fancy.

When I left him I did permit myself to ask him if the legendary shyness were a fact. But all he had for me in answer was a very slight smile which was concentrated for the most part in his eyes. But that other young man who made a third in our pleasant party, and to whom I must refer, if only because he is both amiable and charming, replied, with a slight snort: "Shy! Well, he's human, that's all!"

Human—and modern. That about sums him up, if we add talented and clever. And if you stop to think about it you must realize that shyness, which is merely reticence and an unwillingness to give one's self away, is a normal and human characteristic of practically every thinking person who walks this good, but bewildering, earth of ours.

I find that I have not added that Robert Montgomery is exceedingly attractive. But that's hardly necessary. You've all seen him on the screen and he is, off the screen, not disappointing.

I liked him. I like anyone who knows where he or she is going and who is working to get there. I like anyone who has the wit to discern the difference between the dream and the reality, between the highroad and the goal, between expectancy and arrival. And I found myself, leaving the hotel, very satisfied with the assignments your editor has given to me. They're stimulating—and a lot of fun. If I were ten or fifteen years younger...

But I'm not. And it is a curious quirk of fate that such encounters should fall to the lot of comparatively ancient and allegedly hard-boiled persons, such as myself.

By the way, if I were ten or fifteen years younger I would say that Robert Montgomery, as a person, is not only modern and human but—a little bit dangerous.

I think I'll say it, anyway!



Change It from Drab Darkness to a Cheerful Light Color!

● Even Black Fabrics Can Be Made Light With Tintex Color Remover!

Dark colors are out of place in this summer's wardrobes and in this summer's homes, too!

All dark fabrics, from dresses to drapes, can be *easily* made gay and bright and beautiful with color.

First use Tintex Color Remover to take out the dark color.

After that you can re-tint or re-dye the fabric to suit yourself—either light or dark!

There are 33 Tintex Colors from which to choose—from pale pastels to dark gem colors.

Just ask for Tintex Color Remover and your choice of Tintex Colors at any Drug Store or Notion Counter... and the rest is *easy*!

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Whitex—A bluing for restoring whiteness to all yellowed white materials.

On sale at drug and notion counters everywhere

Tintex

TINTS AND DYES

Your Hair Can Make You Beautiful

(Continued from page 50)

contour of their typical Latin faces, and their smooth black hair itself."

You never see Dolores influenced or even slightly swayed by any of the gay modern modes, by boyish bobs or by long bobs. Often she must admire the unusual way Joan Crawford is doing her hair or that chic, crisp look Norma Shearer achieves. But she is wise enough to realize that these coiffures are for Joan and Norma and not for her.

Always Dolores wears her lovely hair the same way. It is straight and long. She parts it carefully in the center, smooths it down over her head, covering her ears, and pins it in a small knot low in her neck.

The pity is that others, besides the Dolores Del Rio type, so admire the way she does her hair that they must imitate it. Some months ago I talked with Fred, the hair-dresser at the Paramount studios. He deplored the round-faced, young blondes who for some insane reason insist upon wearing their hair like Dolores.

"It just isn't for them," I remember Fred saying. "It is foreign to their personalities. Why, why do they do it?"

GLORIA SWANSON is another star who feels that no matter how she arranges the ends of her hair, her coiffure must follow the lines of her head.

"In the back, especially," explained Gloria, "I like the hair to have that sculptured look. On the sides it may be a little fuller. But not too full, for fear it will seem untidy."

Gloria prefers a marcel that is not

set on a diagonal line but which follows the lines of the part she wears on the left side.

Gloria's face, you'll remember, is not wide. And it has curious, nicely modeled planes to it. Where a face has a tendency to be broad, a diagonal wave is, of course, preferable.

Then there's Hollywood's charming sophisticate, Hedda Hopper, who wears her hair as simply as a school-girl—in a softly waved line with the ends turned in a round curl at the neckline. Parted on the side. And of a length to cover the ears.

Miss Hopper prefers a water-wave, feeling it is looser looking than a marcel. And even after a water-wave, she always brushes her hair vigorously so it never will have a stiff, tight look.

The Hopper hair is dark brown and very soft. Every night Hedda rubs a liquid vaseline into the scalp. This, she insists, gives the hair a lovely, glossy sheen.

Another type for ringlets—Nancy Carroll! Nancy likes her hair best as she wore it in "The Night Angel." Her entire head was covered in ringlets. Then she combed her hair off her face, pompadour fashion. The back, however, was allowed to remain particularly fluffy. For this coiffure to be most successful the length of the hair over the head should not exceed seven inches.

CONSTANCE BENNETT, wisely enough, arranges her hair to stress her widow's peak. And certainly anybody with such a charming little dip in her hair would be very foolish indeed not to make the most of it.

Constance parts her hair very low on the right side. Then she combs the heavier portion of her hair back from her forehead. This, you see, reveals the widow's peak in the center. She has no wave placed in the top portion of her hair, the first dip appearing at a level with the part on the right side. On the right side, however, the first wave is placed a little lower than the first wave on the left side. This gives a slight swirl at the back where they meet. There are exactly three waves on the left side and two waves on the right. The ends are brought back and made into flat curls.

Ann Harding is able to wear her hair as simply as she does because she has regular and well-defined features—and, most important of all, because her hair naturally falls in curly little tendrils about her face. Without these tendrils, beyond a doubt, the Harding coiffures would seem overly severe and lose much of their charm.

So long as her hair is simply arranged Ann says it suits her. However, in lieu of the details of a favorite coiffure she stressed the details of the care of her hair. She has it washed with pure Castile soap and dried in the sun; never by artificial methods. Believes in massage. But never brushes her hair unless it is badly tangled. Ordinarily a comb with both coarse and fine teeth suffices. The coarse end, of course, is to remove snarls and the fine end to achieve a smooth effect. Combing the hair vigorously, Ann says, will stimulate both the scalp and the roots.

Which type are you? That's the question you must settle.

THIS WRITER GIVES ADVICE ABOUT INFERIORITY COMPLEXES IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

Beauty Advice

(Continued from page 12)

around my head and relax for ten minutes or so. That's what I did to Clarine, in spite of her protests that New York was hot enough in the summer time without hot Turkish towels being wrapped around the head.

Dry the hair in the open air whenever you can—it adds brilliancy and lustre.

NOW, coming to the subject of waving—Clarine's hair was the type which will dip prettily around the face but which needs assistance to actually wave. Very few girls have absolutely straight hair, you know. But very few girls seem to realize that a little bit of waviness will go a long way—if it is properly complemented with finger-waving, water-waving, and the use of a waveset lotion. I have nothing against permanents—I think they're a splendid

thing and a boon to the feminine world. But I do think that many girls recklessly spend money on a permanent when they could wave their own hair less expensively and more attractively.

I waved Clarine's hair with water-wave combs (one doesn't need to pay a lot for them, you know) and a good waveset lotion. I found a lotion which is absolutely greaseless and does not make the hair sticky. I applied it liberally with the palm of my hand, then combed the hair flat down to the head before putting in the combs.

MANY girls who write to me say that they would like to wave their own hair with combs but that they cannot get good results. They say that they don't get waves at all—just a series of unattractive bumps. I admit that it takes a bit of practice, but every

girl with ten fingers and perseverance can learn. Here is the way I do it: I part the hair and comb it straight down the side of the head from the part. Now, waving the right side first (it's easier)—I take one of the combs firmly and draw it through the hair from the part to the temple—then stop. I insert the teeth of the comb well into the hair and give it a push, forward and up. That is my first wave—rather far from the part in order to look most attractive and natural. Then, I pick up the second comb and set it just the opposite way: teeth pointing away from the part and toward the teeth of the first comb; right close to the first comb; and firmly placed, so that the teeth of the two combs interlace or overlap. Now I proceed with the other combs: third one pushed back, fourth

(Continued on page 101)



Find the Twin Pirates to Qualify!

YO-HO-HO! Pirates bold and a treasure chest. Jewels, gold, silver. Treasure laden ships on the Spanish Main. Thoughts of these, and more, come to mind as you look at this picture of a lone man guarding a chest against a band of ruffians.

In the picture are two men who look alike and dress alike. They are "twin pirates." Can you pick them out? Look sharp! Keen eyes will find them, can you?



Indiana Farmer Wins \$3,500

C. H. Essig, R. R. 3, Argos, Ind., wrote: "I wish to acknowledge receipt of your \$3,500 prize check. I thank you 3,500 times for it. Oh, boy! This is the biggest sum of money I ever had in my hands in my life and I am tickled pink over it. When you think of the people who spend their whole lifetime working and in the end never realize such a sum, it is indeed a fortune to win."

Won \$650

S. H. Bennett, Lynchburg, Va., wrote, "I was more than pleased to receive the \$650.00 prize check. I am so well pleased with the nice treatment given me. I found your products all you claim for them."

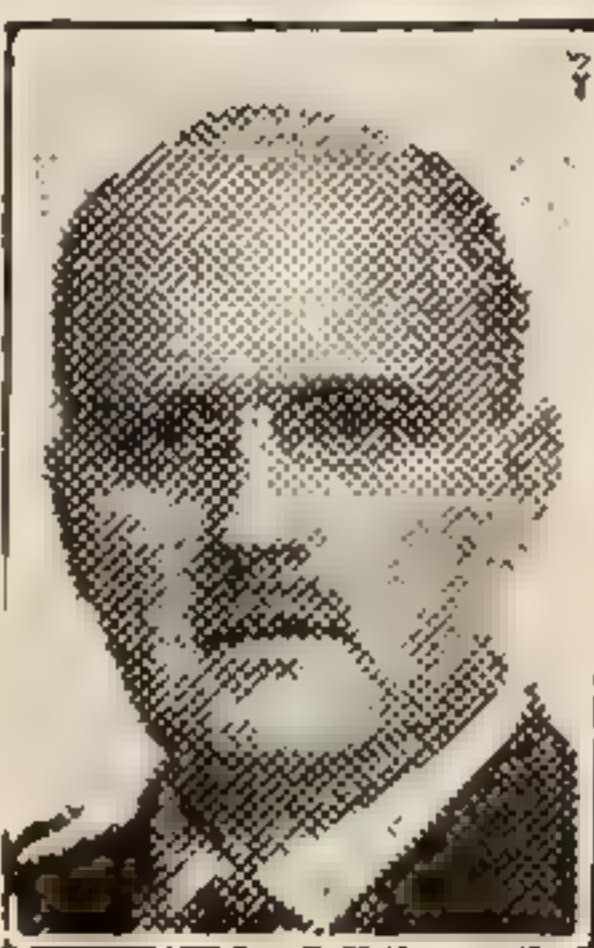
Won \$525

E. C. Tillman, Berwyn, Ill., wrote: "It is impossible to express my sincere appreciation for your check for \$525.00 prize. It came when I was out of work, which makes it 'look like a million dollars.'"



South Carolina Minister Wins

Dr. S. T. Willis, Pastor of the First Christian Church of Columbus, S. C., won a cash prize recently.



Hundreds have been rewarded in our past advertising campaigns. Mrs. Edna D. Ziler, of Kentucky, won \$1,950. Miss Tillie Bohle, of Iowa, \$1,500. Be prompt! Answer today!

More Than \$12,960.00 IN PRIZES

If you find the "twins" write their numbers in the coupon or a letter, mail to us and you will qualify for an opportunity to share in over \$12,960.00 in Prizes. Besides hundreds of dollars in special cash rewards. This offer is made by a reliable business house for advertising purposes. You are sure to be rewarded if you take an active part. In case of final ties duplicate prizes will be paid.

One hundred and three cash prizes will be given those who write us about this amazing advertising campaign. We will give away \$12,960.00 in cash. You are sure to profit if you take an active part. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be given. You get \$3,700 if you win grand first prize. In addition there are 102 other wonderful cash prizes. Grand second prize \$1,000 in cash. Grand third prize \$500 in cash. Also four other prizes of \$500.00 each and many others. All told \$12,960.00 in cash. Money to pay you is already on deposit in the Mercantile Trust and Savings Bank, a big Chicago bank.

All you do to qualify in this great advertising plan is to send your answer. Not a penny of your money is needed now or later. Send the coupon, postal, or letter at once for particulars. Thomas Lee, Mgr., 427 West Randolph Street, Dept. 883, Chicago, Ill.

Thomas Lee, Mgr., Dept. 883
427 West Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

The "Twin Pirates" are numbers . . . and . . . I want to win in your \$12,960.00 Prize Campaign. Send me full information.

My Name.....

Address.....

Town.....

State.....



In "Young Sinners," the new Fox picture, some snow scenes were essential so the company went on location to Lake Tahoe to get them. Edmund Breese, Dorothy Jordan, Thomas Meighan, Cecilia Loftus and James Kirkwood waiting for the camera call. John Blystone directed.

Between You and Me

(Continued from page 10)

We enjoy tremendously your "Scoops of the Month." But you forgot to tell us who the lady in the upper right hand picture on page 97 of the June issue is. We think it's Geraldine Farrar. Can you tell us?

MARGARET AND RUTH KOPPENHAVER,
Fargo, North Dakota.

(That's right, girls. Geraldine Farrar as Zaza.—*The Editor*.)

I have just read an article entitled "Secrets of the Hollywood Stylists" in your magazine. I enjoyed it, but I have a complaint to make. Haven't any of these stylists any consideration for tall girls? I mean extremely tall girls? Five feet, seven and a half, like myself.

MISS JOAN LOHMBARD,
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

(Why not write about your particular problems to Miss Virginia T. Lane, in care of MODERN SCREEN, Joan. She will be glad to help you.—*The Editor*.)

Here are three cheers for Elinor Glyn and the beautiful little story she wrote about Clara Bow. It really was wonderful.

KATHLEEN H. HOPKINS,
A Clara Bow Fan,
Whitinsville, Massachusetts.

I have read the article, "Joan Crawford Rebels," in your magazine. . . . I, for one, enjoyed it immensely. I absolutely gobble up every article on Joan Crawford and I heartily agree with her in so far as rebelling is concerned. It is my personal opinion that if any

changing has been done it has been Doug Fairbanks, Jr., who has changed—and who could be a better influence on him than our own dear Joan.

MRS. H. E. HANSON,
Chicago, Illinois.

More about our Joan

It just slays me—the way they keep throwing up to her that she was a chorus girl. . . . The chorus is the best place on earth to find out if you are a dancer. . . . I hope Joan never changes—and I'm sure Douglas Junior doesn't want her to. That's why he fell in love with her.

MADGE H.,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Joan likes Greta Garbo, does she? Well, I don't—I like Joan. She has more real, honest-to-goodness acting ability in her ear drum than Greta will ever have in her entire body. Sure, I'll say it again. Yes, I'll meet you in front of the town drugstore if you want to fight it out. . . . Take it from me, you people who say rude things about Joan Crawford, that gal has just started her motor—she's got far to go yet.

CLARA CORLEY,
Atlanta, Georgia.

And more about Greta—and lovely Marlene

Now, I am one of those who do not believe that there is much of a mystery about Garbo—save her fine talent, which, after all, is unanalyzable, untranslatable into words. She is a hu-

man being like the rest of us, but a much finer person, morally, mentally and physically. . . .

RICHARD E. PASSMORE,
Media, Pennsylvania.

I know you won't print this—perhaps not read it—but I have got to say it: why not let Greta Garbo go and give beautiful Joan Crawford a chance?

IDILLA ALLISON,
Detroit, Michigan.

In my estimation, all this publicity that is being centered around Garbo and Dietrich is . . . bunk. . . . It is true they are great actresses, but why not be content to accept their performances in a sane and respectful manner. . . . And I can't understand why we, the American public, seem indifferent to our domestic talent.

LEO BURKE,
Mason City, Iowa.

Please, oh please—isn't there anything to Dietrich's acting but legs and garters and lace panties? . . . Trying to attach a Garbo personality to a pair of chorus girl legs is a bit incongruous, don't you think?

ELIZABETH SMITH,
Washington, D. C.

Oh, yes—folks ask funny questions up here, too, Mrs. Pinkert

I used to be a cashier in a theatre and I wonder if you ever get such funny questions asked you as I did. Fans and patrons seemed to think I had an intimate acquaintance with the whole movie colony. Why, I've only seen four stars in the flesh—Thomas Meighan, Gary Cooper, Colleen Moore and Lupe Velez—and they wouldn't know me from Adam's house cat!

MRS. MARIE PINKERT,
Tampa, Florida.

We're glad to print a fan letter about a director

When it comes to psychological representation of characters, Von Sternberg is unique. He is a genius and will create great things in the cinema art. I can hardly await his "American Tragedy."

DIANE T. SCHROEDER,
Houston, Texas.

Did you read "Up From Heroism" in the July MODERN SCREEN?

Why are not more pictures of Edmund Lowe shown? He is in my estimation the best actor and the handsomest. And he is not conceited.

MRS. ELIZABETH FALKENSTEIN,
Louisville, Kentucky.

There'll be a Phillips Holmes story in the September issue, Mildred, I promise

I'm disappointed! In your May issue you said that there was a marvelous Phillips Holmes story coming—and when I bought the June issue, expecting it, it wasn't there. . . . Phillips is one popular boy with everyone I know.

MILDRED H. THOMAS,
San Francisco, California.

They Really Can Cook

(Continued from page 81)

hold a doughnut championship match with all comers! He learned the knack of cooking "holes with frames around 'em" when he served with the army in the Philippines. Even his wife, an excellent cook and a former domestic science teacher, isn't inclined to challenge Jimmy. She sticks to her own specialty, the famous Gleason Hash.

Ken Maynard, the Western star, has a "chuck wagon," which goes with him on location. He is an ace broiler of steaks. He makes delicious spaghetti, too; but every off-screen chef in film-dom swears that *his* spaghetti would put all the other cooks to culinary shame. If I gave one player's recipe for the dish, I'd have a score of supercilious young amateur chefs mentioning that of course *they* add a bit of mouse cheese or a *soupçon* of spices to give it *real* individuality! So will my readers please buy their spaghetti in cans and save me an argument?

At the "Keaton Kennel," a shack on the M-G-M lot where Buster dons his make-up, he often entertains friends in his off-hours. Here he concocts his famous chop suey—a mixture far too complicated for the average off-screen cook. It starts with peanut oil, flirts with bamboo shoots, salted almonds,

bean sprouts, and a dozen other amazing ingredients; adds such things as corn starch and soy sauce; and casually ends by dropping in a whole roast chicken, diced!

LOIS MORAN is the Fox kitchen champion. She is a very enthusiastic cook, who learned the art from that very practical woman—her mother. When she knows company is coming in for even such a negligible repast as afternoon tea, Lois rises very early and starts "making things." One of her most successful dishes is Baked Pineapple Tomatoes. First she scoops the centers out of six medium-sized tomatoes, and mixes the pulps with three slices of crispy fried, chopped bacon. One cup of crushed pineapple and one-half cup of bread crumbs are added to the mixture, which is used to stuff the tomato shells. Buttered bread crumbs and grated cheese are sprinkled on top, and the tomatoes are baked in a moderate oven for fifteen minutes.

It is seldom that Ann Harding interferes with the routine of her kitchen; however, Tuesday is the cook's night out—and the night Ann personally prepares her husband, Harry Bannister's, favorite dish—broiled steak with French

fried potatoes. On holidays she always prepares her own special chestnut dressing for the fowls.

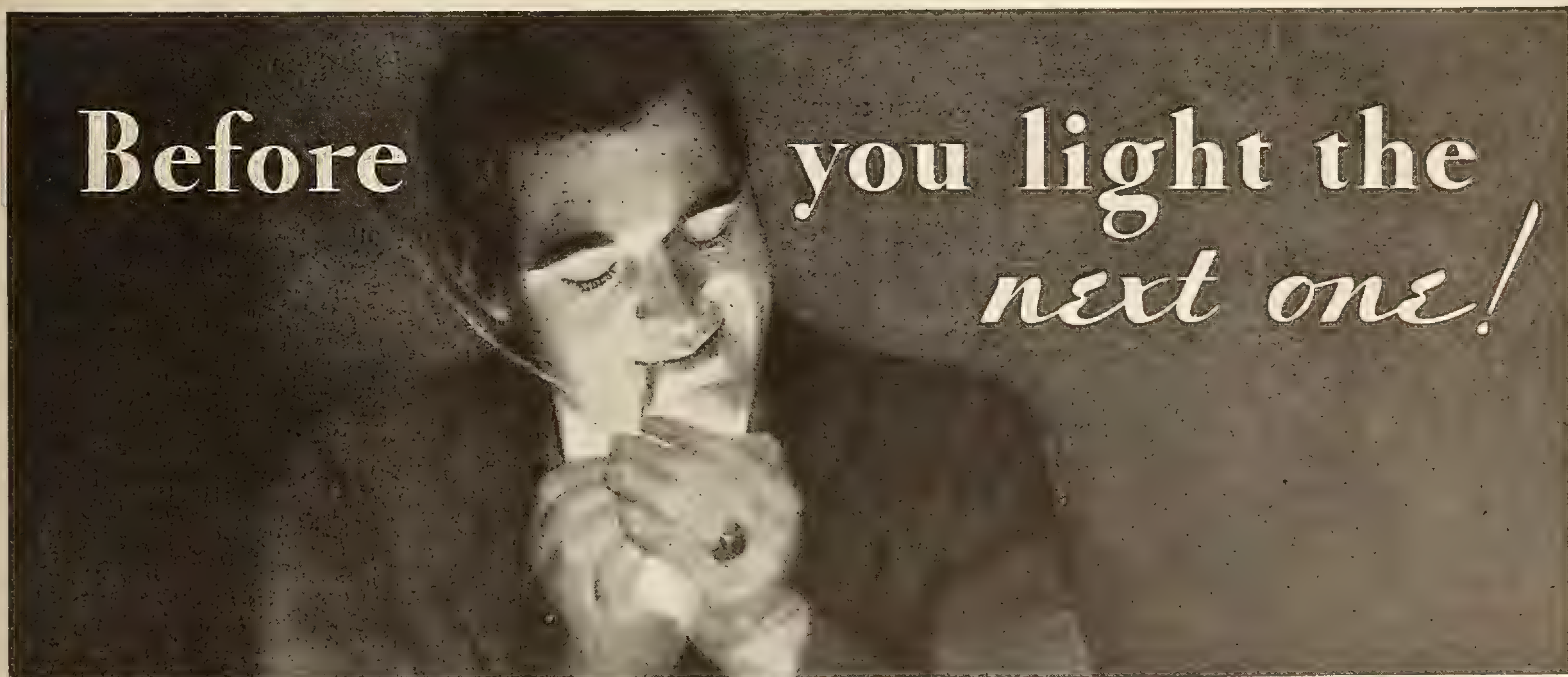
Irene Rich stuffs her turkeys, too; but her real delight is in cooking boxes of goodies for her two daughters.

Marie Dressler, one of Hollywood's best cooks, can make lots of Boston Cook Book folderols. But she has built her culinary reputation on such folksy things as ham 'n' eggs and toast, served to guests after the theatre when the cook has retired.

Oh, there are cooks galore in Hollywood—Richard Arlen, who has made buttermilk griddle-cakes a by-word to guests aboard his yacht; Janet Gaynor, who can make only one thing, her favorite between-meals treat—ice box cookies; Charles Rogers, who has an astounding recipe for eggs *chasseur* (which no self-respecting hen would ever recognize!). Bill Haines makes his own coffee; Lawrence Grant, his tea, in the real English manner. Ramon Navarro cooks *à la Mejicano*, and Fifi Dorsay does it *à la France*.

Even the irrepressible Jack Oakie shouts for honors in the kitchen: Why, he's the champion can-and-bottle opener of Hollywood! And what's more, he'll prove it for you any time.

OUR LEW AYRES STORY IN THE NEXT ISSUE WILL THRILL YOU WITH ITS WARMTH



Before you light the next one!

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MAKES THE NEXT SMOKE TASTE BETTER!

Buy a package of Beech-Nut Gum when you buy cigarettes or cigars. Chew it between smokes...It has the same effect as a good meal because it stimulates your taste sense...makes each smoke taste as good as the first one after breakfast...makes your smoking always enjoyable. *REMEMBER, there is no other gum quite so good as Beech-Nut.*

Made by Beech-Nut Packing Company—Also makers of Beech-Nut Fruit Drops



Also in
Spearmint and
Wintergreen flavors



Harry Bannister, Ann Harding and Lee Miles, the pilot, and the new Bellanca in which Miss Harding flew from Detroit to Hollywood. It's her own plane, you know. She's a licensed air pilot.

Directory of Players

(Continued from page 9)

GLEASON, JAMES; married to Lucille Webster; born in Portland, Ore. Write him at RKO-Pathé studio. Contract player. Jim in "Beyond Victory," RKO-Pathé. Cook Kelley in "It's a Wise Child" and Eddie in "A Free Soul," M-G-M.

GLEASON, RUSSELL; unmarried; born in Portland, Ore. Write him at RKO-Pathé studio. Free lance player. Featured rôle in "All Quiet on the Western Front," Universal. Russell in "Beyond Victory," RKO-Pathé. Juvenile lead in "Laugh and Grow Rich," RKO-Radio.

GORDON, GAVIN; unmarried; born in Chicora, Miss. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. The Parson in "Romance," M-G-M. Villain in "The Silver Horde," Radio. Muir in "The Great Meadow," M-G-M.

GRAVES, RALPH; married to Virginia Goodwin; born in Cleveland, Ohio. Write him at Columbia studio. Contract player-writer. Featured rôles in "Flight," "Submarine" and "Dirigible," Columbia, and male lead in "Salvation Nell," Cruze-Tiffany. Co-starred in "The Great Lover," M-G-M.

GRAY, LAWRENCE; unmarried; born in San Francisco, Cal. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Tom Warren in "Sunny," First National.

GREEN, HARRY; divorced from Mabel Hurst; born in New York City. Write him at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Herman in "The Spoilers," Maxie Mindell in "No Limit," Paramount.

GREEN, MITZI; child actress; born in New York City. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Becky in "Tom Sawyer," the daughter in "Finn and Hattie," featured rôle in "Dude Ranch" and "Skipper," all for Paramount.

GRIFFITH, CORINNE; married to Walter Morosco; born in Texarkana, Texas. Write her at Malibu Beach, Calif. Free lance player. Temporarily retired from screen.

HAINES, WILLIAM; unmarried; born in Staunton, Va. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Brennon in "Remote Control," stellar rôle

in "A Tailor-Made Man" and "Just a Gigolo," all for M-G-M.

HALL, JAMES; divorced from non-professional; born in Dallas, Texas. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Free lance player. Dan in "The Third Alarm," Tiffany. George in "Divorce Among Friends," Warner Bros. Male lead in "The Lightning Flyer," Columbia. Male leads in "Mother's Millions," Universal and "Good Bad Girl," Columbia.

HAMILTON, NEIL; married to Elsa Whitner; born in Lynn, Mass. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Starred in "Network," Fox. Ivan in "The Spy," Fox. Male lead in "Strangers May Kiss," M-G-M. Business man in "The Torch Song," M-G-M. Bob in "Girls Together," M-G-M.

HARDING, ANN; married to Harry Bannister; born in Fort Sam Houston, Texas. Write her at RKO-Pathé studio. Contract star. The wife in "East Lynne," Fox. Starred in "The Dark Flame" and "The Little Flat in the Temple," RKO-Pathé.

HARDY, OLIVER; divorced; born in Atlanta, Ga. Write him at Hal Roach studio. Contract star. Co-starred with Stan Laurel in "Their First Mistake," "Chickens Come Home to Roost" and "Be Big," all for Roach-M-G-M.

HARLOW, JEAN; divorced from Charles F. McGrew II; born in Chicago, Ill. Write her at United Artists studio. Caddo contract player. Feminine lead in "The Secret Six," M-G-M, and "The Iron Man," Universal. Featured rôles in "Goldie," Fox and "The Greeks Had a Word For It," Goldwyn-United Artists.

HERSHOLT, JEAN; married to non-professional; born in Copenhagen, Denmark. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Herr Schnabel in "Daybreak," and Herman in "Cheri-Bibi," M-G-M. Rudolph Kramer in "Transatlantic," Fox.

HOBART, ROSE; married to non-professional; born in New York City. Write her at Universal studio. Featured player. Feminine lead opposite Charles Farrell in "Liliom" and featured rôle in

"Chances," First National and "Waterloo Bridge," Universal.

HOLMES, PHILLIPS; unmarried; born in Grand Rapids, Mich. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Graham in "The Criminal Code," Columbia. Male lead in "Stolen Heaven" and "Confessions of a Co-ed," Clyde Griffiths in "The American Tragedy," all for Paramount.

HOLT, JACK; married to non-professional; born in Virginia. Write him at Columbia studio. Contract player. Starred in "Flight," "Submarine," "Dirigible," "Fifty Fathoms," "The Mad Parade" and "Subway Express," all for Columbia.

HOWARD, LESLIE; unmarried; born in Chicago, Ill. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Dwight Winship in "A Free Soul," Dan in "Never the Twain Shall Meet" and Berry in "Five and Ten," M-G-M.

HUGHES, LLOYD; married to Gloria Hope; born in Bisbee, Arizona. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance player. Co-starred in "Drums of Jeopardy," Tiffany. Juvenile lead in "Hell Bound," Cruze-Tiffany. Featured rôle in "The Great Air Robbery," Columbia.

HURST, PAUL; unmarried; born in New York City. Write him at Tiffany studio. Free lance player. Comedian in "Kick In," Paramount. Mezotski in "The Secret Six," M-G-M. Bartender in "The Common Law," RKO-Pathé.

HUSTON, WALTER; separated from wife; born in Toronto, Canada. Write him at First National studio. Contract star. The General in "The Virtuous Sin," Paramount. Warden Brady in "The Criminal Code," Columbia. Star of "Upper Underworld," First National.

HYAMS, LEILA; married to Phil Berg; born in New York City. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Feminine lead in "Cheri-Bebi," M-G-M.

JANNEY, LEON; child actor; born in Ogden, Utah. The kid brother in "Doorway to Hell," and Bill Emery in "Father's Son." Star of "Penrod and Sam," First National.

JANNEY, WILLIAM; unmarried; born in New York City. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance player. Gordon Scott in "The Dawn Patrol," First National. Tommy Brown in "The Pay Off," RKO-Radio. Freddie in "Girls Demand Excitement," Fox. Gregory Brown in "Meet the Wife," Christie-Columbia.

JANNINGS, EMIL; born in Brooklyn, N. Y.; educated in Germany. Now in Germany. Lead in "The Blue Angel," German picture now being shown here. Expected to make pictures in this country again shortly.

JOHNSON, KAY; married to John Cromwell; born in Mt. Vernon, N. Y. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Helen Chester in "The Spoilers," Paramount. Cassy in "Passion Flower," M-G-M. Anna in "The Spy," Fox. Starred in "The Single Sin," Tiffany.

JOLSON, AL; married to Ruby Keeler; born in Petrograd, Russia. Write him at United Artists studio. Contract star. Stellar rôle in "Big Boy," Warner Bros.

JORDAN, DOROTHY; unmarried; born in Clarksburg, Tenn. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Nancy in "Min and Bill," Ingenu lead in "Fore," M-G-M. Feminine lead in "Young Sinners," Fox, "Shipmates" and "A Tailor-Made Man," M-G-M.

KEATON, BUSTER; married to Natalie Talmadge; born in Pickway, Kan. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Stellar rôles in "Free and Easy," "Dough Boys" and "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath," all for M-G-M.

KENT, BARBARA; married to Tamar Lane; born in Gadsbury, Alberta, Canada. Write her at Universal studio. Free lance player. Juvenile lead in "What Men Want," Universal. Barbara in "Feet First" and Billie in "Welcome Danger," both for Harold Lloyd. Young sister in "Indiscreet," United Artists.

KENYON, DORIS; widow of Milton Sills; born in Syracuse, N. Y. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Nancy White in "Fame," First National. Featured rôle in "The Menace," First National. Mrs. Hamilton in "Alexander Hamilton," Warner Bros.

KERR, GEOFFREY; unmarried; born in London, England. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Contract player. Mr. Kerr is a well known stage actor who will make his talkie debut in "Waiting at the Church," with Mary Brian, for RKO-Radio.

KIRKWOOD, JAMES; divorced from Lila Lee, born in North Dakota. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "The Time, the Place, and the Girl," Warner Bros., and "Back Waters," World Wide. Speed Grogan in "The Conquering Horde," Paramount.

KNAPP, EVELYN; unmarried; born in New York City. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance player. Veronia in "Fame," First National. Barbara Allen in "The Millionaire," Warner Bros.

LAKE, ARTHUR; unmarried; born in Corbin, Ky. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance player. Juvenile lead in "Indiscreet," United Artists.

LANDI, ELISSA; unmarried; born in Venice, Italy. Write her at Fox studio. Featured player. Feminine lead opposite Charles Farrell in "Body and Soul," Lila in "Always Goodbye," both for Fox.

LANE, LOLA; unmarried; born in Indianola, Iowa. Write her at James Cruze studio. Free lance player. Feminine leads in "The Big Fight," "The Command Performance" and "Hell Bound," all for Cruze-Tiffany.

LA PLANTE, LAURA; married to William B. Seiter; born in St. Louis, Mo. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Featured rôle in "Lonely Wives," RKO-Pathé. Diane Churchill in "God's Gift to Women," First National. Gertrude Lennox in "Meet the Wife," Christie-Columbia. Feminine lead in "Arizona," Columbia.

LA ROCQUE, ROD; married to Vilma Banky; born in Chicago, Ill. Write him at Samuel Goldwyn studio. Free lance player. Title rôle in "Beau Bandit," RKO-Radio. Bob Brown in "Let Us Be Gay," M-G-M. Now in New York.

LAUREL, STAN; married to Lois Neilson; born in London, Eng. Write him at Hal Roach studio. Contract star. Co-starred with Oliver Hardy in "The Brat," "Their First Mistake," "Chickens Come Home," "Be Big," and "Pardon Us," all for Roach.

LEBEDEFF, IVAN; unmarried; born in Uspolai, Lithuania. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Contract player. Butch Miller in "The Conspiracy," Mischa in "The Midnight Mystery." Featured rôle in "Kept Husbands," star of "The Spy," all for RKO-Radio.

(Continued on page 102)

Beauty Advice

(Continued from page 96)

one pushed forward, and so on. The left side is the same—a little more difficult to do, that's all. The water-wave and the finger-wave (done without the aid of combs) are very attractive and natural-looking. For the girl whose hair has naturally very-nearly-perfect waves, finger-waving with a good wave-set lotion is simple and most flattering as to results.

Clarine stayed with me over a week and, since I wasn't satisfied that her hair had regained its natural lovely color, I gave her a second shampoo (following the oil treatment again) and finished her off with a mild color rinse—one of the best color-brighteners that I could find. A color rinse is *not* a dye, remember! It should be used discreetly, as all cosmetics should, and so used, it will not change the actual color of your hair. But it will bring out all the lights and tints that your hair naturally possesses.

CLARINE went back to Nantucket with her hair looking civilized again and promised to be a good girl and give herself careful shampoos once a week. Ordinarily, one should not shampoo the hair that often, but in the summer time, it is essential.

By the way, here's a tip for girls with long hair. When you coil your hair in back, twist in with it a fringe hairnet—you'll be surprised what an aid to neatness this is. All those little stray ends will be kept where they belong. And here's a tip for the girl whose hair "comes out of curl the minute she leaves the house." Apply brilliantine or your favorite perfume to those little ends around the ears. Wrap the hair round your finger. Fasten them with pins. Stand in front of an electric fan for a few minutes. Remove the pins. And—*voilà!* You have those fashionable little side curls—and they'll stay for a surprisingly long time.

Another aid to neatness for long and bobbed heads—try one of those bandannas made in cap and bandeau and scarf models. There are many gay colors to choose from. They're a great convenience on the beach, in a car, or in a boat.

Write to Mary Biddle about your beauty problems. She will be glad to help you. Address Mary Biddle, MODERN SCREEN Magazine, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York City, N. Y., and enclose a stamped, addressed envelope for a personal reply.

What About Johnny?

(Continued from page 19)

have a career in pictures.

A few days later Johnny was surprised to find himself out at M-G-M taking a "test" to see if he photographed well enough for a chance in the movies. Unfortunately, he did. The studio offered him a contract. Johnny was so overcome with the amount of money that could be made in Hollywood (more in one year than he could hope to make in Alabama in five) that he signed up. Not because he wanted to be an actor, but because he couldn't afford to pass up so much money.

First, he was given a small bit in "The Bugle Sounds." Then followed parts in "Fair Co-Ed" and "A Lady of Chance." Johnny's performances were called "adequate" but never anything more. Then he was chosen to play opposite Mary Pickford in "Coquette." It was the worst break he could have had. The reason I call it a "bad break" is because it gave Johnny and the rest of the world a false impression of his worth as an actor. All he had to do in "Coquette" was to play Johnny Mack Brown! All he had to do in the way of talking was to speak like Johnny Mack Brown.

THE studio was so pleased with his "acting" in this production that they shoved Johnny from one picture to another. First with Garbo, then with Crawford. They even decided to star Johnny as soon as he was able to carry a picture. They thought he could make

his first starring picture out of "The Great Meadow," inasmuch as he played the part of a boy from Kentucky, with a southern accent. But after the picture was completed—Johnny hadn't carried the picture—and Eleanor Boardman was given top billing. Then came "Billy the Kid," with Johnny in the title rôle. He was to have been starred in this picture, but Wallace Beery was much easier to remember after seeing it—so again Johnny wasn't starred. Next, they handed him the part of a reporter in "The Secret Six." There was another reporter in the picture . . . not so important as Johnny . . . played by Clark Gable. Johnny's rôle was supposed to be quite a bit bigger than the one played by Gable, but the audiences remember Clark.

And so it was, that when "Laughing Sinners" was finished and previewed, Johnny (who played the part of the Salvation Army boy who was to gain the sympathy of the audience) hadn't gained the sympathy of the audience at all. As a matter of fact, the audience's heart went to the very person for whom the author wanted the least sympathy. It was then decided that Johnny would have to step out of the part and make way for Clark Gable (who had overshadowed Johnny Mack in "The Secret Six"). Now, while another actor is making something of the rôle that was too much for him, Johnny Mack Brown is being loaned out to First National

(Continued on page 103)

GIRLS—this new kind of Face Powder restores youthful beauty to sun-parched skins!



Made with a soothing OLIVE OIL base to soften the skin and keep it supple!

YOUR MIRROR is quick to tell you when the sun and wind have made your skin too dry . . . How coarse and "leathery" your face looks, with tiny lines showing themselves around your mouth, under your eyes . . . How taut and drawn it appears—like a mask of brown parchment!

There's a simple way to prevent all this! . . . Today—and every day before you go out in the open—use OUTDOOR GIRL Olive Oil Face Powder. Notice how this luxurious powder helps your skin retain its clear, youthful freshness . . . its delicacy of coloring . . . its softness and elasticity. OUTDOOR GIRL gives your face a clean, comfortable feeling that lasts all day. Yet in spite of its unusual olive oil base, the powder is as fluffy-dry as any you have known.

Try this *different* face powder today! Discover for yourself how it will protect your complexion and keep it smooth and fresh. OUTDOOR GIRL comes in 7 popular shades, including Lido, Boulevard and Everglades—the lustrous new tone that goes so well with this year's complexions.

Regular size packages of this exquisite powder at 35c and \$1.00, together with other OUTDOOR GIRL Beauty Products, are available at the better drug and department stores. For trial purposes, generous introductory packages of all the OUTDOOR GIRL preparations at 10c each may also be had at the toilet goods counters of leading chain and variety stores. Enclosed in each box is a fascinating leaflet describing the secrets of artful makeup. Crystal Laboratories, 130 Willis Ave., N.Y.C.

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for Oily
Skins in the
Red Box . . .



With
OLIVE OIL
for Normal
Skins in the
Purple Box



Eight Paramount stars all in a row. But Jack Oakie changed his lot and then there were seven. Groucho Marx, Stuart Erwin, Norman Foster, Skeets Gallagher, Eugene Pallette, Jack Oakie, Carole Lombard and Mitzie Green.

Directory of Players

(Continued from page 100)

LEE, DOROTHY; married to James Fidler; born in Los Angeles, Calif. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Contract player. Juvenile lead in "Rio Rita." Featured rôle in "Dixiana." Annette in "Half Shot at Sunrise." Feminine lead in "Hook, Line and Sink." Starred in "Laugh and Get Rich," all for RKO-Radio.

LEE, GWEN; unmarried; born in Hastings, Neb. Write her at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Our Blushing Brides," and "Caught Short." Anna in "Paid," all for M-G-M. Featured rôle in "Traveling Husbands," RKO-Radio.

LEE, LILA; divorced from James Kirkwood; born in New York City. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Feminine lead in "The Gorilla." First National. Rosie in "The Unholy Three," M-G-M. Now back in Hollywood after long illness. Featured rôle in "Misbehaving Ladies," First National.

LIGHTNER, WINNIE; married to George Holtrey; born in Greenport, L. I. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. Toots in "Hold Everything." Flo in "Life of the Party." Winnie in "Sit Tight." Nita in "Red Hot Sinners." Starred in "Side Show." Title rôle in "Gold Dust Gertie," all Warner Bros.

LIVINGSTON, MARGARET; unmarried; born in Salt Lake City, Utah. Write her at Columbia studio. Free lance player. Mae in "Big Money," RKO-Pathé. Mabel Robinson in "God's Gift to Women," Warner Bros. Featured rôle in "Smart Money," First National.

LLOYD, HAROLD; married to Mildred Davis, born in Burchard, Neb. Write him at Metropolitan studio. Paramount contract producer star. Stellar rôles in "Speedy," "Feet First," "Welcome Danger." Soon to appear in new adventure comedy.

LOFF, JEANETTE; divorced from Harry Rosebloom; born in Orofino, Idaho. Write her at Universal studio. Contract player. Greta in "The Boudoir Diplomat," Universal.

LOMBARD, CAROLE; unmarried; born in Fort Wayne, Ind. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Feminine lead in "Racketeer," RKO-Pathé. Feminine lead in "Ladies' Man," Paramount. Starred in "It Pays to Advertise," Paramount. Leading feminine rôle in "Man of the World" with William Powell, Paramount. Second lead in "The Greeks Had a Word for It," Samuel Goldwyn-United Artists.

LOVE, BESSIE; married to William Hawkes; born in Midland, Texas. Write her at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Feminine leads in "Good News," M-G-M, and "The Conspiracy," RKO-Radio. Ellen in "See America Thirst," Universal. Now on the Los Angeles stage.

LOWE, EDMUND; married to Lilyan Tashman; born in San Jose, Calif. Write him at Fox studio. Contract star. David Cresson in "Good Intentions." Sir John Usher and Dakin Barrolles in "Scotland Yard." Jim Murdock in "The Shep-

per Newfounder." Starred in "Don't Bet on Women." Co-starred in "Women of All Nations," title rôle in "The Spider" and Monty Greer in "Transatlantic," all for Fox.

LOY, MYRNA; unmarried; born in Helena, Mont. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Mary in "The Devil to Pay," Sam Goldwyn. Featured rôle in "Women of All Nations," Fox. Alice Lester in "Body and Soul," Queen Morgan in "The Connecticut Yankee," and Kay Graham in "Transatlantic," all for Fox. Evie in "Rebound," RKO-Pathé.

LUGOSI, BELA; unmarried; born in Lugos, Hungary. Write him at Universal studio. Contract star. Title rôle in "Dracula," Universal. Tarneverro in "The Black Camel," Fox. Title rôle in "Frankenstein," Universal.

LUKAS, PAUL; married to non-professional; born in Budapest, Hungary. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Berci in "Grumpy." Gustave Saxon in "Anybody's Woman." Carl Heiden in "Unfaithful." Heavy in "City Streets." Male lead in "Women Love Once," Paramount.

LYNN, SHARON; unmarried; born in Weatherford, Texas. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Edith Laverne in "Up the River." Feminine lead in "The Vamp." Mrs. Lowe in "Lightnin'," all for Fox. Featured rôle in "Laugh and Get Rich," RKO-Radio.

LYON, BEN; married to Bebe Daniels; born in Atlanta, Ga. Write him at First National studio. Contract player. Male lead in "Indiscreet," United Artists. Co-starred with Dorothy Mackaill in "Party Husbands," Warner Bros. Jack Hackett in "Broadminded," First National. Co-starred with Bebe Daniels in "Her Past," Warner Bros. Male lead in "Night Nurse," First National, and "Bought!" Warner Bros.

LYTELL, BERT; married to Grace Menken; born in Newark, N. J. Write him at Columbia studio. Free lance player. Title rôle in "The Lone Wolf" and dual rôle in "Brothers," both for Columbia. Male lead in "The Single Sin," Tiffany.

MACDONALD, JEANNETTE; unmarried; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Helene Mara in "Monte Carlo," Paramount. Carlotta in "Oh! For a Man!" Fox. Feminine lead in "Don't Bet on Women," Fox. Starred in "Two Can Play," Fox.

MACKAILL, DOROTHY; divorced from Lothar Mendez; born in Hull, Eng. Write her at First National studio. Contract star. Diana Barry in "Once a Sinner," and Emily in "This Modern World," both for Fox. Starred in "Kept Husbands," RKO-Radio. Laura in "Party Husbands," Warner Bros. Starred in "The Reckless Hour" and "As Good As New," First National.

MANNERS, DAVID; separated from Suzanne Bushnell; born in Halifax, N. S. Write him at First National studio. Contract player. Artie in "Mother's Cry," First National. Joe Copeland in "The Right to Love," Paramount. Bill Merrick

in "The Millionaire," Warner Bros. Juvenile lead in "Upper Underworld" and "Spent Bullets," First National. Male lead in "The Miracle Woman," Columbia.

MARCH, FREDRIC; married to Florence Eldridge; born in Racine, Wis. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Dan O'Bannon in "Man-slaughter." Lockridge in "Laughter." Tony Cavendish in "The Royal Family of Broadway," all for Paramount. Lead in "Honor Among Lovers" and "The Night Angel," Paramount.

MARIS, MONA; unmarried; born in Buenos Aires. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Feminine leads in "The Arizona Kid," "Sez You, Sez Me" and "The Seas Beneath," all for Fox.

MARSH, JOAN; unmarried; born in Porterville, California. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Dance, Fools, Dance," "A Tailor-Made Man" and "Shipmates," all for M-G-M.

MARSH, MARION; unmarried; born in Trinidad, British West Indies. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract player. She appeared for the first time in an important rôle as Trilby in "Svengali," opposite John Barrymore. Feminine lead in "The Mad Genius," also with John Barrymore and "Co-Respondent," all Warner Bros.

MEIGHAN, THOMAS; married to Frances Ring; born in Pittsburgh, Penna. Write him at Fox studio. He returns to the screen, after a long absence, in "Two Can Play," with Jeannette MacDonald.

MENJOU, ADOLPHE; married to Kathryn Carver; born in Pittsburgh, Pa. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Lee Bissière in "Morocco," Paramount. Featured rôle in "New Moon," M-G-M. Villain in "The Easiest Way," M-G-M. Managing Editor in "Front Page," Caddo-United Artists. Tony in "The Great Lover," M-G-M.

MERCER, BERYL; divorced from Holmes Herbert; born in Madrid, Spain. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Free lance player. Martha in "Inspiration," M-G-M. Mother in "The Public Enemy," Warner Bros. Featured rôle in "East Lynne." Mother in "Always Goodbye," Fox.

MILJAN, JOHN; married to the former Mrs. Creighton Hale; born in Leeds, S. D. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Prosecutor in "The Unholy Three," Prof. Kruger in "Remote Control." Inspector Burke in "Paid," all for M-G-M. Featured rôle in "The Iron Man," Universal. Colimo in "The Secret Six" and Florie in "A Gentleman's Fate," both for M-G-M.

MILLER, MARILYN; divorced from Jack Pickford; born in Evansville, Ind. Write her at First National studio. Contract star. Title rôles in "Sally" and "Sunny," First National.

MONTGOMERY, ROBERT; married to Elizabeth Allen; born in Beacon, N. Y. Write him at

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What About Johnny?

(Continued from page 101)

Studio for a rôle with Dick Barthelmess in "Spent Bullets." And after that, to Universal for the second lead in "Lasca of the Rio Grande." Then, where?

IT is the hope of those in Hollywood who love Johnny that he will take his sweet little wife and their darling baby and leave for home the day that M-G-M decides not take up his option. Johnny isn't for Hollywood . . . and Hollywood isn't for Johnny. He never had any desire for a dramatic career. He never had the self-confidence of a born actor. Johnny still drives the delapidated little car that he had when he first came to Hollywood! Until very recently, he lived in a very small house, just as he would have done, had he stayed in Alabama! He still loves to eat green onions and southern-fried chicken. He gets a huge kick out of knocking down those little clay pigeons

in the shooting galleries at the beach. He is continually bringing home "mut" dogs and keeping them as long as they will stay . . . just as he would have done in Alabama. He, unlike most persons in pictures today, loves to have the studio take publicity pictures of his wife and baby. His idea of an exciting evening is to go over to George Fawcett's house and have a quiet game of checkers with his old friend! Not exactly a wild Hollywoodite.

There is not one characteristic in Johnny's entire make-up that stamps him as a part of Hollywood. Will there ever be another picture like "Coquette" for the boy who has a rich southern accent but little innate acting ability? Probably not.

Alabama is the place for Johnny . . . the place where he can be normal and happy . . . may he go there and find contentment. Here's luck to the boy who never should have come to Hollywood.

This Man Has Known Terror

(Continued from page 41)

on the trampled snow.

That child was George E. Stone!

"When I regained consciousness," says Georgie, "I was in a dungeon. I don't know how I got there. There was a great wound on my head, the scar of which I still carry. Sick, cold and hungry I lay on the bare stone floor for three days. I don't know how I kept alive. It was dark, too, and I was frightened, of course. When a jailor at last let me out, I was so weak I could hardly walk but somehow I managed to make my way home to my mother and sisters who thought, of course, that I had been killed in the pogrom."

Driven out by the constant persecution, the father had gone to America to make a home for them. Saving all he could for their passage, there was little to send home to Poland. When at last the money came, they were overjoyed, but their troubles were not yet over. Unable to secure passports from Poland, they were smuggled into Germany to take the boat.

"First we were put in a wagon, beneath a load of hay," Mr. Stone's eyes seemed to be far away. "Then we walked for hours through the snow and twice we waded streams, my mother carrying me through the icy water which reached above her waist."

Arriving in America they were turned back at Ellis Island because of an affliction of the eyes suffered by a younger sister!

THE heartbroken journey back to Poland and again the long wait. Again they were smuggled through and again turned back as happiness was in sight. The hardships of long poverty and those two desperate and cruel trips was too much for the mother. She

died soon after their return.

"People in America don't know what poverty is," George smiled at the memory. "In Poland, even the most ordinary luxuries were unknown to us. Once my father sent a pineapple from America, the first we had ever seen. It was so great a treat that we kept it for months, each of us children being given a small piece, the size of a finger, every Sunday."

Again—traveling alone this time—the children started for America. They landed on Decoration Day. The bands were playing, the flags flying, the people marching. They thought that every day in the new land was like that, a fête day. When the father met them, he brought a bag of fruit and gave little Georgie his first banana. He tried to eat it, skin and all!

"It had taken us more than a month to make the passage. Conditions were terrible in the steerage. We were crowded in filth with the sick lying on the floor. Our food was thrown to us as if we had been animals."

THEN came George E. Stone's first public appearance. Able to sing, he induced a sailor who owned an accordion to accompany him and on the upper decks they entertained the first class passengers, with the money which they tossed to him, he bought better food for himself and his sisters.

"But for that," he admits, "I think two of them would have died."

A few months in America, a smattering of English and of new ways and customs. A cruel step-mother made life at home unbearable.

"I thought it was an easy day when I wasn't kicked and beaten before bed time!" He spoke without rancor.

(Continued on page 105)

3 summertime BATHS



For more enjoyable evenings

Here is a bath to relieve after-work weariness. Especially helpful in summer. Starts warm, ends cold (see booklet). Makes you look better, feel better.



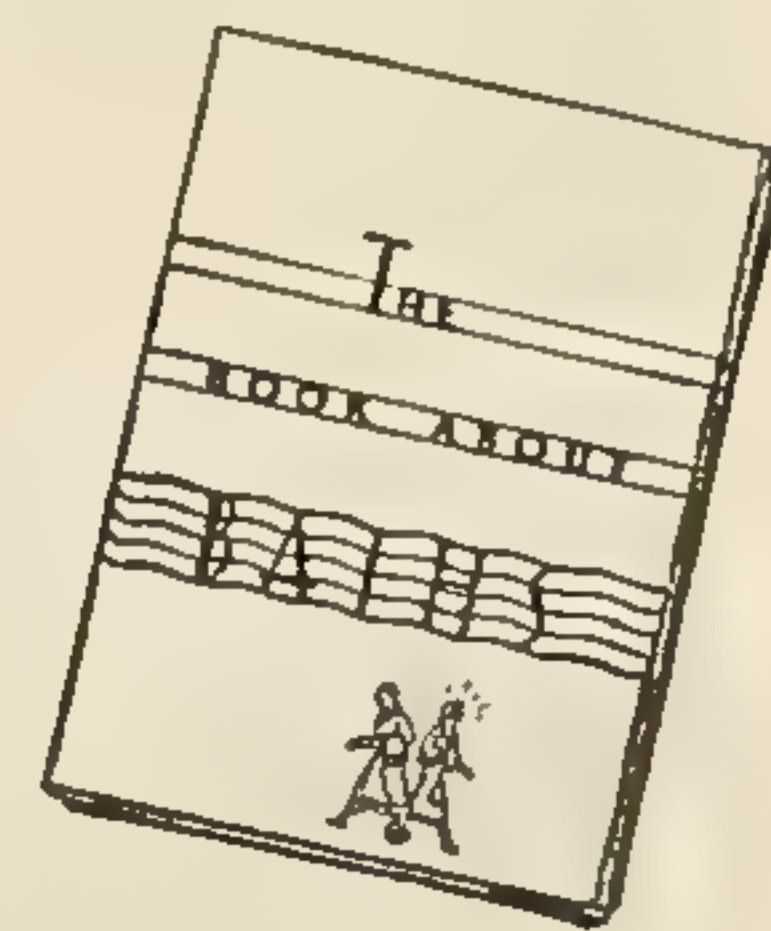
An early morning eye-opener

The "wake-up bath" is particularly refreshing after sultry summer nights. Similar to the after-work bath above, see page 6 of booklet below.



After strenuous exercise

Depend on this one throughout the year! For, as our free booklet explains, hot water relaxes muscles, relieves fatigue, prevents soreness.



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Directory of Players

(Continued from page 102)

M-G-M studio. Contract star. Wally in "War Nurse." André in "Inspiration." Male lead in "The Easiest Way" and a leading rôle in "Strangers May Kiss." Starred in "Shipmates," all for M-G-M.

MOORE, GRACE; unmarried; born in Philadelphia, Penna. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Leading rôle in "A Lady's Morals." Success Tanya in "New Moon," both for M-G-M.

MOORE, MATT; unmarried; born in County Meath, Ireland. Write him at Columbia studio. Free lance player. Character part in "Coquette," United Artists. Male lead in "The Squealer," Columbia. Reporter in "The Front Page," Caddo-United Artists.

MOORE, MICKIE; child actor; born in Los Angeles, Calif. Write him at Universal studio. Free lance player. Featured boy rôles in "Passion Flower" and "The Squawman," M-G-M, "Aloha," Tiffany, "Seed," Universal, and "Helga," Radio.

MOORE, OWEN; married to Kathryn Perry; born in County Meath, Ireland. Write him at Universal studio. Free lance player. Fingers O'Dell in "Outside the Law," Universal. Featured rôle in "Hush Money," Fox.

MORAN, LOIS; unmarried; born in Pittsburgh, Pa. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Stellar rôle in "True Heaven." Diana in "Play Called Life." Starred in "Blondes" and "Transatlantic," Fox.

MORAN, POLLY; unmarried; born in Chicago, Ill. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Polly in "Remote Control," Polly in "Reducing," maid in "The Bachelor Father," and Polly in "Politics," all for M-G-M.

MORENO, ANTONIO; married to Daisy Canfield; born in Madrid, Spain. Write him at M-G-M studio. Free lance player-director. Featured rôles in "Synthetic Sin" and "Careers," First National, and "Night Court," Paramount.

MORLEY, KAREN; unmarried; born in Ottumwa, Iowa. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Liane in "Inspiration" and featured rôle in "Never the Twain Shall Meet."

MORRIS, CHESTER; married to Sue Kilbourne; born in New York City. Write him at United Artists studio. Contract star. Male lead in "The Bat Whispers" and "Corsair," Both United Artists.

MORTON, CHARLES; unmarried; born in Vallejo, Calif. Write him at Fox studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Christina," Fox, "Caught Short," M-G-M. Mert in "The Dawn Trail," Columbia. Richard Williams in "Check and Double Check," RKO-Radio.

MULHALL, JACK; married to Evelyn Winans; born in Wappinger's Falls, N. Y. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance player. Johnny Quinlan in "The Fall Guy," RKO-Radio. Comedy lead in "For the Love o' Lil," Columbia. Featured rôle in "Reaching for the Moon," United Artists. Male lead in "Waiting at the Church," RKO-Radio. Co-starred in "Lover Come Back," Columbia.

MUNI, PAUL; married to Bella Finckle; born in Vienna, Austria. Write him at Fox studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "The Valiant" and "Seven Faces," Fox. Gangster in "Scarface," United Artists.

MUNSON, ONA; separated from Eddie Buzzell; born in Portland, Oregon. Write her at First National studio. Contract player. Feminine leads in "Going Wild," "The Hot Heiress," "Broadminded," all First National.

MURRAY, CHARLES; married to non-professional; born in Ireland. Write him at Universal studio. Free lance player. Co-starred in "The Cohens and the Kellys in Scotland" and "The Cohens

and the Kellys in Africa," both for Universal. Co-starred in "Caught Cheating," Tiffany. Now starring in series of two-reelers for Universal.

MURRAY, J. HAROLD; married to non-professional; born in South Berwick, Maine. Write him at Fox studio. Featured rôles in "Tonight and You" and "Women Everywhere," both for Fox.

McCREA, JOEL; unmarried; born in South Pasadena, California. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Contract player. Boyd Emmerson in "The Silver Horde" and Dick in "Kept Husbands," RKO-Radio. Harry Craig in "Born to Love," and Neville in "The Common Law," RKO-Pathé.

McKENNA, KENNETH; married to Kay Francis; born in New York City. Write him at Fox studio. Contract player-director. Victor in "The Virtuous Sin," Paramount. Gaylord Stanton in "Sin Takes a Holiday," RKO-Pathé. Capt. Traselau in "The Man Who Came Back," Fox.

McLAGLEN, VICTOR; married to non-professional; born in London, Eng. Write him at Fox studio. Contract player. Stellar rôles in "Hot for Paris," "Painted Women," "Women of all Nations," and "Not Quite a Gentleman," all for Fox. Russian spy in "Dishonored," Paramount.

NAGEL, CONRAD; married to Ruth Helms; born in Keokuk, Iowa. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Stephen Ferrier in "Free Love," Universal. Husband in "East Lynne," Fox. Dick Lindley in "Gambling Daughters," Universal. Male lead in "The Reckless Hour," First National. Male lead in "Helga," RKO-Radio.

NISSEN, GRETA; unmarried; born in Oslo, Norway. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Greta in "Women of All Nations" and Sigrid Carlene in "Transatlantic," Fox.

NIXON, MARIAN; married to Edward Hillman; born in Superior, Wis. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Free lance player. Muriel in "Courage," Warner Bros. Romantic lead in "The Lash," First National. Feminine lead in "Ex-Flame," Liberty.

NORTON, BARRY; unmarried; born in Buenos Aires. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Starred in Spanish version of "The Benson Murder Case." Featured rôle in "Dishonored," and male lead in "The Comedian," both for Paramount.

NOVARRO, RAMON; unmarried; born in Durango, Mexico. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Stellar rôles in "Devil May Care," "In Gay Madrid," "Call of the Flesh," "The Student Prince," and "Daybreak."

NUGENT, EDDIE; married to non-professional; born in New York City. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôle in "Shipmates," M-G-M. Eagan in "Night Nurse," Warner Bros.

NUGENT, ELLIOTT; married to Norma Lee; born in Dover, Ohio. Write him at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "The Unholy Three" and "Romance," M-G-M. Sandy in "For the Love o' Lil," Columbia. Title rôle in "The Virtuous Husband," Universal. Featured rôle in "Spent Bullets," First National.

NUGENT, J. C.; widower; born in Niles, Ohio. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player-writer. Featured rôles in "Those Three French Girls" and "Remote Control," M-G-M. Schofield in "The Millionaire," Warner Bros. Mr. Olwell in "The Virtuous Husband," Universal.

OAKIE, JACK; unmarried; born in Sedalia, Mo. Write him at Paramount studio. Free lance star. Starred in "June Moon," "Gang Buster," and

"Dude Ranch," all for Paramount. Title rôle in "Mr. Noodle," Paramount.

OLAND, WARNER; married to Edith Shearn, born in Umea, Sweden. Write him at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Fu Manchu, in "The Return of Dr. Fu Manchu," and featured rôle in "Dishonored," both for Paramount. Villain in "Drums of Jeopardy," Tiffany. Title rôle in "Charlie Chan Carries On," and leading rôle in "The Black Camel," Fox.

O'BRIEN, GEORGE; unmarried; born in San Francisco, Calif. Write him at Fox studio. Contract star. Stellar rôles in "Rough Romance," "Fair Warning," "Rainbow Trail," and "The Seas Beneath," all for Fox.

O'BRIEN, PAT; married to non-professional; born in New York City. Write him at United Artists studio. Caddo contract player. Hildy Johnson in "Front Page," Caddo-United Artists. Male lead in "Personal Maid," Paramount.

O'SULLIVAN, MAUREEN; unmarried; born in Dublin, Ireland. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Juvenile leads in "So This Is London" and "Song o' My Heart." Princess Louise in "The Princess and the Plumber," LN-16 in "Just Imagine," feminine lead in "The Connecticut Yankee," all for Fox.

PAGE, ANITA; unmarried; born in Flushing, N. Y. Isabelle in "The Little Accident," Universal. Joy in "War Nurse," Vivian in "Reducing" and featured rôles in "A Gentleman's Fate" and "The Easiest Way," all for M-G-M.

PAGE, PAUL; married to Edith Allis; born in Chicago, Ill. Write him at First National studio. Free lance player. Alan Ward in "The Naughty Flirt," First National. Juvenile lead in "Palmy Days," Sam Goldwyn-United Artists.

PALLETTE, EUGENE; divorced from non-professional; born in Winfield, Kans. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Doc Brady in "Santa Fé Trail," Hyncinth Nitouche in "Sea Legs," "Seth in Fighting Caravans," and comedy lead in "Twenty-Four Hours," all for Paramount.

PICKFORD, MARY; married to Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., born in Toronto, Canada. Write her at United Artists studio. Contract star. Title rôle in "Coquette." Co-starred with Doug in "The Taming of the Shrew." Title rôle in "Kiki," all for United Artists.

POWELL, WILLIAM; divorced from Eileen Wilson; born in Kent City, Mo. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. Jim Nelson in "Shadow of the Law." William Foster in "For the Defense." Hero of "Man of the World," all for Paramount. Stellar rôle in "Co-Respondent," Warner Bros.

PRINGLE, AILEEN; married to non-professional; born in San Francisco, Calif. Write her at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Featured rôle in "Dream of Love," M-G-M. Feminine lead in "Subway Express," Columbia.

QUILLAN, EDDIE; unmarried; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write him at RKO-Pathé studio. Contract star. Stellar rôle in "Up and At 'Em." Will Musher in "Night Work." Eddie Martin in "Big Money," all for RKO-Pathé. Title rôle in "The Whoop-Te-Do Kid," RKO-Pathé.

RAMBEAU, MARJORIE; divorced; born in San Francisco, California. Write her at M-G-M studio. Featured player. Belle in "Min and Bill," Lulu in "Inspiration," and featured rôles in "Strangers May Kiss," "Imposter," "The Secret Six" and "Torch Song" and Diane in "Girls Together," all for M-G-M.

REVIER, DOROTHY; married to Harry Revier; born in San Francisco, Calif. Write her at Columbia studio. Free lance player. Feminine leads in "Fight," "Ladies of Leisure," "Submarine," and "The Avenger," all for Columbia.

RICH, IRENE; married to David Blankenhorn; born in Buffalo, N. Y. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance player. Mother in "Check and Double Check," RKO-Radio. Mother in "Beau Ideal," RKO-Radio. Mother in "The Mad Parade," Liberty. Cella in "Strangers May Kiss," and Jenny in "Five and Ten," M-G-M.

ROBINSON, EDWARD G.; married to non-professional; born in Chicago, Ill. Write him at First National studio. Contract star. Dominic in "The Widow from Chicago," Rico Bandello in "Little Caesar." Russian ballet master in "Smart Money," and leading rôle in "Five Star Final," all for First National.

ROGERS, CHARLES; unmarried; born in Olathe, Kas. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract star. Jerry Downs in "Follow Thru." Stellar rôle in "Heads Up." Larry Brooks in "Along Came Youth." Star of "Manhattan Musketeers," and "The Lawyer's Secret," all for Paramount.

ROGERS, GINGER; divorced from Jack Pepper; born in Independence, Kas. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Puff Randolph in "Young Man of Manhattan." Polly Rockwell in "Queen High." Ellen Saunders in "The Sap From Syracuse." Mary in "Manhattan Mary." Comedienne in "Honor Among Lovers," Paramount. Now on New York stage in "Girl Crazy."

ROGERS, WILL; married to non-professional; born in Olagah, Okla. Write him at Fox studio. Contract star. Stellar rôles in "They Had to See Paris," "So This Is London," "Lightnin'," "The Connecticut Yankee," and "Young As You Feel," and the title rôle in "The Ambassador for U. S." all for Fox.

ROLLINS, DAVID; unmarried; born in Kansas City, Mo. Write him at Fox studio. Contract player. Juvenile leads in "The Black Watch," "Love, Live and Laugh," "The Big Trail" and "The Seas Beneath," all for Fox.

ROTH, LILLIAN; unmarried; born in Boston, Mass. Write her at Paramount studio. Cora Faulkner in "Honey." Arabella Rittenhouse in "Animal Crackers." Adrienne in "Sea Legs," all for Paramount.

SCOTT, FRED; unmarried; born in Fresno, Calif. Write him at RKO-Pathé studio. Gerry in "Swing High." Featured rôle in "Beyond Victory," both for RKO-Pathé.

SEBASTIAN, DOROTHY; married to Bill Boyd; born in Birmingham, Ala. Write her at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Our Blushing Brides," M-G-M, "Officer O'Brien," RKO-Pathé and "The Utah Kid," Tiffany. Lead in "The Lightning Flyer," Columbia.



Pola Negri and Tade Styka, the famous artist, with the portrait of Miss Negri which he recently painted. The Negri fans are still anxiously awaiting the title of her come-back picture.

(Continued on page 106)

This Man Has Known Terror

(Continued from page 103)

He ran away to New York and there obtained a place in a hat factory at a wage of \$5.00 a week. Two dollars of this went for a room and out of the remaining three he saved a little each week. Always he was on the alert to improve his English and to take a step upward. One day while making a delivery on Sixth Avenue, he passed a labor agency which advertised for a page.

"I thought a page was a bell-boy," he smiles, "and I had heard they got good tips."

He applied, paid a fee of five dollars and was sent to the Lamb's Club as a page.

I WAS so ignorant that I almost lost my job but they let me stay. I was thrilled to serve the many famous actors who came there, but William Farnum was my favorite. One morning when sent to his room with a breakfast tray, I was so nervous that I shook most of the coffee from his cup. He laughed, talked to me and soon afterward got me a job as an extra in the old Fort Lee studios. The seven dollars a day was wealth beyond dreams to me."

From that time on, George E. Stone has followed a professional career. A while in pictures as an extra, then into vaudeville and then musical comedy. He came to Hollywood in 1927 as master of ceremonies for "The Plantation," a supper club near the film capital. His re-entrance into pictures came with "Seventh Heaven."

That picture proved to be the hit of the year but it was nine months before Mr. Stone obtained another part. Since then he has appeared in many pictures; as "Sparrow" in "Tenderloin," as "Slinky" in "State Street Sadie," "Monkey Face" in "The Redeeming Sin" and "Orto" in "Little Caesar."

I THOUGHT I was going to play gangsters always," he confesses, "when one night I happened to attend a bridge party at which Wesley Ruggles was present. Again an unexpected break."

"I saw Mr. Ruggles watching me narrowly and as I had been kidding with the girl who was with him, I

wondered if I had made him angry. When he suddenly threw down his cards and walked over to my table I didn't know what to expect.

"I want you to come over and make a test for the part of 'Sol Levy' in 'Cimarron' he said, and I breathed a sigh of relief.

"As soon as I read the part I knew I wanted it more than anything in the world. I could 'feel' the rôle of the little Jewish peddler and was overjoyed when it was given to me, but then the trouble began. They wanted me to make him a 'sheeny' Jew with a comic dialect, hand waving and all of that. I knew 'Sol Levy' was not that type of character and refused. I thought for awhile that they would replace me but when we shot the first scene, where I break away from 'Lon Yontis' and fall across the scales, I knew I had won. When the rushes were shown, Mr. Ruggles, Richard Dix and the others put their arms around my shoulders and told me to go ahead with my own 'Sol Levy'."

FOR those who know the gentleness, the sweetness and the quiet humor of the man, it is difficult to say when "Sol Levy" began and "Georgie" Stone ended, for they are much the same. Millions who see the picture will rejoice in the little Jewish peddler of "Cimarron" as Georgie Stone saw him.

Casting "The Front Page," Lewis Milestone was quick to see that no other man in Hollywood could so well portray the fear-crazed, persecuted little communist, "Earl Williams." The performance which Georgie turned in more than justified Milestone's judgment for every heart in the audience went out in sympathy to the bewildered little wretch, caught in the grasp of a law he did not understand.

It is a far cry from the snow covered streets of Lodze and the thunder of Cossack hoofs to the palm shaded vistas of Hollywood and from a tenement crust to luncheon at the Brown Derby, and the marks of that long and perilous climb are etched deep upon the sensitive soul that looks out from the gentle eyes of Georgie Stone. Perhaps it explains "Sol Levy" and "Earl Williams"—two perfect characterizations.

Long Live Charles Rogers

(Continued from page 47)

Was that the real Rogers? Had I been right in thinking him to be a fine example of young America? Were these later "cute young boys" with the smiling pans and weak backs only a mistake? I couldn't answer the questions . . . so I decided to see for myself.

"Hello," he said, as I walked in the door of his Beverly Hills home. "Haven't seen you since that time we were first introduced over at the studio. Must have been at least two years ago,

wasn't it? Why haven't you been around to see me since then?"

And then I did it. I told him exactly why I hadn't been to see him . . . and I used the same words that I've just used in telling you. "Buddy" took it standing up. When I'd finished my little speech, he looked real hard at my face and then looked away.

"Sit down, will you," he managed, indicating a chair.

(Continued on page 114)



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A couple of free-lance players sandwiching in a few days' rest between pictures by getting some of that healthful air at Malibu Beach. Lloyd Hughes and Laura La Plante. Lloyd's latest is "The Great Air Robbery." Laura's is "Arizona."

Directory of Players

(Continued from page 104)

SHEARER, NORMA; married to Irving Thalberg; born in Montreal, Canada. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Jerry in "The Divorcée." Betty in "Let Us Be Gay." Starring rôle in "Strangers May Kiss" and "A Free Soul." M-G-M. Now vacationing in Europe.

SIDNEY, GEORGE; unmarried; born in Hungary. Write him at Universal studio. Free lance player. Co-starred with Charles Murray in "The Cohens and the Kellys in Scotland" and "The Cohens and the Kellys in Africa," for Universal, and "Caught Cheating," Tiffany. Now making two reels for Universal.

SKINNER, OTIS; married to non-professional; born in New York City. Write him at First National. Contract star. Stellar rôle in "Kismet." Soon to do an original story.

SMITH, STANLEY; unmarried; born in Kansas City, Mo. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Jerry Hamilton in "Love Among the Millionaires." Dick Jones in "Queen High." Featured rôle in "Manhattan Mary," all for Paramount. Now on New York stage.

STANWYCK, BARBARA; married to Frank Fay; born in Brooklyn, N. Y. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. Leading feminine rôles in "Ladies of Leisure," "Illicit," Warner Bros., and "Ten Cents a Dance," Columbia. Title rôle in "The Miracle Woman," Columbia.

STONE, LEWIS; married to Hazel Wood; born in Worcester, Mass. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Morado in "Passion Flower," M-G-M. Male lead in "Office Wife," Warner Bros. Deval in "Inspiration," M-G-M. Maitland White in "You and I," First National. Featured rôle in "Always Goodbye," Fox. Costaud in "Cheri-Bebi," M-G-M.

STUART, NICK; married to Sue Carol; born in Roumania. Write him at Mack Sennett studio. Free lance player. Juvenile leads in "Joy Street," Fox and "Grandma's Girl" and "Television," Mack Sennett. Now on vaudeville tour.

SUMMERVILLE, SLIM; unmarried; born in Kansas City, Mo. Write him at Universal studio. Con-

tract player. Featured rôles in "Troopers Three" and "All Quiet on the Western Front," Universal. Co-starred in "See America Thirst," Universal. Sam in "Gambling Daughters," Universal.

SWANSON, GLORIA; divorced from the Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudray. Born in Chicago, Ill. Write her at United Artists studio. Contract star. Stellar rôles in "The Trespasser," "What a Widow!" "Indiscreet," "Rockabye" and "Love Goes Fast," all for United Artists.

SWEET, BLANCHE; divorced from Marshall Neilan; born in Chicago, Ill. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance player. Tommy Harris in "Show Girl in Hollywood," First National. Queenie in "The Silver Horde," RKO-Radio. Now on vaudeville tour.

SYDNEY, SYLVIA; unmarried; born in New York City. Write her at Paramount studio. Featured player. Formerly with the Theatre Guild. Feminine lead in "City Streets" opposite Gary Cooper. Featured rôles in "An American Tragedy" and "Shop Girl," Paramount.

TALMADGE, NORMA; married to Joseph Schenck; born in Niagara Falls, N. Y. Write her at United Artists studio. Contract star. Stellar rôles in "The Woman Disputed," "New York Nights" and "Du Barry," all for United Artists.

TASHMAN, LILYAN; married to Edmund Lowe; born in New York City. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Cicily in "The Cat Creeps," Universal. Fritzie in "Queen of Scandal," Sam Goldwyn. Vamp in "The Mad Parade," Liberty. Featured rôle in "Women Love Once," Paramount.

TAYLOR, ESTELLE; separated from Jack Dempsey; born in Wilmington, Del. Write her at Radio studio. Free lance player. Vamp in "Where East is East," M-G-M. Featured rôle in "Liliom," Fox. Dixie Lee in "Cimarron," RKO-Radio. Vamp in "The Unholy Garden," Sam Goldwyn-United Artists.

TEARLE, CONWAY; married to non-professional; born in New York City. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles

in "Evidence" and "Gold Diggers of Broadway," Warner Bros. and "The Truth About Youth," First National. Now appearing on London stage.

TIBBETT, LAWRENCE; married to Grace Mackay Smith; born in Bakersfield, Calif. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Yegor in "The Rogue Song." Lieutenant in "New Moon." Far-rady in "The Prodigal," all for M-G-M. Now in New York.

TOBIN, GENEVIEVE; unmarried; born in New York City. Write her at Universal studio. Contract star. Leading feminine rôle in "A Lady Surrenders," "Free Love," "Fires of Youth," "Seed," and starring rôle in "Boulevard," all for Universal.

TOOMEY, REGIS; married to J. Kathryn Scott; born in Pittsburgh, Pa. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Bob Drexel in "Light of Western Stars," Tom in "The Shadow of the Law," Regan in "Scandal Sheet," all for Paramount. Breezy Russell in "The Finger Points," First National. Featured rôle in "Kick In," and "Twenty-Four Hours," Paramount.

TORRENCE, ERNEST; married to Elsie Reamer; born in Edinburgh, Scotland. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Singing teacher in "Call of the Flesh," M-G-M. Bill Jackson in "Fighting Caravans," Paramount. Featured rôle in "Shipmates," M-G-M.

TRACY, SPENCER; unmarried; born in New York City. Write him at Fox studio. Contract player. Deproy in "Riding for a Fall" and Bill in "Goldie," Fox. Male lead in "Ground Hogs," Caddo-United Artists. Featured rôle in "Quick Millions," Fox.

TREVOR HUGH; divorced; born in Yonkers, N. Y. write him at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance player. Gregory Sloan in "The Midnight Mystery," Lieut Jim Reed in "Half Shot at Sunrise." The prince in "The Royal Bed," at for RKO Radio.

TWELVETREES, HELEN; married to Frank Woody; born in New York City. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Contract star. Annabelle West in "The Cat Creeps," Universal. Mary Ellen in "The Painted Desert," RKO-Pathé. Starred in "Millie," RKO-Radio. Starred in "The Registered Woman," and "A Woman of Experience," RKO-Pathé.

VALLI, VIRGINIA; married to Charles Farrell; born in Chicago, Ill. Write her at Fox studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "The Isle of Lost Ships" and "Mr. Antonio." Starred in "Guilty," Columbia.

VARCONI, VICTOR; married to non-professional; born in Kisward, Hungary. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Free lance player. Title rôle in "Capt. Thunder," Warner Bros. Featured rôle in "Doctors' Wives," Fox. Indian chief in "The Squaw Man," Robert Fyfe in "The Black Camel," Fox.

VELEZ, LUPE; unmarried; born in San Luis Potosi, Mexico. Write her at Universal studio. Contract player. Starred in "Hell Harbor," United Artists. "The Storm" and "East is West," Universal, and co-starred with John Boles in "Resurrection," Universal. Indian girl in "The Squaw Man," M-G-M.

WARNER, H. B.; married to non-professional; born in London, Eng. Write him at First National studio. Free lance player. Raymond in "Expensive Women," First National. Major Schmidt in "A Woman of Experience," RKO-Pathé.

WHEELER, BERT; married to non-professional; born in Paterson, N. J. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Contract star. Sparrow in "The Cuckoos," Pewee in "Dixiana," Tommy in "Half Shot at Sunrise." Co-starred in "Hook, Line and Sinker." Starred in "Too Many Cooks" and "If I Were Rich," all for RKO-Radio.

WHITE, ALICE; unmarried; born in Paterson, N. J. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Stellar rôles in "Show Girl in Hollywood," and "The Widow From Chicago," both for First National.

WHITE, MARJORIE; married to Eddie Tierney; born in Oklahoma City, Okla. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Totsy in "Stolen Thunder." D-6 in "Just Imagine," both for Fox. Penelope in "Broadminded," First National.

WHITING, JACK; married to the former Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write him at First National studio. Featured rôles in "College Lovers," "Top Speed" and "Men of the Sky," all First National.

WILLIAM, WARREN; unmarried; born in Aitken, Minnesota. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Contract player. Mr. William is a well known stage actor who will make his talkie début opposite Dolores Costello in "Expensive Women," for Warner Bros.

WILSON, LOIS; unmarried; born in Pittsburgh, Pa. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Free lance player. Feminine leads in "Conquest" and "Kid Gloves," Warner Bros., "Once a Gentleman," Cruze-Tiffany, and "Temptation," Columbia. Peggy Carter in "Seed," Universal.

WITHERS, GRANT; separated from Loretta Young; born in Pueblo, Colo. Write him at Warner Bros. Free lance player. Angel in "Penny Arcade." Bob Lawrence in "Scarlet Pages." Bill in "The Steel Highway," all for Warner Bros. Male lead in "The Age for Love," Caddo-United Artists.

WOODS, EDWARD; unmarried; born in Los Angeles, California. Write him at First National studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Mothers Cry" and "The Public Enemy."

WOOLSEY, ROBERT; married to non-professional; born in Oakland, Calif. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Contract star. Prof. Bird in "The Cuckoos." Ginger in "Dixiana." Gilbert in "Half Shot at Sunrise." Co-starred in "Hook, Line and Sinker," and "Too Many Cooks." Starred in "Everything's Rosy," RKO-Radio.

WRAY, FAY; married to John Monk Saunders; born in Alberta, Canada. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Feminine lead in "Captain Thunder," Warner Bros. Helen Pierce in "Dirigible," Columbia. Anastasia in "The Conquering Horde," Paramount. Caroline Walker in "The Finger Points," First National. Feminine lead in "The Lawyer's Secret," Paramount.

YOUNG, CLARA KIMBALL; married; born in Chicago, Illinois. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance player. She returned to the films in her first talkie, "Kept Husbands," an RKO-Radio production.

YOUNG, LORETTA; separated from Grant Withers; born in Salt Lake City, Utah. Write her at First National studio. Contract star. Claire McIntyre in "Big Business Girl," First National. Feminine lead in "Upper Underworld," and "I Like Your Nerve," First National.

Joan Bennett's Future

(Continued from page 61)

of conditions surrounding her in married life when she takes that important step again.

HER ruler in her house of marriage indicates more, for it shows that she needs a husband who will in many ways be a repeat of herself; seeing things from the same slant and appreciating the same qualities and values in all their then mutual surroundings. Uranus is the ruler of her seventh, and Uranus is a shifting and changeable influence; indicating that she wouldn't have much use for a man who didn't keep up with the times in his chosen line, which would probably be something along aviation, invention, transportation or some other mechanical calling. Because Uranus is in Capricorn, its twelfth house-sign, it would be better for Joan if he were in some confidential position, especially if connected with the picture business in some way. He might also be a man who had previously been through a divorce with a former wife, for such is the personal indication of those typified by Uranus when they are related to one's seventh division, as is the case with her. A remote possibility is that he would be a medical man or one who had at some time had leanings that way. Her motive for marrying him would not be an ordinary one and the circumstances surrounding her wedding could well be expected to be other than the conventional. There, that looks like about enough qualifications for a husband to make Joan think it over seriously; for they certainly don't fit very many of the men she meets.

SHE has Neptune in the eleventh house at birth; this is the location of friends and throughout her entire span it will bring her many valuable acquaintances and a few real companions who will prove of great help to her, particularly in the film profession. Neptune is always an emotional influence in all our horoscopes, no matter where it is placed and no matter in what sign it was at birth; but in her case it is more so than usual, for it is in an emotional house, it rules an emotional house and it is in an emotional sign, Cancer. All this makes Joan one who can be more than a good actress, for she has the equipment with which to make herself a great actress, ranking with the top four or five of the present and the best ten in the history of the screen. But don't think it will be easy, or that she can coast to fame on the labors of any but herself. And she is right now on the threshold of the first big test of her career, for there are celestial forces swinging into action at present that will do everything they can to make her defeat her own best interests. I am glad that she has a contract, for it will carry her through some business and legal mistakes that she might otherwise make. Nevertheless, this influence of which I speak,

which is mostly that of Neptune in Virgo, where it will be for some years to come, must be guarded against by controlling the feelings and emotions at their source.

NEPTUNE is now coming into the opposition aspect with her Sun position, and this is always a temptation to get married or to get a divorce, according to which situation you are in. It is an upsetting influence, for it beclouds the mental connection between the feelings and the ordinary good judgment that folks possess. In Joan's case, as we have already seen, it is a friendship influence in the natal chart; now this has come around to the point where it is psychologically a desire to marry, all the more so because the Sun in any woman's life represents men in close relationship. All of which leads me to the opinion that she will want to make an alliance with a man who will not mean enough to her in the long run, for he will be one of her good friends instead of the real lover, companion and partner that she ought to have as a husband.

For the benefit of other readers, let me mention the influence of Neptune in this regard for all born in Pisces—all who now have the opposition of this emotional planet, as well as those who will have it in the years to come.

Generally speaking, without getting down to the finer points of months and days for each degree and date, those born in the first third of Pisces, from February 19 to 28, which includes Joan Bennett's birthday, must be careful not to act impulsively on hunches and emotional problems between now and the middle of 1936.

Those in the second third of Pisces, born between March 1 and 10, must use caution in the same type of affairs from now till the middle of 1941. Those of the last third, born between March 11 and 21, should heed the same warning from 1937 to 1944. These are long stretches and full of temptation, because Neptune is the slowest moving planet of which we know anything definite—but any common sense you can bring to bear on the matters that arise at these times will be well repaid in comfort and happiness.

GETTING back to Joan in a more personal way, she must pay attention to that elevated position of Saturn in the ninth house, the house of philosophy and religion. It is in Taurus, its fifth house-sign, again showing that she can act and also promising success in a big way at the end of her journey through life if she does the right things. But it is also a warning not to take externals as the real things; she mustn't make the mistake of thinking physical possessions are more valuable than mental possessions. This is important for her to master, for, while she is one who can make a great deal of money with her talents, she is not one who instinc-



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34x4 1/2	3.45 1.45	30x5.25	2.95 1.35
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tively saves. She may want to put aside something regularly, but there is usually something attractive that she wants to own and she is more apt to make it hers than not, putting off till later the systematic saving plans that she occasionally hopes to carry out. Mars ruling her fourth, the house of accumulations and estate, is located in the fifth, and occupies its own third and tenth House-sign. This makes her very sure of herself in an occupational way and will probably bring her to a resolution to produce for herself at some stage of

her development. I must earnestly register a dissenting voice on anything like that for her, for, in this respect she is situated in some ways like Gloria Swanson, whose ventures have brought perhaps valuable experience but not much comfort.

Joan, if you aren't particularly impressed by my remarks here today, do yourself the favor of tucking them away where you can look them over at least once a year. They will mean more and more to you as you develop in both your personal and your professional careers.

How Constance Spends

(Continued from page 31)

servants takes care of about one-third of my yearly budget. Isn't that a percentage recommended by our leading economists?

"For personal spending money I allow myself \$100 per week. Ever since the time I was living with my family, before my marriage, I have allowed myself \$100 for pocket money. I still do! If I had the income of millions, I would not increase this amount I have allotted myself. Out of this sum I take care of such incidental expenses as luncheons, theater or small café parties, tips to waiters, manicures and bridge debts. If I foolishly spend too much of my pocket money the first part of the week, I economize until the next 'pay day.' In other words, I don't borrow from myself beyond that figure. When it's gone . . . I'm broke!"

CAN you imagine Constance Bennett making a luncheon date at the Embassy Club with sister Joan and then having to cancel it because she had run out of money? "I'd do it," insisted Connie, "really I would. Or else I'd get her to take me."

And I believe she would . . . Connie's Scotch, you know!

We had worked down to the subject of automobiles by now. I had always thought she owned about a dozen of them in all sizes and colors.

"Not at all," she explained. "I buy a new motor car on an average of one every two years . . . and turn the old one in, of course. Figuring the cost, depreciation and upkeep I would say that this item costs me about \$5,000 yearly. I also keep a car in Paris to be used while I am in Europe, but it is kept in 'dead storage' at a cost of about ten dollars a year."

Connie, who had been counting off the items on the fingers of one hand that peeked from the wide sleeve of a pair of pale-green lounging pajamas, said "clothes" . . . touched the fourth finger tip . . . and made a wry little face.

I'M sure modistes must have been more shocked than anyone else to read that I spend '\$250,000 yearly on clothes' " she laughed. "They must have wondered where in the world I was getting them. As a matter of real, honest-to-goodness truth, my clothes run about \$1,000 monthly. That would

be \$12,000 yearly . . . not \$250,000! It is difficult to put an actual figure on one's wardrobe, for certain years it will run less than others. Shall we compromise and say that I spend between \$10,000 and \$15,000 for my clothes? And as I said before . . . that's plenty!

"The other day I purchased a very plain little sport ensemble. And while it cost \$150, it maintained simple lines throughout. It could easily have been copied by a clever seamstress for about \$17.50 . . . but as I am not a clever seamstress, I could never have remembered its lines well enough to enable me to tell a dressmaker how to duplicate it. However, once I have purchased such an item for my wardrobe, I very often have it copied in other colors for a fraction of the original cost. Thus from one expensive model, I may have three or four outfits.

"Of course, in comparing my budget for clothes with that of another, one must bear in mind several things. Women in both the social and theatrical worlds are often placed in the position of setting the styles . . . not following them. And whereas I have never had any particular desire to set the styles, it has always been my custom to wear original models. I buy almost all in Paris . . . and if other women like them, and want to copy them, all well and good. If no one copies them I am still satisfied . . . because I wear them merely to please myself.

"But, you say, original models cost a great deal of money . . . how do I do it even on \$15,000 a year? That is a fair question and an easy one to answer. I buy nearly all my clothes in Europe. I am of the opinion that French designers are the finest in the world. Contrary to general opinion, gowns bought in France are not priced exorbitantly. Even original models are purchased at a figure far below their cost of purchase in America. One may buy a beautiful original evening gown in Paris for \$350 and even lower. The duty brings the cost up . . . but here again one may use the seamstress to advantage. Copies may be made in varying colors and the average cost of the gowns so obtained is really quite reasonable.

The highest price I ever paid for an evening gown was \$500. And the one time I spent that much was in New

York! Each time I wore the gown I felt terrific remorse. I never really liked it. In order to cost that much money, a dress generally has a fur trimming or is heavily beaded. It is usually so unique that it can be worn but once or twice . . . after that it becomes a total loss, hanging in the wardrobe. Sometimes, however, a very simple gown costs quite a great deal . . . this is because of its new and clever lines. Personally, I would rather pay more for lines and less for beads and fur trimming . . . simplicity in line makes for the greatest smartness in my opinion.

"To the girl who has less money to spend on clothes, I can think of nothing better than 'looking around' in the smarter shops, remembering the details of the styles and having them copied by a dressmaker. *No girl earns so little that she need shop from the 'uniform styles' on the bargain counters!*

"Shoes, hats and bags have always been little pet extravagances of mine. I very often buy as many as three hats and as many pairs of shoes and bags to go with one ensemble. But the added accessories change the appearance of the ensemble and allow its use for a longer period . . . so they become a sort of an economy rather than a luxury."

Now that the subject of clothes was covered, Connie was holding up the last, the little finger, for what was supposed to signify travel expenses and incidental spending.

"I like one grand vacation every year," she went on, "usually a European holiday. It's a pretty expensive jaunt," she laughed, "but then I think we should all get away from Hollywood once in a while to get our perspective back. I usually set the \$10,000 it costs me to travel ten weeks in Europe

down as one of the necessities of keeping one's balance. It costs almost the entire ten thousand for actual traveling expenses. I have a villa in Biarritz—a gift from my former husband, which is usually my headquarters while I am in Europe. If I should stay there during my sojourn, the cost is figured in the ten thousand used for the entire trip. If I do not, then it costs but \$40 a month for a caretaker for the villa. The apartment I own in Paris is closed during the time I am in America and costs nothing except for care and taxes. Of course, insurance and income taxes come in for quite heavy amounts, but one could hardly call the money so used as 'spent.'

AS for jewelry—I have all of it I shall ever want—also gifts from my former husband. Occasionally I have a piece re-set in a more modern style, but jewelry is a very incidental luxury with me."

"There's one more item," I said as Connie tapped off the little finger signifying she had come to the end of her list—"and that is charity."

Connie shook her hand. "There are certain things I love to do that I don't care to talk about at all," she said firmly. "Of all the facts and figures I've given you—surely you'll let me keep that one little secret to myself." Just between ourselves, I happen to know that the "secret item" in Connie's budget would be a swell yearly salary for most of us!

So now . . . if we knew what Connie spent for insurance and income taxes, we might be able to figure out what she actually spends! If we knew *that*, we could multiply the total of all she spends—and get the approximate amount she *saves!*

Beautiful and dumb? Not *this* lady!

Secrets of the Stylists

(Continued from page 58)

well as her daytime frocks to give a little loose effect to the bodice.

"The two taboos with Connie are severely tailored clothes and an excessive amount of jewelry. She has a small silver bracelet on her wrist constantly, but she rarely appears in diamonds. If she uses jewelry at all, pearls are her choice. I have never seen her with earrings; she says they broaden the face. She likes pins and shoulder clips and real flowers, especially gardenias.

"In 'The Common Law,' Connie wears a cheery suit of cream chonga cloth that has a voluminous red fox collar. It's the kind of suit that says, 'Hello! I'm glad to know you!' while you're still a half block away. Another of her costumes is of apple green wool crêpe, trimmed with silver buttons set in black buttonholes. It has a detachable scarf of black and white and a narrow black leather belt.

"Blue and white are, naturally, the fitting colors for a yachting outfit and Connie appears in one of these, too, in 'The Common Law.' The dress is of white crêpe de chine bordered in blue,

and the four-button jacket of blue flannel has wide white revers. It's the unexpected note of red in the scarf and cap which gives it character." (Sketches of these three costumes are shown on page 57.)

IN the way of footwear, Connie prefers pumps with a medium vamp and sandals with a T-strap. Personally, I think plain pumps are the most becoming sort of slipper a person can adopt. They slenderize the foot without drawing notice to it the way fancy shoes do, and there are so many varieties now, they can be made to blend in with any kind of costume.

"Really, accessories should be chosen with as much care as the dress itself. They can so easily add to or spoil one's appearance. Take gloves alone. Those with elaborate backs are enough to mar any smart ensemble. Gloves should supplement a costume in a quiet, effective way instead of detracting from it by their obviousness. Stitching or buttons are the only trimmings on gloves a truly clever woman permits herself. It is chic at present to let the hand look large

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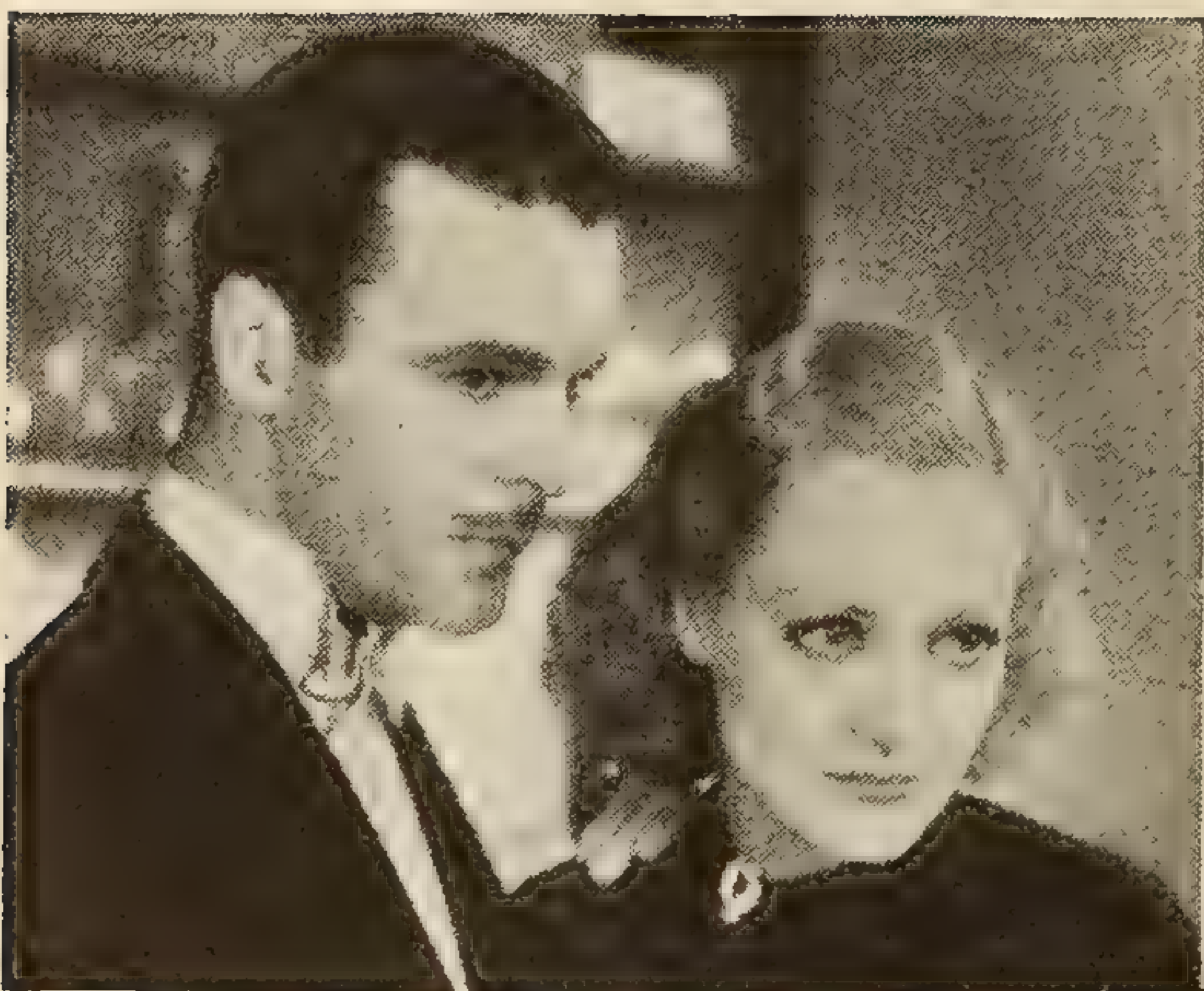
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In this issue you also will find a complete novelette—"Night Angel," starring Nancy Carroll, "The Maltese Falcon," a great mystery story, starring Bebe Daniels, "The Lawyer's Secret," which has an all-star cast, "Big Business Girl," starring Loretta Young, "Just a Gigolo," a brilliantly clever story starring William Haines, "A Woman of Experience," starring Helen Twelvetrees, and "Always Goodbye," which stars Elissa Landi. And in addition to these fascinating stories; many other interesting features. Don't forget the magazine is

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in mannish stitched gloves which are far cooler than tight fitting ones. I do not like those of silk because of their high sheen.

"One can, you know, be too painstaking in selecting color combinations for dress accessories. If you have a black and white suit and purchase a black and white bag, a black and white hat, black and white gloves, and black shoes combined with white . . . it'll be just a bit too much! Rather have an all black hat, white gloves, a black bag with perhaps a green clasp, and black slippers with just a thin piping of white.

"But one cannot be too painstaking in tidiness! It is perfect grooming that lifts the stars out of mediocrity and makes them the most envied women in the world. Their hands are cared for, stray wisps of hair are tucked into place, their clothes are brushed and have the look of being put on hangers correctly when taken off.

"Too many of us strive for outstanding effects—and forget to wear the right shade of stocking!

THAT is one of the things which causes Constance to be looked upon as a fashion model—this thought she gives to the small details of her dress. She told me that even as a little girl in a French convent she made them sponge and press her uniforms twice a week! Hers is the golden blond type with warm golden skin while Helen Twelvetrees is a reddish blonde. They are both five feet five inches tall and very slender, but there the similarity ends.

"Helen is like an old master's interpretation of the Madonna. She is extremely young and innocent looking. Fragile. As yet she is in a potential state, undeveloped. She has a heart-shaped face and most remarkable eyes. She is one of the very few people I know who graces a ruffled crinoline costume as well as an abbreviated bathing suit, and she can wear any color with the exception of orange. Dashing colors such as skipper blue, emerald green and flame red make her a glamorous creature; pastels change her into an ethereal sprite. She is at home in sports clothes and chiffons, trailing skirts and 'shorts.' I usually give her long lines because they're more graceful. The majority of her picture wardrobes have been 'character' stuff like the one she had for 'Milly'; however, I hope to put her in modern clothes before long for they are vastly becoming to her.

WE say of some women that they are born with intuition about style and Ina Claire is foremost among them. She has cultivated that sense during her years on the stage until there is very little she doesn't know about the art of dressing. Watch her on the screen—the way she wears her clothes. She's a model worth imitating. In 'Rebound' she dons a flesh-colored chiffon, unornamented, that molds her figure and then breaks into tiers on the lower part of the skirt (see page 57). She reminds you of a pale Greuze lady who stepped into moonlight in it.

Of course, it is a gown for only the slender and rather tall type.

YOUR SERVICE DEPARTMENT

DEAR MISS LANE:

Clothes are so beautiful now, but if you're only an \$18-a-week clerk as I am, all you can do is admire them!

The stars can afford to buy anything they want, so naturally they look nice. The average girl hasn't a chance to compete with them. Take me, for instance. I'm five feet, three inches in height, weigh 114 pounds, and have light brown hair and gray eyes. But what does it matter how I look if I can't buy the right clothes? Oh, I admit I'm discouraged about this dress problem. That's my reason for writing you. I'm in hopes you will be able to help me.

Sincerely,

AGATHA S.
New York City.

DEAR AGATHA:

It seems to me you haven't the right viewpoint on clothes. If you have read this series of fashion articles I'm afraid you've missed the whole point of them, my dear. It isn't the money you put into your wardrobe that counts. It's the taste you use in selecting each outfit. Motion picture stars appear well not because they have unlimited means, but because they give careful thought to their clothes.

I have known girls living on your income who dressed with as much chic as a fashionable debutante. They did it by watching for bargains in the better stores and by coöperating with a clever dressmaker. Often they picked up very attractive frocks for as low as a sixth of their original price in the basements of large stores. You can do the same—especially in New York where you're living.

If you don't sew for yourself you can get a good seamstress for five dollars a day or less and in that time she will be able to make you a smart summer frock. The popular dotted swiss, silk rayons, batiste and voile may be had for about eighty-five cents a yard and you would need only three yards unless you want an exceptionally full skirt. Bargain hunt for your accessories, too. There are several young screen players who make a game of it. One of them—and she is considered extremely chic—boasts that she never spends more than fifteen dollars on any dress.

As Miss Wakeling points out in the above article, half the battle in being smart and attractive is *the will to be*. A slender purse won't hinder you.

Good luck, Agatha, and don't be discouraged!

DEAR MISS LANE:

I'm going to the seashore the latter part of August on a vacation for which I've saved during the entire year. I am having all my clothes made at home and I do so want to look my best. Won't you help me?

I am a redhead, the kind with waxy skin and green eyes and I'm five feet, six inches tall and weigh 130 pounds. Thank you!

ELIZABETH T.

DEAR ELIZABETH:

For a vacation at the shore I think

I'd concentrate on very good-looking beach pajamas and evening clothes. You'll be living in one or the other most of the time.

Linen overalls that have white polka dots on a yellow background and a huge muslin frill are extremely popular. Wear a gay green scarf with them.

For evening, a white crêpe Elizabeth combined with black lace would be stunning on you. The lace should be placed in wide bands on stiffly laid tiers in the lower skirt and the dress should

follow a princess line. Complete it with long black gloves and black satin sandals.

Another evening frock that would become you greatly is of brown lace worn over a foundation of which the bodice top and deep hem are bright green and the center section brown. The full lace skirt and the section of the slip are set on in points.

A white dress worn with a billiard green coat and black hat is excellent for luncheon and street wear.

The True Story of Norma Shearer

(Continued from page 46)

poems she had either written or received and then hold her sides with the laughter inspired by the tender sentimental verses that sometimes failed to rhyme.

"But everybody falls in love," Athole would protest, rescuing her poetry from the scoffing gaze of her sister.

"Not I," Norma would reply cockily, "I'm going to be too busy."

"Doing what?" from Athole.

"Why, becoming a movie actress, of course."

AS Norma grew older the talent that had first exhibited itself in imaginative games turned her interest to amateur school theatricals. Norma never did the leads in the school plays but no matter how small or large her part, she devoted as much study to it as she does now to the scripts of her new starring pictures. Athole would cue her in her lines, and very often Norma learned parts which she was not to play, just for the practice.

"Just imagine," she would breathe to Athole, "how wonderful it must be to be a real actress—in a real show on Broadway. Or being a movie actress would be even more wonderful."

During this stage of her life Norma became an avid reader of movie magazines and devoured the Cinderella stories of girls who were picture stars, hour upon hour. Her eyes glistened as she imagined herself in their place—with furs, and jewels and maids. It was her firm belief that one became a movie actress like Norma Talmadge or Lillian Gish by merely presenting oneself at the studio, signifying an intention of becoming a star—and then stepping into the rôles.

"Movie actresses are much richer than stage actresses," Norma would advise Athole in their frequent girl-to-girl talks in their room. "Movie actresses have jewels and limousines and houses with twenty-four rooms and lots of servants. Imagine how wonderful it would be to have all the clothes you wanted and lots of maids to take care of them for you and plenty of money to travel and meet kings and princes and crowds of people." It is strange that the girl who is now known as the hardest worker in the picture business never contemplated the idea of hard work in

her first dreams of the movies.

For the next three years Norma nursed the luxurious ambitions of a career as a movie queen. At first her family laughed at her proposed plan of journeying to New York as soon as her high school days were finished, so that she could be in a position to storm the movie portals of New York and New Jersey. But as time drew on and Norma's pleas began to shape into determined plans for her future, her family became more sympathetic.

Her father promised, "I will give you enough money for a fair chance at this, Norma—when that is gone I shall expect you to come home like a sensible girl." Norma said she would—but then and there she realized that she was not coming back home—she knew she could make a success.

And so, on a certain summer morning in the year 1920, Mrs. Shearer, Athole and the seventeen-year-old Norma arrived in New York—magic home of Cinderella stories—portal of luxurious dreams!

FROM the start New York was a broken dream to the idealistic Norma Shearer. Her little family was unknown in the great metropolis; had neither friends, relatives nor any means of gaining *entrée* to the studios. There was no one to offer advice. No one to make the way just a little smoother. The telephone directory was their only guide to the magic and well-guarded doors of filmdom.

The Shearers settled in a bleak, brownstone rooming house in the Sixties near Ninth Avenue. After the comfortable, spacious rooms of the family home in Canada, life for three of them in one crowded room was almost unbearable. And as the residential district that borders on Ninth Avenue in the Sixties is hardly known for its rambling garden plots, or lazy river banks—this adventuring little trio missed the greenness and coolness of the country in which they had been raised.

THEIR poundings on studio doors proved no open-sesame. Cross casting directors wearily shooed them away with the bleak promise: "Nothing today—maybe something tomorrow."



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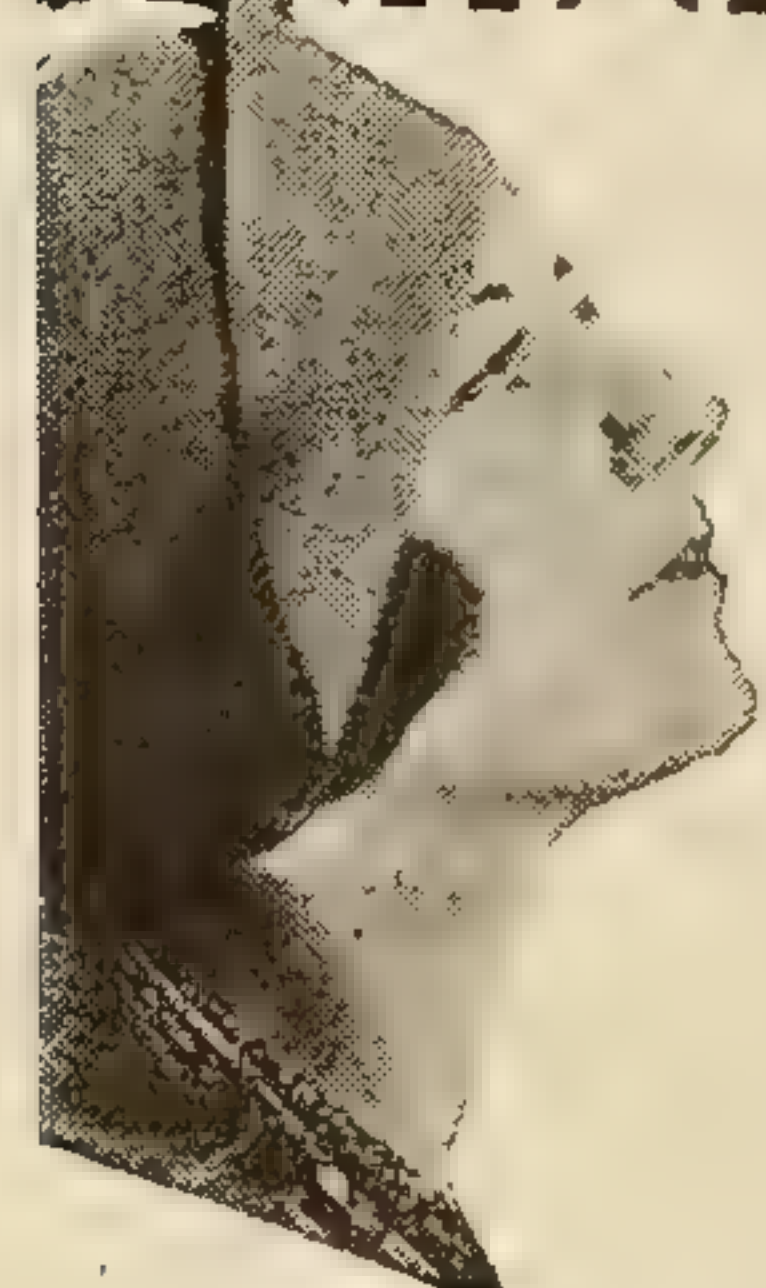
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For six months Norma and Athole visited the studios every day without managing a single day's work as extras. For six months the daily expense of three meals a day and a roof over their heads eked away the small capital in Mrs. Shearer's purse. At last when the money was so low that she considered the situation dangerous she suggested they go back home. Even Athole had lost confidence in Norma's glamorous career. Norma, however, was adamant—a characteristic trait often evidenced in subsequent crises. "I'm going to stay," she would cry. "Nothing in the world could make me go home!" She would rather starve in New York than go back home to Montreal a failure. Mrs. Shearer sighed. Athole cried a little bit. But they stayed in New York. A second triumph for the determined Norma, *who was going to be a movie star!*

THEIR heavily reduced finances made it necessary to take an even cheaper room. They finally found themselves living in a cubicle hall-bedroom, cooking eggs over the gas jet, doing their laundry in the general bath tub.

Day in and day out Norma and Athole tramped from studio to studio, hoping for a chance to get a day's work. Rain or shine, sleet or storm, they walked from one casting office to another. By this time they couldn't afford rubbers and the paper-like soles of their slippers became thinner and less combative to the winter chill and wet. The girls devised the idea of slipping cardboard into their shoes to protect the worn soles.

But through all the weary days and the many disappointments Norma was never too tired to press her blue serge suit when she came home at night, to launder her trim white blouse, to rinse out her stockings and polish her "soleless" shoes. An actor's agent who met Norma Shearer during this stage of her battle for a career once told me: "Even when I knew Norma Shearer had no more than a thin dime in her pocket-book, she was always a picture of trimness and style. There was something in the way she wore her clothes that made you stop to look at her the second time. Of the two girls I thought Athole the prettier—but Norma had more distinction."

ONE of the many things Norma Shearer learned during her six jobless months in New York, was the existence of actors' agents. She found that even extra players sent from an agency had a far better chance at a day's work than a novice at the studio gates. It lessened her carfare and ferry boat expenses quite a good deal. All of the agencies were in the heart of New York and she switched her daily visits from the studios to the agencies. One day there came a magic call from one of these agents that Norma and Athole might expect a day's work by presenting themselves at a certain comedy studio to see the assistant director. It was like manna from heaven. Norma and Athole fairly flew to the designated address.

Twelve girls were needed for the "call." Sixty had reported.

"Athole and I were jammed behind the others and I knew the assistant director wouldn't even see us," Norma relates. "Eleven girls were picked and we still were crowded into the background. I said to myself: 'Norma, think fast! Think fast!' So in desperation I coughed loudly—I coughed so loudly that it sounded almost like a bark—and the assistant's attention was turned in my direction. I smiled in my best apologetic manner and he nodded his head, 'All right, sister—you'll do,' he said. I was selected but Athole wasn't."

"We waited around until the other girls were gone and then I cornered the assistant and persuaded him he really needed thirteen girls. When we finally left the assistant, he said to me, 'You should be a saleswoman, sister, not an extra.' That job, our very first, lasted three days!"

FOLLOWING this slight break, things began to look up for Norma Shearer. From her frequent visits the New York agencies were beginning to know her, and they admired her courage and determination in making the rounds. She had often stopped to talk with the girls in the outer offices at the desks and they liked her well enough to let her in on some "calls" that came through the offices. Norma and Athole began to average three or four days of extra work per week and often their mother was called. They all three wore blue evening gowns on the "dress sets" and many directors and assistants began to refer to them as "the three little girls in blue." The youthful appearing Mrs. Shearer was never believed to be the mother of the two girls who accompanied her. At first Athole was considered to be the best bet of the two girls. Her type of beauty was considered more photographic than Norma's. Once, during an interview for a small part with D. W. Griffith, the famous director told Norma, "You're wasting your time on a career in the movies. You haven't a photographic face." Florenz Ziegfeld was another impresario who turned down Norma Shearer because he did not believe her to be up to his beauty standards! When I met Ziegfeld last year in Hollywood he laughed about that story. "I must have been blind," he chided himself. "I think Norma Shearer is one of the loveliest women on the screen today."

EVEN in the face of these discouragements, Norma's inexhaustible pluck was not to be downed. She worked like a Trojan for every little bit that came her way. Soon it began to be known about the studios that one of those little girls in blue was a very good trouser. Once she bounded into a leading lady part in a Western picture at a salary of \$100 weekly. The "weekly" lasted for one week—then extra work again.

As a result of extra parts, bits and meager rôles in various films, Norma finally managed to get fairly good feminine leads with established companies, having made the discovery that it is

better to pay a booking agent ten per cent of your earnings than have no earnings to share with anyone, including a testy landlady.

Her first two pictures with screen credit were "The Stealers," produced by Robertson-Cole, and "Channing of the Northwest," which was filmed by Selznick. In the meantime, Athole's interest in pictures had waned considerably. She had accepted an engagement in a musical comedy and before the first year of their New York venture was over, was married.

Norma was neither starred nor featured in the above mentioned pictures—but they were to play a very important part in her professional and private life—they brought about the connection through which she climbed to stardom. They also brought her to the attention of Irving G. Thalberg, who is now her husband. Norma loves to remember this particular phase of her career. She tells the story in her own words:

"I was thrilled beyond words when I was notified by a booking agent in New York that Universal had wired about signing me to a contract. I was told that a 'Mr. Thalberg,' the general manager of the studio out in California, had instructed his New York office to locate me.

"When I visited the New York Universal office I felt very confident and buoyant but somehow we just were not able to come to an agreement on the terms. I would have been glad to spring at almost any definite figure but I had struggled so hard I didn't want to sign myself for a long time without getting what I wanted—whether I believed myself capable of actually earning a large sum or not. You see, I had been reading publicity stories of motion picture salaries.

AFTER several discussions, the negotiations failed. They simply made an offer and stuck to it. I could take it or leave it. I left it. But I felt so badly about it that I wrote the general manager, the 'Mr. Thalberg,' thanking him for the offered contract and expressing the hope that at some future time we might come to a satisfactory agreement.

"A short time later—and I was still rushing from one casting office to another—I received another offer from a Hollywood company. I was about to accept it when another offer came through from a new company, the Louis B. Mayer organization on the West Coast.

"I was somewhat dazed by this sudden attention Hollywood producers were giving me."

At that time Norma did not know that a certain "Mr. Thalberg" had switched his general managerial duties from Universal to the Louis B. Mayer organization. It would have surprised her even more to know that it was not Hollywood producers but a Hollywood producer who was besieging her with contracts. She was to learn that fact sometime later—much to her embarrassment.

The Mayer office carried little more

in a monetary offer than had the Universal contract—but production in the New York studios was on the wane—and Norma was more receptive to the idea of working in Hollywood.

WITHOUT any further delay she signed the contract with the Mayer company though it did not contain a long-term clause. Norma was an "optionite." If she made good, she could stay. If she failed, she could consider herself six months' salary ahead. The company paid the traveling expenses of Norma and her mother to the Coast. "If they hadn't," she laughs, "we might still be sitting in New York, for we couldn't afford the train fare at that time.

"I had been reading in the movie books about the big receptions new film people were accorded when they landed in Hollywood and I was up early the last morning of the trip, primping and fussing with my clothes so I would look my best for the swarms of newspaper people and photographers I expected to be on hand.

"At last the train pulled into the depot. There were no bands, no flowers, no cameras. There wasn't even a representative of the company to pilot us to a hotel.

I FELT like crying. My professional dignity had been affronted. If I had had the money I would have taken the next train back to New York. But there were bags and things to be taken care of, so mother and I placed ourselves in charge of a porter and wound up at a little family hotel where we put up for the night. Early next morning I inquired my way to the Mayer studio. At that time Mr. Mayer had not yet merged with the Metro and Goldwyn organizations—his studio was near an ostrich farm far out in the outskirts of Los Angeles."

The long, dusty trip only added to Norma's disappointment in her Hollywood reception. By the time she reached the studio she was not in the best of humor.

In the reception room of the front offices she was met by a good-looking young man who invited her to "Step this way, please." Norma thought, "Well, at least they have very nice polite office boys out here." She followed in his path. When they came to quite an elaborate office at the end of the hall, he motioned her in, calmly shut the door after her, strolled over to a massive desk and sat down—swinging his feet—on top.

"I'm waiting," said Norma severely, "to see Mr. Irving Thalberg. Will you please tell him that I am here . . . I've come from New York."

That ought to squelch this impertinent upstart.

"I know," said the black-haired young man behind the desk with just the suggestion of a smile on his lips. "I know you are from New York and I know you are waiting for Mr. Thalberg. You see, I am Mr. Thalberg!"

(To Be Concluded)



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Long Live Charles Rogers

(Continued from page 105)

As I sat down I took a good look at the man whose birth record will prove to be almost twenty-seven years old. I had pictured him at least six or seven years younger from his more recent pictures. But he is not only twenty-seven years old . . . he *looks* it! A set and determined look about the eyes. Dressed in a conservative double-breasted suit. He appeared, in a word, just as I would have visioned him off the screen after seeing "Wings."

"I'm tired of everything . . . sick of the whole deal . . . fed up and almost licked!" He looked long and hard at me. Then he said, "You're the first person who has ever had the nerve to tell me just what he thought . . . to my face. I'm glad to hear what you think because *I agree with you!*"

"But you say you're tired of *everything*. Of what in particular?" I asked.

OH, all the things I'm supposed to be and all the verses and slogans and things like that which have been written about me . . .

"I'm tired of being called 'America's Boy Friend.'"

"Tired of being called 'A Rover Boy' . . . a 'Choir Boy' . . . a pretty boy . . . a cute boy . . . a 'nice boy' . . .

"Honestly, I'm ashamed—actually *ashamed*—of the farce that 'Buddy' Rogers has developed into on the screen. I'm forced to play a character, year in and year out, that I don't believe or like.

"I have to come home at night and attempt to live down the results of the work I've just completed at the studio, to ease my own conscience. I think the 'Buddy' Rogers of the last two years in motion pictures is a weak, fluffy, insufferable nothing! He lacks sincerity. He lacks real personality. And he has no spine! So I've killed him. There is no such person as 'Buddy' any more. Buddy Rogers is dead—from now on it's Charles Rogers or nothing!"

"But," I remarked (thanking the good Lord that I had been right about Charlie Rogers of "Wings" and wrong about "Buddy"), "it must have been partly your own fault—all this that's happened."

"You're wrong about that," he answered in a strong, even tone. "It

wasn't my fault until now . . . and now that I realize what has happened, the change has already taken place. I came from Olathe; went to school there and made the boxing team of the University I attended. I wasn't a howling success at it but I reached the semi-finals in the championship bouts, and believe me I took an awful beating in that last one. No one who knew me then would have thought I would ever come to the rôle of 'Buddy' Rogers.

"Then, out of a clear sky, I was transplanted to Hollywood and offered the astounding sum of \$60.00 a week to play in pictures. That was the height of salaries to me at the time. But the atmosphere of my new surroundings—well, frankly, it scared me. I had been used to a small town in the Middle West with its friendly, rural atmosphere. So, as I've said, Hollywood put me a little off balance.

"Then came the start of the publicity that has been following me ever since. I was really sort of proud of it at first. It was something for the folks at home to read and compare with what they read about Hollywood in general. I liked it.

"I had another drawback that I've never spoken of before: when I was signed on a five-year contract, I was warned that the single reason for my being signed was that I typified the American Youth. I was told quite candidly that if I ever lost the appeal I had when I arrived or *if I ever stopped smiling* that I was through!

"Is it any wonder that I went out of my way to avoid any hint of anything but 'nice' publicity? I liked my job . . . especially after 'Wings,' and I was willing to forego pleasure and romance and everything that a young fellow enjoys, just to keep it. I shunned the public at all times so that my name would never reach print in any other fashion than 'nice.' I tried to keep the *smile* and the *personality* that the studio were good enough to warn me was the *only* reason why I had been contracted.

THEN about a year ago, the thought came to me that the studio had forgotten my best work. They had forgotten 'Wings'. Suddenly I realized that I had been doing the same picture

for three years! Always three or four girls in the cast, at whom I'd *smile* for four reels and act like a silly ass, and then in the end I clinch with the best looking one. Just so much hokum.

"Even my fans, who had been coming back to see me for all those terrible years of atrocious pictures, wrote me and said the same thing. They said they were sick of waiting for me to do another real and sincere part . . . such as the boy I played in the aviation picture. For myself, I can't understand what has caused my fans to hang on as long as they have. Certainly my pictures have been *anything* but fine.

"As you know, I'm through with those silly rôles. My part in 'The Lawyer's Secret' is a dramatic one and all my parts will be dramatic from now on." He paused and grinned. "I'm going to start *living*. I'm going to do all the things I've always wanted to do. I'm going to go the places I want—with people whose company I enjoy. I shall make no attempt in the future to keep my name out of print—even if the publicity is not always 'nice'.

IF I ever find another woman that I can like as well as I did Claire Windsor I'm going to stick with her in spite of hell, 'friends', and a world of 'good advice'. I let them talk me out of a fine friendship once . . . *never again!* And while I have every respect for choir boys as a class, I shall never again depict one on the screen or in my own personal life. I'm going to try to learn how to be real again after a five-year lay-off!

"And since you've been kind enough to tell me to my face the very things I had already realized, would you do me another favor?"

"Gladly," I said. And I meant it.

"Go back to your office, Walt, and write exactly what I've just told you. Tell my fans that I'm through playing the half-baked ass in pictures and that I'm going to start a career to my own liking both on the screen and off. Tell those writers who have been picturing me as a nit-wit high-school brat, that the game is over. Tell them to call off their dogs . . . tell them I've come to my senses."

And what you've just read is my answer to Charles' request.

Marriage à la Colbert

(Continued from page 40)

blessing, they continued to live apart.

"I might never have found the courage to start out like this if we hadn't been married secretly," Claudette admits. "But now that I know how perfect it is, I wouldn't want it otherwise. Neither would Norman.

"It wouldn't be practical for everybody, of course," she said. "There's the economic side of things to be considered. But for professional people with

individual incomes, separate establishments seem to me ideal.

"There are, unfortunately, bound to be some bad nights. Off nights at least. At such times—if either of us are tired from the day's work, say, or if we're preoccupied about the work we're to do the next day—Norman and I don't see each other. I know the old theory about love being a balm at difficult times. But I prefer to struggle through

bad hours alone. I'd rather not tax love.

AND it's turned out to be such fun to live as Norman and I live. When Norman is in New York and he's coming over for the evening it's quite as exciting as if we were engaged. I dress up. And then I sit and wait for him and play wretched solitaire in my
(Continued on page 121)

Barrymore Tells the World

(Continued from page 93)

rupt my lecture with a slide.

Heywood Broun, Charles Butterworth and Raymond Griffith stopped by to chat with Barrymore the day I spent with the star on the set.

THE newspaperman, the actor and the comedian-writer are famous for the blue streak in their humorous stories. Barrymore topped them all and it's only because this magazine will be distributed through the United States mails I can't repeat the yarns the four exchanged.

Barrymore's moods change faster than a weathercock on a windy day.

As suddenly as he'd broken into chuckles after talking about Dr. Albert Einstein's studio tours, Barrymore became serious again.

He summarized all he had told me about his ideas on courage and fineness and honesty and merit. He was speaking of the point of view he holds and the attitude on virtue and life he hopes his daughter will assume. He said:

"Oliver Wendell Holmes, the Supreme Court Justice, the Holmes who's living now into a sweet, sane old age, put it all better than I can. He wrote: 'The essence of all this morality is like the effervescence of well remembered champagne: It goes flat when it hits the air.'"

Barrymore thought a minute about that one. He smacked his lips.

In memory of that "well remembered champagne" . . . ?

In reminiscence of his own life . . . ?

It's All Greek to Me

(Continued from page 44)

sort of, and this morning . . ." here he gulped. "I walked around a corner and that fathead was kissing her and she was liking it."

"Kissing her?" Frank said.

"Don't you know what it is?" Larry said.

"Yes," said Frank. "Oh, yes, I know."

"Well, that's it."

"Oh," Frank said. "Well, that's too bad."

"Isn't it!" Larry said fiercely, and jabbed at the tablecloth with his fork. "And with his reputation, she ought to know better."

"Well, now," Frank said, "why don't you tell her about his reputation?"

Larry laughed. It was a hollow sound. "I suppose you think I haven't," he said. "Women are funny."

"Yes," Frank said. "Her mother used to get ideas, too."

"I don't understand it," Larry said, shaking his head.

Frank waited for an appropriate pause. "It's all Greek to me," he said.

"That's not funny when you feel the way I do," said Larry. Frank toyed with his fork and felt disappointed.

They finished their luncheon and Larry plunged off back to work, still mumbling that it was a darn shame when a nice girl . . .

FRANK wandered, solemnly lonesome, down the street. He stood on a street corner awhile, staring at things. The hotel room was pretty lonesome and Priscilla was too busy to see him. He didn't know anybody and he wished that a stranger with a nice face would come along so that he might pick up a conversation with him, but he was in Hollywood, so no stranger did.

When he was ready to move on to another corner and stare, a roadster drew up to the curb with a loud screech and Devon piled out in an awful hurry. He dashed into a drug store. Frank

didn't have anything to amuse him, so he wandered in curiously after the young man. The door to one of the telephone booths slapped shut. Frank tried to think of somebody to call up. He couldn't, so he just went into the next telephone booth and didn't call anybody. He stood there with the receiver against his ear, no nickel in the slot, and tried to look as though the Hollywood operators were worse than those in New York.

Devon's voice came clearly through the thin partition. He was talking to a girl named Sally.

"I'm sick and tired of your whining," he said. "You haven't got a thing on me and you know it. Letters? Saving what? Don't be a fool. You can't hook me that way. Well, what if I am crazy about her? Aren't you getting a little good Samaritanish all at once? She can take care of herself. Sure she knows about it. I told her myself. Now listen, Sally . . . No, now listen . . . well, listen, will you? I'll see you tonight—but you can't stay long. Yes, I've got a date. Sure it's important. That's none of your business. All right, try and make trouble . . . Oh, I'll see you all right. Be at my apartment at eight o'clock. We'll have an hour before I have to leave. Oh, be yourself, will you? At eight . . . and be on time!"

He hung up. Frank jiggled the receiver hook thoughtfully. A man outside was peering in at him with suspicion. Frank thought he couldn't prove anything just by peering in. Devon's voice came again and Frank stopped jiggling to listen.

Devon was talking to Priscilla.

"Darling," he said, "I'm sorry to bother you, but we'll have to take a later train. You don't mind, do you? Well, the nine-thirty, I'm afraid. You be all ready and I'll pick you up at nine-ten. Business, dear. Now, don't get jumpy. It's going to be all right

(Continued on page 120)



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Directory of Pictures

(Continued from page 11)

ing story. Bela Lugosi, Helen Chandler and David Manners have the chief rôles. **Very good** but hardly suitable for children.

THE EASIEST WAY (M-G-M)—The famous stage play which concerns the life of two sisters, one who is good and the other who goes wrong—for her mother's sake. Constance Bennett plays the sister who goes wrong. **Good—but not suitable** for children.

EAST LYNNE (Fox)—The famous old melodrama which the old-timers loved is with us once more—this time in talkie form with Ann Harding and Conrad Nagel in the leading rôles. **Very good.**

FIGHTING CARAVANS (Paramount)—Gary Cooper and Lily Damita in another "epic." **Fair.**

THE FINGER POINTS (First National)—Richard Barthelmess as a reporter who takes money from the gangs in exchange for keeping dark their activities. Regis Toomey is good in a small rôle. **Good—but not suitable** for children.

FINN AND HATTIE (Paramount)—A newly rich American family go to Paris and much fun ensues. Mitzi Green, ZaSu Pitts and Leon Erroll have the chief rôles. **Good—suitable** for children.

FIVE AND TEN (M-G-M)—Reviewed in this issue.

A FREE SOUL (M-G-M)—Reviewed in this issue.

FREE LOVE (Universal)—Another one of those films about the troubles of a young married couple. Conrad Nagel and Genevieve Tobin are the young man and wife. **Fair—children won't like it.**

THE FRONT PAGE (United Artists)—A realistic story of newspaper life. Adolphe Menjou, Pat O'Brien, Edward Everett Horton, Walter Catlett, Mary Brian, Matt Moore and Frank McHugh are in it. Mae Clarke does a marvelous bit. **Excellent.**

GENTLEMAN'S FATE (M-G-M)—John Gilbert as a member of the underworld. Somehow or other John is not quite convincing as this character. Louis Wolheim is seen in his last rôle. **Good.**



Marilyn Miller recently returned to the coast to appear in "Our Own Social World."

GIRLS DEMAND EXCITEMENT (Fox)—John Wayne and Virginia Cherrill in a college yarn. **Good.**

GOD'S GIFT TO WOMEN (Warner)—There is not quite enough of Frank Fay's own brand of comedy in this film. On the other hand there are several beautiful young ladies and some more or less amusing dialogue. **Good—not suitable** for children.

GOOD BAD GIRL (Columbia)—Reviewed in this issue.

THE GREAT MEADOW (M-G-M)—An epic of the days of Daniel Boone. Plenty of Indians and fighting and a married-couple-other-man theme besides. Johnny Mack Brown, Eleanor Boardman and Gavin Gordon. **Good—children will like parts of it.**

GUN SMOKE (Paramount)—Something new in Western stories—all about how a bunch of gangsters go West and try their tactics on those hairy-chested Westerners. Richard Arlen is in it. **Good—children will eat it up.**

HALF SHOT AT SUNRISE (RKO-Radio)—The adventures of Robert Woolsey and Bert Wheeler in the A. E. F. Dorothy Lee is also in it, of course. **Very good—suitable** for children.

HELL BOUND (Tiffany-Cruze)—All about a kind-hearted gangster and a girl whom he loves but who doesn't love him. She marries him because—but that's telling. Leo Carillo does very well as the kind-hearted gangster. **Very good—more suitable** for children than most gang pictures.

HELL'S ANGELS (Caddo-United Artists)—You must know all about this, it had so much advertising. **Very good—children will find it enthralling.**

HOOK, LINE AND SINKER (RKO-Radio)—Those three funsters, Bob Woolsey, Bert Wheeler and Dorothy Lee again. **Good—suitable** for children.

THE HOT HEIRESS (First National)—A story with a slight touch of incidental music—about a riveter who falls in love with a romantic heiress. Bey Lyon does well as the riveter. Ona Munson is the heiress. **Very good—children will like parts of it.**

ILLICIT (Warner)—A very modern story of a couple who believe that marriage ruins love and happiness. Barbara Stanwyck, James Rennie, Ricardo Cortez and Natalie Moorhead. Barbara Stanwyck is excellent. **Very good—but children won't care for it.**

INDISCREET (United Artists)—Gloria Swanson as a lady who loved once too well and not so wisely. The plot concerns her endeavors to tell her real love about her past. There is also a sister with whom Gloria's former sweetheart falls in love. Gloria sings a song or two and wears the usual gorgeous clothes. Ben Lyon is excellent as the man she loves. Monroe Owsley is the man out of her past. **Very good. Children will like much of it.**

INSPIRATION (M-G-M)—Greta Garbo as a sort of modern Camille. Greta is better in this than she has been in any of her talkies. Robert Montgomery plays opposite her in a very unconvincing part. **Very good—but children won't like it much.**

THE IRON MAN (Universal)—How a prize fighter's wife can ruin her husband's career. Lew Ayres as a prize fighter and Jean Harlow as the wife. **Very good.**

IT'S A WISE CHILD (M-G-M)—Marion Davies in a somewhat naughty comedy. Quite a number of the lines and situations are amusing but what you might call risqué. **Very good—keep the children at home.**

KEPT HUSBANDS (RKO-Radio)—The old story—with new trappings—of the poor young man who marries the rich young girl. **Good—but children won't care for it.**

KIKI (United Artists)—Mary Pickford foregoes modesty and becomes a rollicking little French chorus girl. **Very good.**

LADIES' MAN (Paramount)—William Powell as the gigolo whom all the ladies fall for with a bang. Kay Francis and Carole Lombard are two of the ladies. **Fair—not for children.**

LAUGH AND GET RICH (RKO-Radio)—Dorothy Lee in a story about a middle class family who makes ends meet by taking in boarders. Hugh Herbert and Edna May Oliver are in it, too. **Very good—suitable** for children.

THE LAWYER'S SECRET (M-G-M)—Reviewed in this issue.

LITTLE CAESAR (First National)—More gangster stuff with Edward G. Robinson and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. As an underworld picture it stands out as one of the best of its kind. **Excellent—but better not let the children see it.**

LONELY WIVES (RKO-Radio)—A somewhat sophisticated version of modern marriage. Edward Everett Horton and Laura La Plante are in it. **Good—not for children.**

THE MAD GENIUS (Warner)—Reviewed in this issue.

THE MAN FROM CHICAGO (British International)—What happens when an American crook goes to England. It's done by an English company and the accents will take away some of the reality for you but otherwise it's okay. **Good.**

MILLIE (RKO-Pathé)—The famous best selling novel in talkie form with Helen Twelvetrees

as "the good girl who knew the wrong kind of men." **Good—but take the children to some other show.**

THE MILLIONAIRE (Warner)—George Arliss is an American business man who retires due to ill-health only to find that retiring doesn't help much. David Manners, Evalyn Knapp and Mrs. Arliss help things along nicely. **Very good—suitable** for children.

MIN AND BILL (M-G-M)—Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery in a picture which allows them both to be delightfully comic and highly dramatic. **Very good—children will like it.**

MR. LEMON OF ORANGE (Fox)—El Brendel in a comedy of gangs and gangsters. **Good.**

MY PAST (Warner)—Bebe Daniels as a wicked woman who falls in love with a pure love. Lewis Stone and Ben Lyon do the best they can in rather unconvincing rôles. **Good—better not take the children.**

NEW MOON (M-G-M)—Lawrence Tibbett and Grace Moore in a tuneful operetta. **Very good—for children who like fine singing.**

OTHER MEN'S WOMEN (Warner)—In spite of the title it's a railroad drama with incidental love interest. Grant Withers, Mary Astor and Regis Toomey have the leading rôles. **Very good—great for the kids.**

PARLOR, BEDROOM AND BATH (M-G-M)—The latest effort of Buster Keaton. It's all about a chap who becomes, quite unwittingly, a great lover. **Good—suitable** for children.

THE PUBLIC ENEMY (First National)—Still more gangster stuff with the inimitable James Cagney in the leading rôle. **Excellent—but don't let the kids see it.**

RANGO (Paramount)—Some more jungle stuff. **Good—particularly for children.**

REACHING FOR THE MOON (United Artists)—Douglas Fairbanks and Bebe Daniels in a dramatic comedy of modern life. **Excellent.**

REDUCING (M-G-M)—Marie Dressler and Polly Moran in another of their team comedies. This one is mostly about the goings on in a beauty parlor. **Excellent—by all means take the kids.**

RESURRECTION (Universal)—The rather drab story of Russia with Lupe Velez and John Boles. **Fair—not suitable** for children.

RIVER'S END (Warner)—Charles Bickford in a dual-rôle story of the great Northwest. **Fair.**

SCANDAL STREET (Paramount)—George Bancroft as a ruthless newspaper editor. Kay Francis and Clive Brook are in it, too. **Good.**

THE SECRET SIX (M-G-M)—Thrilling gangster story with Wallace Beery and Clark Gable. **Excellent—better leave those children at home.**

SHIPMATES (M-G-M)—Robert Montgomery as a gob in his first starring picture. Dorothy Jordan and Eddie Nugent help things along. **Very good.**

SIN TAKES A HOLIDAY (RKO-Pathé)—Constance Bennett as a stenographer who married her employer. **Good—but children won't like it.**

SKIPPY (Paramount)—A kid story with Jackie Cooper, Jackie Searl, Mitzi Green and Robert Coogan. **Excellent—don't let the children miss this.**

STRANGERS MAY KISS (M-G-M)—A sophisticated story of modern life with Norma Shearer, Neil Hamilton and Robert Montgomery. **Very good—but not for children.**

SUBWAY EXPRESS (Columbia)—Murder in a crowded subway train. Exciting mystery drama with Jack Holt in the leading rôle. **Good.**

SVENGALI (Warner)—John Barrymore in the title rôle. It's the old Trilby story with a new title. Marian Marsh as Trilby is very sweet. **Very good.**

TARNISHED LADY (Paramount)—Tallulah Bankhead, Paramount's new find, does not get a good break in her first picture. The story is weak and the dialogue weaker. Clive Brook tries hard but the story is too much for him, too. **Fair. Children won't like it.**

TEN CENTS A DANCE (Columbia)—Barbara Stanwyck as a dance hall hostess who falls in love and marries a weakling. Ricardo Cortez and Monroe Owsley are in it, too, and both give excellent performances. Stanwyck is grand and the direction pretty nearly perfect. **Excellent.**

TABU (Paramount)—The stories of the natives on a South Sea Island. **Very good—fine for children.**

THIS MODERN AGE (M-G-M)—Reviewed in this issue.

TOO YOUNG TO MARRY (Warner)—Loretta Young and Grant Withers in a story of young married love. **Poor.**

TRADER HORN (M-G-M)—The jungle and trials of Africa pictured in all its thrilling vividness. Don't miss it if you like stories of the jungle. **Very good—fine for children.**

UP POPS THE DEVIL (Paramount)—Reviewed in this issue.

YOUNG SINNERS (Fox)—The wild younger generation again—with the usual trappings. **Fair.**

The Right to Dream

(Continued from page 59)

rioting old Atlantic. Boisterous water leaped and heaped itself into white-maned breakers that raced toward him until their green tons collapsed at his feet. Fingers of wind clawed at his clothes and thundered a challenge in his ears.

He looked into the east, thrilling to the passionate sea and the bitter taste of salt on his lips, and his eyes filled with the steely sparkle that was later to bring him fame in gangster rôles.

"Some of these days . . ." he said. "Some of these days . . ."

Some of these days, what? Who knows what he had in his mind? He was still a kid, barely old enough to shave. Weekdays, he attended an art school where it was his habit to start a drawing by signing a sweeping "Morris" before he ever began to draw.

Some of these days, what?

I can hear him, as the gale drives around his strong, young body, promising himself that some day he will get a boat and launch it on the shoulders of the wildest sea he can discover—and fight that sea until he beats it.

Was it destiny or accident that finally pitted him against the ocean? Few people know how it happened.

ONE day Morris heard that United Artists had bought "Corsair," a roaring story of modern piracy, and that he was to have the lead with Roland West to direct him.

"What do you know about this sort of part?" West asked. "Ever been to sea?"

Morris remembered that day on the Jersey shore.

"Listen, Chet," said West. "You're due for a vacation. Why don't you take it on a freighter?"

"But—but—"

"Do that and you'll really know how to play this part, see." West's eyes fixed Morris. "I'll bet you're too soft to ride a freighter to Europe."

"Watch me," said Chester.

That evening, he told his wife what he meant to do. Sue Kilbourne heard him out. A trip on a freighter, eh? She had seen freighters—ugly, greasy little ships with cut-throat crews.

Dreams! They tumbled down through her mind. The fiords and castles of her glamorous holiday vanished under the rusty prow of a patched-up craft that wallowed from port to port where stinking cargoes were slung into the hold.

"I've got to do it, Sue," said Chester. "I need the experience."

"Of course you must do it," she said. "I'm going with you."

"But it'll be stuffy and—maybe dangerous. I can't let you."

"I'm going, Chester."

That settled it the way both of them really wanted it settled. If Sue Kilbourne could not have her dream, at least she could have her man.

Neither of them had any way of foreseeing the flood of life into which

this choice would pour them.

Probably, it was written in the stars. When the M. V. Oakland steamed out of Los Angeles harbor for a run to Bremen, Germany, they were aboard her.

That first night, they stood on the bow together.

"Think you'll like it?" Chester asked.

"I'm with you, aren't I?"

The deck lifted and sank in the grip of resistless rhythm. She was thinking of southern France and the hopelessly wrecked itinerary of their tour. He was thinking of another ocean.

This was the Pacific, quiet and sleepy. The thresh of the propeller was a song of power. Here was his ship but this wasn't his sea. He remembered that stretch beyond the Jersey coast.

SOME days later, the freighter crept through the Panama Canal toward the gay Caribbean. While Sue taught contract to the officers, Morris tramped the bridge. The skipper taught him to shoot the sun, to stand a watch, and to handle the mahogany wheel in the pilot house.

Chester gloried in that. Panama was but a place for tourists. Cristobal a stop for a shore-cooked dinner. Then their rusty forefoot plowed into the same azure waters that had floated the fighting frigates of Henry Morgan and Mansfield, lineal ancestors of the free-booter Morris was to play in "Corsair."

You must see the Caribbean to believe it. Its days are gold and blue and its nights are silver and gray. Trade winds smooth the surface most of the year until the hurricanes come booming down the latitudes.

At night, Chester and Sue leaned on the rail together and tried to probe the mystery of the horizon. The old ship poked ahead, snail-like.

"How are things?" he asked her. "Having fun?"

She smiled at him. He was so busy learning the business of sailing that he had no time to understand the monotony of playing the same game with the same people for weeks on end.

"I'm fine," she answered.

She was fine. She was near her man and these magic nights made her forget the air castles in those gaudy travel folders back home—almost.

THE ship plowed through the channel between Cuba and Haiti into the North Atlantic, mother of storms. Blue skies turned white and flung down the sun like the reflector of a searchlight.

"Heavy weather ahead," said the skipper.

That night, a heavy roll slammed Morris against the side of his bunk. He sat up, eyes straining. The night was alive with strange sounds. There was the interminable rush of water beyond the closed port, and the thresh of the screw—and there was more. The ship was talking in every joint

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Was it Duty or Love?



Nancy
Carroll and
Fredric March
in "Night Angel".

"I WANTED this . . . I wanted you to kiss me—I wanted you to love me! I used to lie awake, there at the hospital, planning to hurt you! I hated you—but I couldn't stop thinking about you! I prayed never to see you again . . . And now—you must go—because—because I don't hate you!" She was Yula, the lovely and bewitching daughter of the wicked old Countess von Martini, whom he had sent to prison—and he was the young and earnest Public Prosecutor of Prague!

Read this powerful and enthralling full-length novelette, fully illustrated with scenes from the screen-play, in the August issue of **SCREEN ROMANCES**, on sale July second.

Also, in this same issue, you will find "This Modern Age", in which Joan Crawford is the fascinating heroine; "The Maltese Falcon", a thrilling mystery story, in which Bebe Daniels plays the leading rôle; "The Lawyer's Secret", a dramatic story with a great all-star cast; "Just a Gigolo", starring William Haines; "Big Business Girl", starring Loretta Young; "A Woman of Experience", which stars Helen Twelvetrees, and "Always Good-bye", in which Elissa Landi plays the leading rôle. Many other unusual features contribute interest and variety to

Screen Romances

ON SALE AT ALL NEWS STANDS

and hinge.

"Sue!"

"Chester!"

They both knew the old tub was in for a battle. Their cabin was pitchy and choked with ominous sounds—but it was rather grand.

"You're all right?" he said.

"Yes."

"I'm going on the bridge."

"All right."

Minutes later, he was there. It was a perch for the gods. Ocean and sky were a depthless immensity out of which careened cliffs as black and hard as obsidian. Racing and raging, they struck with all their weight and exploded into deadly fragments that smashed rails and ventilators. This was the ocean he remembered.

He felt a small hand slip under his arm. Sue was there, eyes a gleam.

"You shouldn't be here," he said.

"You're here," she answered.

THE tempest sprayed them with salt. The boatswain stood at the wheel, watching the storm. The captain's face was a yellow blob behind the canvas weather strip. No lights were allowed here lest they blind the lookout to other ships ahead. Tons of water smashed over the bow, burying the forepeak. For one fleeting instant, while the craft stood on her beam-ends, a flame speck gleamed through black water.

Morris saw it, or thought he did until he looked again. Then, there was nothing but a night full of thunder and wind and water. He glanced at the boatswain and captain. They peered out, unheeding, and the ship lunged on.

Again, the wet wink ahead. He dashed spray from his eyes and tried to probe the impossible. The captain went into the chart room. The boatswain's shoulders bulged with the labor of controlling the big wheel. This was a fight.

"Did you notice anything?" he turned to Sue.

Wind whipped her answer away and lifted the ship over a rolling tide. And Morris saw his light again.

No wink, now! Instead, the warning gleam of a schooner's riding lights. And she was dead ahead. Within

seconds, the freighter's forefoot would trample her.

The wheel was a yard away and he threw himself at it.

"Hard a-port!"

The ship shuddered and her deck tilted. The nose yawed as a wave struck home and then she answered the rudder. Hard a-port! The little schooner showed briefly under the counter like a scared wet hen and slid down the sideplates to the stern. The skipper staggered from the chart room in time to put his craft back on her course.

MORRIS stayed on the bridge through the night. And Sue stayed there with him. They saw dawn bring a rain that beat the combers flat. Then the captain ordered them below to get some rest.

When the ship nosed into her home port at Bremen, they had been thirty-one days on the water. Paris and London with all their wonders were ahead. And a quick trip abroad a luxurious passenger liner to New York. But they hated to leave the storm-stained tub they had ridden to Europe, Morris told his sea-dog skipper.

"You've got salt in you, you two," said the German. "It's the curse of this blasted life. We can't stay away from the sea. We try to quit but we all come back. You'll come back, too."

Chester Morris came back in a talkie called "Corsair." In a sleek privateer that made him the buccaneering bad boy of the Atlantic rum fleet. If you see him and wonder how a boy born on Broadway comes by that deep-sea sailor-man's gait, you will know that it was honestly earned somewhere between 'Frisco and Bremen.

And if you wonder about Sue Kilbourne who faced that Atlantic hurricane at his side, you can find her presiding over the Morris home in Hollywood where she snatches moments between work and play to read in travel folders of the Orient and its tiered pagodas.

She believes that a woman who is also the wife of a talkie star has the right to dream. But she is ever ready to forfeit her dreams for Chester's.

Tragedy of Mae Murray

(Continued from page 63)

beauty—the beauty of the very young girl.

MAE today, after two decades in the public eye, still behaves like a girl of sixteen. She is still the Brinkley girl of twenty years ago—still pursing up her mouth in the manner that made her bee-stung lips world famous—still conscious of her lovely body. And the amazing part of it is that she actually believes that she is a young girl.

There is no more telling proof of this than the fantastic story of the concealment of her child's birth. In 1928 everyone was startled to learn that Mae Murray had a sixteen-month-old son. For almost a year and a half the existence of a Mdivani heir had been

kept secret from all but a few intimate friends. When the story became public Mdivani told reporters rather pathetically that he was proud of the boy and had not wanted to hide him from the world but that Mae had feared the effect on her career. After twenty years on stage and screen Mae feared that the news that she had an infant son would make her appear old in the eyes of the public! She was actually terror-stricken at the thought. Certainly there is pathos in that.

Mae Murray has become a complete slave to her own physical loveliness. Her own beauty has become a millstone around her neck. Wrinkles, fat and other visible signs of age are the dragons which she is continually fight-

ing. One can't help admiring the single-minded and dauntless manner in which she works to preserve a youthful face and figure. Diets, massage, beauty lotions—nothing is too unpleasant, too difficult or too expensive.

WHEN she went on tour in vaudeville a few years ago she took along a masseuse to keep her thin. It was said that she submitted to four hours of strenuous massage every night—no matter how many performances she had given during the day. Funny stories? Pitiful, I should say. Living in constant fear of the encroaching years, studying the mirror every day with beating heart, pretending to look and feel sixteen when one is past forty must be a pretty ghastly existence. Yet Mae could no more stop fooling herself than she could stop breathing. She had been fooling herself too long—about life, about herself, about everything. Someone once said of her that she was the kind of actress who believed everything her own press agent wrote about her. It was uttered as a wise-crack—but it is too true to be funny. Mae Murray has never in her whole

life faced reality and there is, it seems to me, a world of pathos in her struggle to avoid the truth. Don Quixote, tilting at windmills was funny—but he was tragic, too.

THINGS are breaking well for Mae right now. Oil was recently discovered on her beach property and it is said that her young husband, with surprising business acumen, has made a good deal of money for her. She seems happy in her marriage. And to top it all she is making a come-back in pictures. Lowell Sherman gave her a part in "Bachelor Apartment" and liked her work so well that he put her in two of his succeeding pictures. RKO-Radio liked it so well that they gave her a contract. Her figure is as lovely as that of any young girl in pictures—and her face is still beautiful and amazingly youthful for her years.

But it is that phrase "for her years" which tortures Mae Murray and keeps her from being happy although she has everything a woman could desire. Probably Mae will be angry at me for saying so, but I think she is greatly to be pitied.

The Wittiest Man

(Continued from page 33)

are old friends, I foregathered frequently with Lowell Sherman and his lovely young wife, Helene Costello.

I found him unchanged. I found him the same Lowell, the great artist who, always, in his profession, will give unstintingly of his best, who will work hard, and play as hard. The man who, in the evening, when the long, gruelling hours in the studio are over, will be host—splendidly and generously—to his few, carefully chosen friends; who will hold forth, with the soundness of an expert and the knowledge of a connoisseur, on Chinese art and first editions; who will toss off a *bon mot*, a spiced jest, a wise-crack, a grimly sardonic remark, or a wise reflection which, presently, of course with no credit of authorship given, you will come across in newspaper gossip columns and comic strips, on the vaudeville stage and the legitimate theatre.

IT is hard to choose amongst the many things I have heard him say—say, mind you, on the spur of the moment.

But it was he who opined, referring to a man whom we both knew, that he is like the Ten Commandments: always broke. He who, one evening, when we were dining with a Mexican talkie star whose breeding is more primitive than refined, commented that a bird in the hand is bad table manners. He who called a certain sweetie-sweet, butter-will-not-melt-in-my-mouth screen notable, "the Mother of All Actors." He who, when the conversation turned on a much-married Hollywood actress, announced that she had obtained her most recent divorce on the ground of extreme ukulele. He who advised a young man

that there are two ways of winning a woman's love: the one is to lie to her, and so is the other. He who accused a famous motion picture magnate of looking like the stuff banquets are made of. He who said that it is divorce which keeps the women in circulation; who told me that it is usually a chicken which cooks a man's goose, and that a certain "heavy"—name *not* on request—is the sort of man whom one wishes drunk when he is sober and sober when he is drunk.

LOWELL, as I mentioned before, has his serious side. And this serious side is a good half of him. He is cultured, well-read. He has a great love of the beautiful and—foremost and chiefly—a great love and fine understanding of the theatre.

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For Lowell Sherman is, primarily, an artist—who lives for his work, not for the praise which it may bring.

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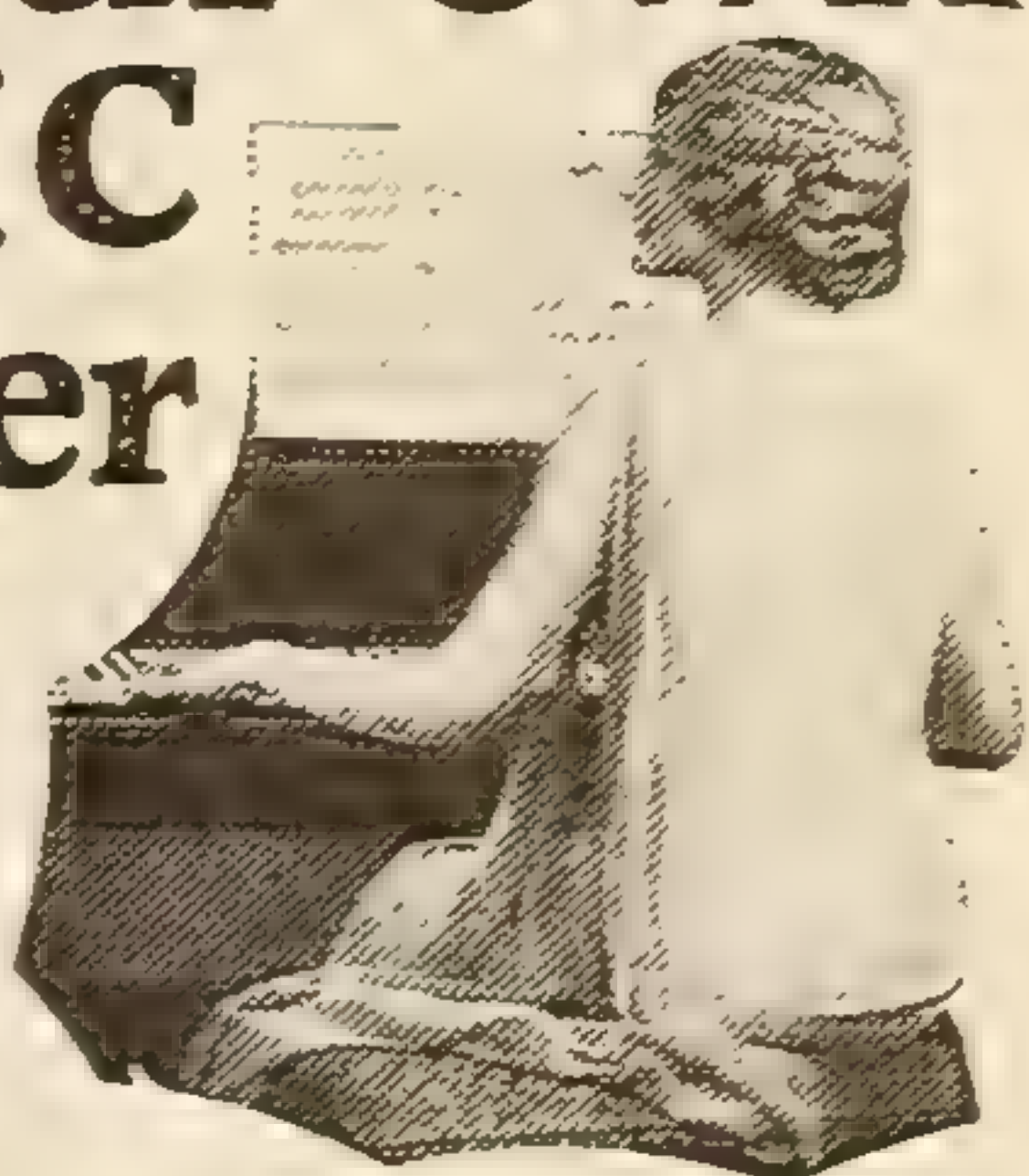
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It's All Greek to Me

(Continued from page 115)

... no, I haven't got the license yet, but ... now look, sweetheart, you're not to worry. I'm sorry about this conference, but ... yes, yes ... all right. You be ready at nine-ten."

The booth next door shook with his sudden departure and the man outside, after peering in at Frank more suspiciously than ever, dived into it and called his wife. Frank replaced the receiver and strolled out to the sidewalk again. He stood on the corner and stared at things for awhile.

AT seven-thirty, Larry had a telephone call from Frank.

"Look," Frank said. "I'd suggest that you sort of come over to Priscilla's house tonight at about nine o'clock, or maybe a little earlier."

"What for?" Larry said.

"Oh, I don't know. I was just suggesting it."

"We-ell," Larry said. He'd cooled down a little and was feeling lost and empty inside.

"That's fine," Frank said, and hung up. He went to see Priscilla. Priscilla was awfully nervous, and kept looking at the door and then the clock. Frank sat comfortably in one corner of the davenport. "Too bad about that young fellow getting hurt," he said. "The one that was here last night, I mean."

"Larry?" Priscilla jumped to her feet with a terror-stricken gasp.

"No, I mean that other one. The dark one."

"Joe? What do you mean? Joe wasn't hurt."

"Oh, wasn't he? I thought I heard somebody talking about it this afternoon. It sounded like his name. Maybe I was wrong."

"Devon? Joe Devon?"

Frank puckered his brow. "Sounds like it," he said.

"Frank, are you sure?"

"No," Frank said truthfully. "Probably it wasn't him at all. Probably it was somebody else." (*Somebody* in Hollywood must have been hurt that

afternoon.)

Priscilla flew to the telephone. With the receiver off the hook, she paused. "If he's hurt," she said, "I oughtn't to be ringing the telephone, ought I?"

"No, I don't think you ought," Frank said.

She grabbed up her wrap. "I'll go over there," she said. "It's just around the corner." Frank picked his hat up.

"I'll go along," he said. "Maybe there'll be something I can do."

She clung to his arm all the way over to Joe's. Frank felt a little sneaking, but he ploughed on. She might be pretty sore at him. Well, could he help it if he made a mistake in names? He'd stick to that if things came out wrong.

SHE pressed the doorbell of Joe's apartment and Frank stood twisting his hat and staring at the molding around the walls. Joe came to the door. He was in his shirt sleeves and looking pretty angry. Inside, there was the unmistakable sound of feminine sobbing.

Joe said: "What the devil?"

"Joe!" Priscilla cried. "You're all right?"

"Sure I'm all right," he said.

Priscilla stepped past him into the room, laughing shakily. "I heard that. . . ." she stopped short and stared at the blond bundle that raised itself from the davenport to glare at her. The blond bundle looked as though she'd been doing a lot of crying.

"You'll find out," she said. "He did just the same thing to me, and I've got letters to prove it, and believe me, he's going to pay for them, and pay plenty . . . and if you haven't got any letters, you'd better stick around for awhile and get them before you go with him. I . . ."

"Business," Priscilla said, looking hard at Joe.

"Listen, honey, I . . ."

"A conference," Priscilla said. She turned on her heel and took Frank's arm. "Take me home, Frank," she said.

Joe grabbed her arm. Frank took his hand away, smiling gently. "Priscilla thinks maybe she wants to go home," Frank said.

She hurried almost as fast going home as she had going over there. "And if it hadn't been that you misunderstood a name," she was gasping, "right now I'd be waiting for him and . . ." she looked sidewise at Frank, a little, frightened child. "Oh, Frank," she said, "if you hadn't come, I'd've gone on being the same little fool . . ."

"Now, honey," Frank said, "you couldn't be a fool . . ."

"Oh, I have been. I have been! I've been angry at Larry because he called me a little fool and I . . . I almost went away with Joe, and I'd've been sorry all the rest of my life, and . . . I'm so glad you came, Frank. God must have sent you." She was clinging harder than ever to his arm, and crying. "And God must have made you misunderstand that name just so I wouldn't . . ."

"Funny thing, me misunderstanding that name," Frank said thoughtfully.

PRISCILLA clung to his arm across the threshold and came to an abrupt halt. "That's Larry's hat," she said. "He's here! He said he was never coming again, but that's his hat."

"Maybe he left it last night," Frank said politely.

"No, he's *here*!" She tore out of his grasp and ran for the living room. Frank picked Larry's hat up and examined it for initials. He tried it on. It was a trifle too large for him. Carefully, he placed it on the table once more, and his own beside it. He wandered in. Priscilla was crying in Larry's arms, and Larry was looking puzzled. Frank returned his stare blandly.

"How in the devil?" Larry said, over Priscilla's shoulder at Frank.

Frank shrugged. "It's all Greek to me," he said.

"The way I feel," Larry said, grinning, "that's funny."

Film Gossip of the Month

(Continued from page 92)

group attending we saw Dick Barthelmess and his wife. With them was Hollywood's recluse, Ronald Colman. Bill Powell brought Carole Lombard. And Kay Johnson was accompanied by her director husband. Marlene Dietrich came with Josef Von Sternberg. These two seldom go anywhere without each other.

Ukulele Ike (Cliff Edwards to you) rides a bike to work every morning while his Lincoln trails behind . . . just in case!

At the opening of Warner Brothers'

new theater, the Warner Beverly, Alan Mowbray got off one of the neatest of nifties. He was attempting to show that Englishmen have a sense of humor . . . you can be the judge!

"I was called by the studio," says Alan (who is one of the most English Englishmen), "to play in George Arliss' picture 'Alexander Hamilton.' I asked them what part they had in mind for me and they replied, 'The part of George Washington.'"

LEW CODY'S favorite story is about two drunks that visited the wrestling matches. They arrived just in

time to see one of the contestants get a headlock on his opponent. But after a struggle the other managed to break the hold, and for the next half an hour the two wrestlers rolled and ranted to no avail.

Finally the same fighter got another headlock around the other's bull neck.

Just then one of the drunks got up and said in a loud voice: "Let's go. This is where we came in!"

What's happened to the Mae Busch-John Holland romance? John is stepping out frequently with beautiful Barbara Bedford—to theaters and such.

A la Colbert

(Continued from page 114)

impatience for the doorbell to ring."

Recently Norman Foster has been working in California and last month when both he and Claudette found themselves with two weeks' holiday at the same time they arranged to meet in Chicago.

"It was like a rendezvous," Claudette said gaily. "It was fun getting our tooth brushes mixed up. But it probably wouldn't have been if we'd been living together in the same house and getting one thing or another mixed up every morning for three years.

"I suppose I'm an incurable romantic but I wouldn't want the thing Norman and I know to become less, to settle into a series of staid habits. If it ever should come to this in spite of our modern arrangements, or if Norman ever should cease to care for me I do hope I won't try to hold on, but that I will have the courage to call quits. Not spoil all that has gone before and ruin what might otherwise live as a beautiful memory . . ."

Her voice grew soft. "I can well imagine how very difficult it might be to do this," she said. "It is to be hoped I'll never have to . . ."

IT would be a girl like Claudette Colbert who, admitting love to be far and away the most important thing in life, would discard the traditions of marriage to work out a new pattern. Like her, her entire life is unusual. Overnight she made her name one to be reckoned with on Broadway. In one picture she proceeded to establish herself as a preëminent screen actress. She chose to spend a long holiday on a tramp steamer rather than on a de luxe liner. A product of this modern age, she, nevertheless, thinks people who keep on being divorced and married and divorced and married again are not happy. And rated one of the smartest dressed women on the screen, with her popularity based upon her appearance in society dramas, she finally has beguiled the monarchs of Paramount to allow her to play the cabaret singer in "Twenty Four Hours." Because it is parts like this that most interest her.

Oh, Claudette knows what she wants. And it isn't necessarily that upon which the world puts the highest price. She's the sort far more likely to set fashions than to follow them.

SONGS TO LISTEN FOR

- "Now You're In My Arms" (*The best number in months*)
- "Shoutin' To The Sun"
- "Come To Me" (*from "Indiscreet"*)
- "If You Haven't Got Love" (*from "Indiscreet"*)
- "I've Got A Communistic Feeling For You"
- "Close To Me" (*from "The Woman Between"*)
- "Someday I'll Find You" (*from the New York play, "Private Lives"*)
- "Two Hearts" (*from "Two Hearts In Waltz Time," the German operetta*)

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